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WISBY, FROM THE NORTH BATTERY.

ONE YEAR IN SWEDEN;

INCLUDING

A VISIT TO THE ISLE OF GÖTLAND.

By HORACE MARRYAT,

AUTHOR OF 'JUTLAND AND THE DANISH ISLES'



Wermland Valentine

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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WE tore ourselves from Stockholm, and, taking boat, explored the beauties of the Mälar Lake: well it deserves its ancient name of Laugern—Lake Placid. To-day all is smiling (oh, the spitting on board!*): we coast by country-houses embosomed in trees, with sailing-boats moored to small jetties — wee islands of rock and birch, walled by nature with a ring of boulders,—like conch-shells round a parterre in some Cockney garden,—on which sit guillemots. Myriads of sailing-boats flit by; now comes a large cutter bearing

* No lady should dream of embarking on board a Swedish steamer unprovided with her own mop. This nasty practice reflects on the Swedish ladies—they should not allow it. Sigbrit is sadly wanted to set the men to rights. Peter Brahe writes, in his oft-quoted book, "Erik XIV. was called a tyrant because he would never allow any one to twiddle his moustache, cough, whisper, or spit in his presence." It is a pity that tyranny is no longer extant; probably it went out when "Carl den Tolftes Näsduk" came into fashion.

the first traders—later called köpmän (chapman)—derived the name of Birkekarlar; and Björköa-rätt was but the bye-law of future ages.

Her kings dwelt at Adelsö, once joined to the town by a wooden bridge; there sat King Björn,* who graciously received Anscarius on his first visit to Sweden, 829. Oft in village churches you may still see carved on the pulpit, sometimes on the font, the image of a throned king, with pointed crown on head; by his side a barefooted monk (spit—spit—ugh!) stands reading from an open missal. This is King Björn and his Christian teacher Anscarius. The Archbishop —barefooted monk no longer—again visited Björkö after the murder of his nephew Nithard. This time his efforts were not in vain, though some few at Björkö still held to their false gods. Monkish legends tell of one old man who, returning home from the heathen temple, was struck with blindness: in vain he called on Odin, Thor, and Frey; his prayers and sacrifices availed not. Then the Holy Virgin, appearing in his sleep, bade him pray to the true God; he did so, recovered his sight, and himself became an apostle of the Christian faith, converting many heathens from darkness.†

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* In the year 814 King Björn, says the Church History, sent to Charlemagne to beg a bishop to instruct him and his people in Christianity. The emperor sent Herbert, who founded Linköping, by which the prophecy of Zechariah, vi. 8, is supposed to have been fulfilled: "Behold, these that go toward the north country have quieted my spirit in the north country."

† An author mentions Birka in 1692 as partly standing—a thick wall and two portals of the palace still remaining. Four village farmers then reigned over the island, paying taxes to the king: "Every schoolboy," says he, very angry indeed, "knew Birka and the stone cross set up there. Still there are ignorant writers who dare to doubt

Inge the elder, say the early Sagas, lies buried in Björkö. In the forest a lofty stone marks the spot. A peasant, in Charles XII.'s time, opened Inge's grave, and found a copper coffin and a belt of gold.

We now approach what appears a wooded bay (h-a-w-c-k — a cross-fire now, then comes a ricochet) with no outlet. Swinging round an island, the red towers of Gripsholm rise, and the tall spire of Marifred*—Maria's Peace—once an old convent founded by Sten Sture the elder. The church stands on a hill, midst red wooden houses, with windows picked out in

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its existence, and declare 'Björköa Rätt' to mean nothing more than 'commercial law.'" This word in old Swedish signifies commerce. In Norway Björkestad still means "market-town."

* Bellman's Song of Marifred is scarcely complimentary to the state of the town in the last century:—

"Gripsholm is so very pleasant—
But yet, at Marifred, I mind,
The police was somewhat feeble.
And, though it seems improbable,
On my honour it is quite true,
There is not there a single broom;
Dusting-brush, and whisk, and shovel,
Are there as rare as any food.
Yes! the worthy magistracy,
I trow, no other food obtain
Than pancakes, leeks, and meagre scraps:
It looks as if that saint the Pope
Had posted there his Fast-day Bull.
No smoking chimney did I see,
No housewife busy at her work;
Empty dishes alone I saw;
And plates! not one, for soup or meat!
Search through the town, from gate to gate,
There's not a ducat to be found,
But, of such state, what do you think?
A single soldier guards the town,
And he has, too, to beat the drum:
Should he be ill, his old wife takes his place—
As deaf and desperate as he," &c. &c.

white—picturesque enough—interspersed with gardens and lime-trees. We wend our way through its ill-paved streets to the castle. Gripsholm, imposing only from its four round brick towers, boasts no architectural beauty: it stands on the lake side, rock jutting out from its base, a fringe of birch screening its mutilations from those who view it from the Mälar. On entering the gateway two huge cannon stand with yawning mouths—cannon of rich workmanship, taken by La Gardie.* The massive tower of Grip rises before you. Passing a second gateway, wherein lie embedded some old stones sculptured with Sture water-lilies, you reach the second court. Against the walls hang emblazoned the shields of Bo Jonsson Grip,† Sture, and Wasa.

On the day of St. Lawrence, 1537, Gustaf Wasa laid the first stone of Gripsholm Castle. He built a corps de logis and four round towers, not capped as they now are, but with high-pitched roofs. They bore the names of his four sons, Erik, John, Magnus, and Charles.‡ Gustaf on this occasion gave a great feast, which lasted fourteen days: good Queen Margaret placed the dishes on the table, and the king, with the simple hospitality of his age, served the company, pouring out wine, and handing sweetmeats to the ladies. Gustaf was very gay, enjoyed the music and the dance, conversing with his guests.§

* In the campaign which ended in the election of Charles Philip as heir to the Russian throne.

† Bo Jonsson, called Grip from the Griphufvud (vulture-head) he bore on his shield, here summoned Albert of Mecklenburg, with the other lords, to a Diet in 1383. When the fortress was later besieged by Engelbrekt, the Danish governor set fire to the building and fled.

‡ Now called the towers of Grip, Wasa, the Theatre, and the Captives.

§ Gustaf Wasa rarely joked, except in drinking bouts. He went early to bed and rose early; began and finished his day with prayer,

At Gripsholm we find the king encouraging the peasants to plant hop-grounds, manure the fields, and clear them from stones; while Queen Margaret occupies herself looking after her twenty-two dairymaids, deep in the mysteries of churning butter and pressing of cheese, brewing both ale and mead.*

We read how, in 1555, Duke Erik, the young Herrar and Fröknorna, with the Hof-folk, "upheld themselves" at Gripsholm for six weeks and two days, accompanied by a moderate nursery establishment of three hundred and forty-one persons. Change of air whetted their appetites: they consumed 239 tons (Sw.) of bread, 11 läster meal, 691 barrels of ale, 8 tons butter, 4 measures of peas, and 1470 eggs.†

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and attended on Sundays both matins and high mass. Every day after dinner, by a written ordinance, the young people of the court assembled and danced for two hours. According to the custom of the time, he kept a large fire in his hall, around which he and his children sat in winter evenings, while he spoke words of wisdom to his young sons.

Gustaf was sometimes facetious; he one day docketed a bill presented to him with the following doggrel:—

"Here's a health to you, Lasse Kafle!
I won't pay the sum you ask me.
The money is mine,
The goods are thine;
Get away, and God be with you!"

* Gustaf writes to his "heart's dear Margaret," 26th March, 1544, from Stockholm, where the pest was raging,—"I will not remain longer than necessary. Look well after the steward during my absence, for I fear Harold does not understand matters, and drinks too much. Fresh fish is very scarce here, and not good. I am glad Magnus is better. I will soon be back to you, dearest Margaret. No one is dying now in town." Again he writes to Sten Peter, imploring him to use his influence in stopping the great extravagance in ale and mead throughout the land. Gustavus looked after his own breeding-stable, writes directions for selling off the young colts, "for he is not quite pleased with the breed—they are too light for mounting men-at-arms."

† 2nd May, 1549, was a great melting-day at Gripsholm; 1120 candles, each half a pound weight, and 52 pair of torches were "guttered"

The castle stores were so great it is a wonder there was room for anything else. Silver was dealt out in bars for making spoons and chains; 85 measures of glass given out at a time. There was gulskin for hangings and making buttons to leather sheets; bed-covers, telling of rifled monasteries, church copes, and altar-cloths; heaps of painted and gilded roses ready to ornament the cross-beams of the ceiling.

The register of 1548 is in the handwriting of Kadrinds, the housekeeper—a muddle-minded woman, who mixes sacks of wool and casks of mead five years old up together, making one cough to think of it. Three years later, not proving equal to the place, she was dismissed; a man undertakes the charge, but, sad to say, is sent to prison for pilfering.

At the king's death, Charles IX., then only Duke of Wermland, received Gripsholm for his appanage. Charles writes, 1575, the palace built by his father must not be allowed to go to ruin, and begs Anders the painter may be spared him for two or three months. During the absence of Charles in Germany John caused search to be made, without success, for sundry barrels of gold which, report said, lay concealed in the cellars, hidden by King Gustavus. This story greatly tormented the house of Wasa; and in the last century "the Charmer" (always out at elbow), armed with a divining-rod and loadstone, once more renewed the search, but found nothing. Maria Eleanora, ever regretting the great Gustavus, who called her his "malum

for Peter Brahe's wedding in Stockholm. Thackeray declares our ancestors sat in the dark as compared with modern days: this was not the case in Sweden. The day of Queen Margaret's funeral Gustaf Wasa burnt 360 candles in his own room by way of consolation.

domesticum," in defiance of Oxenstjerna made her escape from Gripsholm. Noting her wish to spend a week in fasting, she desired no one to approach her room save her almoner, who, once a-day, was to chant outside the door. On the third morn, no one responding to his canticles, he became alarmed, and the grand chamberlain, breaking open the door, found the rooms deserted, strewn with torn papers. Maria Eleanora, with her maid-of-honour, Mdlle. Bulow, accompanied by a tailor and a painter, were already across the frontier. The Council issued orders to the Bishop of Westerås "not to pray for the queen any longer in the churches." "You may pray for her repentance in private, if you like," added they, "but, after her ungenteel behaviour (*sic*), no mention of her name must be made in public." *

The mother of Charles XI., Hedvig Eleanora, passed many years at Gripsholm. A great economist, she delighted in hoarding linen; the castle wardrobes still contain a supply of her day fresh as though made yesterday: worked in the corner of each article are the queen's initials, with dates ranging from 1654 to 1686. The designs are quaint: on one tablecloth are woven giants bearing upon their heads jättekasts destined to knock over some obnoxious belfry; on another are Bible pictures, with reference to chapter and verse, mostly from the Gospels, some few from the Reve-

* Louisa Ulrika, when in Germany, horridly out of sorts, announced to Beylon her intention of writing the Life of Maria Eleanora, to whom she compared herself, taking as guide the archives of Berlin. A sojourn in her brother's capital rendered her more philosophic: she forgot her troubles, and probably mislaid the documents; for Count Hertsberg, in a letter to Gustaf III., inquires what had become of the materials furnished to the queen when in Russia.

lations, with monsters hideous enough to take away all appetite.

Passing over reigns devoid of interest, we come to third Gustaf, who gave the dowager queen his palace of Swartsjö in exchange for Gripsholm. Gustaf spent seven Christmases here with his gay court before the Russian war. Much correspondence on the subject of the Royal portrait-gallery passed between the king and his mother. "J'admire votre constance à Grimsholm," she commences one of her letters (to the very day of her death she persisted in writing it Grimsholm).*

"Je finis, car je me souviens que vous êtes occupé à ranger les rois, reines, et grands hommes. C'est un ouvrage vaste si on le fait philosophiquement." (After her visit to Berlin we hear of nothing but philosophy). "Mes complimens à François 1er. Je n'ai pas un petit mot pour Charles Quint, un très-humble respect pour Gustave Wasa et Gustave Adolphe, et des vœux que dans 60 ans on voie le portrait de mon Gustave effacer par ses qualités tous les héros qui occupent le salon de Grimsholm. Après ces mots, doutez, si vous le pouvez, que je ne sois votre bonne et tendre mère."

In 1785 Gustaf bade a last adieu to his favourite

* When on her forced voyage to Germany she writes :—

"J'ai été voir hier la Maison de Ville, où les portraits des Ducs de Poméranie se trouvent en original. Je voulais les faire copier pour vous, et en faire un cadeau à Grimsholm, mais malheureusement il ne se trouve point de peintre ici. Il seroit fâcheux cependant que cela se perdît, surtout celui de Bogislaus, qui s'étoit allié avec Gustave Adolphe. Il a le portrait de ce roi pendu au cou avec une chaîne d'or. J'ai trouvé aussi une lettre de Gustave Adolphe à la reine sa mère. Ne pouvant garder l'original, j'en ai tiré copie, de même que d'une lettre du Roi de Pologne, Auguste. S'il n'écrivoit pas mieux ses lettres gallantes, je suis surprise qu'il ait réussi dans ses amours. Adieu, mon cher fils ! Je vous embrasse, et suis à jamais votre bonne et tendre mère.—Mon cher Gustaf, vous me manquez." (Quite a mistake!—her jointure was in jeopardy.) "ULRIQUE."

residence. At Gripsholm Gustaf IV. signed his abdication, and with him went out the Wasas.

The gallery, which numbers nearly 1700 portraits, has one fault—the pictures are far too numerous. With the exception of the "Salles des Contemporains," the portraits are arranged as "decoration," not in chronological order, although, to judge from the catalogue preserved among the Gustavian papers,* the king intended to adopt the latter arrangement. Including as it does the immense range of European sovereigns and celebrities from early Russia down to modern Spain, this gallery is, of its kind, one of the most interesting in Europe. As in other places, one regrets to see the pictures of note almost swamped by a legion of "German relations"—Rhine countesses, margraves, and electors—races, many long since "utgången," as they say here—"mediatised," or forgotten.

Mounting the staircase, lighted by fine repoussé silver sconces, we enter the first chamber, occupied by the house of Hesse, in all its hereditary beauty of form and feature,—stop to gaze at the fair face of our own Princess Mary, daughter of George II., who yields the palm to none,—then pass into the French room.

The line commences with Francis I., Henri IV., and Sully. Next Marie de Medicis—a good portrait, artist unknown. At her feet gambols a small "mignon Henri III." dog, a race almost extinct in France; then Anne of Austria, in her widow's dress, with her two children, Louis and Philip, by Mignard. Louis is here clad in the handsome costume of the period, with a

* In these papers he gives the minutest details of the changes made between 7th Nov. 1772 and 1773, mentioning as "un fait historique" that previously there was no room in the castle for the royal luggage.

jaunty hat and feathers; while Monsieur, a pretty boy, dressed as a girl, in a pink satin frock trimmed with silver lace, a feather in his head, presents to the queen-mother a bunch of Spanish jessamine. It was a queer policy of Mazarin (if the story of the iron mask be true) to condemn one brother to a living tomb, and enervate the energies of a second, in order to assure the predominance of the eldest! In an adjoining room hang Louis XIV. and his court-celebrities—apparently by the hand of one master; the queen-mother, and the Duchess of Orleans, widow of Gaston; old friends, though in later years they saw but little of each other, for the duchess held her court at Blois—both charming pictures, showing how well black tones down waning charms. Many ladies would be of this opinion, and act upon it, did they only possess pearls like Anne of Austria's. Flighty La Vallière hangs near her former mistresses, for she was court lady to both,—not yet as "Louise de la Miséricorde," but a wild huntress. Louis XIV. in armour, pale and drawn; his fair young queen in her first freshness, pleasing and agreeable. Monsieur, no longer in girl's clothes, but a warrior, with all the ribbon about him he can well put on; his education has told; he looks weakly and effeminate, scarce a shade less so than the Prince de Conti. Henrietta of England, a charming portrait, though not equal to that of Daguerre, consumed at Frederiksborg. It is the princess before her head was turned by flattery at the court of France—high-born and dignified, as a daughter of Charles I. should be. The Duc de Vendôme—quite a puzzle his likeness to our Stuart princes, till one calls to mind how he was natural brother to Henrietta Maria. We have all the Mazarin nieces—Olympia the adven-

tures, Countess of Soissons; Maria Martinozzi, Princess of Conti; la grande Mademoiselle, in her best days never beautiful, with prominent nose, and features too large by far. Soaring above all in loveliness is Clémence de Maillé, a clear brunette, with eyes distracting; in feature and form most exquisite. Old, withered, and beardless, beside her scowls the grand Condé, who, forgetful of his wife's heroic conduct, treated her so ill, on his deathbed praying the king never to release her from the convent in which he had immured her. This room winds up with ugly, gossiping, second Madame, mère du régent, eternally writing ill-natured scandal to her endless sisters in Germany. Well conceived was her epitaph:—"Here lies Idleness, the mother of all the vices."

A gap now occurs in the French family—the regent and his court are wanting—till Louis Quinze appears upon the scene, with Cardinal Fleury, an admirably-painted picture—crammed into a garret with other strangers. The portrait of the young monarch, one of the best ever painted, is by Larguillière. The boy stands like a warrior, in cuirass, bâton in hand. He has a manly look about him, determination in his eye. Any one seeing him would exclaim, "What a promising youth!" and, had he died, would have called his death a misfortune to France: but, as Swift said, "The world is full of promising princes and bad kings." Passing over his fair and neglected young queen, we come to the gem of the gallery—the portrait of Marie Antoinette—by Wertmüller, a Swedish artist, painted at Paris in 1785. "Marie Antoinette, walking in the gardens of Trianon, leading by the hand her two children," no longer in her days of beauty, has passed

her first youth, grown a double chin, looks matronly and good-humoured—a face more interesting far when fined down by sorrow. The head-dress of that period was not becoming; poudre à la neige being ill replaced by the scanty powdering then adopted. She looks very happy. The dauphine, a child of exquisite beauty, bears in her sprigged muslin frock a bunch of roses, while the dauphin, with large expressive eyes, wearing the grand cordon of St. Louis, runs holding his mother's hand. This picture was presented to Gustaf III. by the queen herself, and Madame de Campan, in her memoirs, declares "it was the best portrait ever taken."*

A sincere friendship existed between Gustaf and this ill-fated queen. Among the Gustavian papers are several letters in her handwriting. There are three separate announcements of the dauphin's birth. She writes being "à la veille de ses couches;" when the crown prince was born, she had scarcely answered his kind letter; next came a pretty letter of condolence on the death of his son, her "filleul," the Duc de Småland. She is charmed with Count Fersen In 1790 the queen expresses herself more freely; sad at the misfortunes of the country, she writes:—"Il faut espérer que le temps et la conviction rameneront l'esprit et les cœurs des Français à sentir qu'ils ne peuvent être heureux qu'en se ralliant sous les ordres et le gouvernement du roi, qui sache plus que personne sacrifier les intérêts personnels pour la tranquillité et le bonheur de son peuple." So ended her last letter.

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* In a room below hangs a second portrait of Marie Antoinette, together with her sister archduchesses, painted before her marriage—a fine well-grown girl, far surpassed in beauty by her sister Christina.

With Marie Antoinette finishes the French series. The works of Wertmüller are rare in Sweden. One other production only of his pencil is found in this gallery—that of Armfelt,* Gustaf III.'s prime favourite, costumed as a savage—a splendid specimen of northern humanity.†

There are many portraits of our English sovereigns. William of Orange as a young man in black armour; Queen Anne in her days of prettiness, by Wissing, 1694; Mary Stuart, after Zucchero; Sophia Dorothea, too full and fat to inspire interest, though a fine woman, with large eyes, red lips, and dark hair falling in heavy curls. The last of the Königsmarks hangs in a garret above, and Aurora, beautiful Aurora, by Medevi, in her fifty-ninth year, ugly, wrinkled, and snuffy. Queen Charlotte, an excellent picture, probably Angelica Kauffman—her porcelain style. The queen is not good-looking, but spirituelle; with bust, arms, and hands beautiful enough to divert attention from plain features.

Now opening a door, the guide leads to a vaulted

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* Armfelt was very pleasant. One day an elderly court Fröken rushed into the presence of Gustaf III. demanding vengeance against Armfelt, who had sent his dragoons to bathe before her windows at Drottningholm—"Such an insult"—(sobbing)—"to the court lady of his sainted mother, Queen—queen—Lou—(sob)—Lou—(sob)—i-i-i-i-sa!!" Armfelt hears the accusation. "Impossible, Fröken!—What, nothing on at all?" "Nothing! Couldn't she believe her own eyes?" sobbed the outraged damsel. "Then, pray, Fröken, how did you know them to be my dragoons?"

"My natural modesty obliges me to retire," said Gustaf, rising and bowing to the lady. "I must leave you, Fröken, to explain that matter alone to Baron Armfelt."

† Both pictures were painted in Paris. Wertmüller in 1800 emigrated to Philadelphia, where he settled, and died ten years later; if he still devoted himself to his art, our Transatlantic cousins must possess portraits worth boasting of.

room in the Captives' Tower, where John for three years was imprisoned by his brother Erik. There is nothing dungeon-like in this chamber. Erik was a perfect gentleman in feeling. He would have put his brother to death for political motives, but, while alive, treated him, though a prisoner, as his birth required.

The room is circular, lighted by three windows, commanding a view over Lake Mälar and the adjoining country; the walls are panelled after the fashion of the day, and benches fixed against them, such as you still see in English country alehouses.

In one of the deep recesses of the windows, formed by the thickness of the walls, stands the king's bed. Around on the panels are emblazoned the shields of Duke Charles, at that time possessor of the castle. The ceiling is painted in fresco, and the woodwork covered with bunches of fruit and flowers, such as are portrayed on peasants' wedding-chests. The painter has indulged his fancy in allegories somewhat personal to the house of Wasa. Above the doorway is painted the figure of our Saviour; below are represented a cat and dog fighting for a bone. Again, near the carved stone fireplace, appear two Chinese singing from the same piece of music, on which is written "Basso, Tenore." The two have come to blows, tearing each other's pigtails. (N.B.—John was a great musician.) Duchess Catherine was offered palace and revenue to quit her lord; but, showing her nuptial ring, inscribed with the motto "Nil nisi mors"—she followed him.* The agents of Erik complained of the liberty allowed

* During this imprisonment Sigismund was born, and Isabella, John's eldest child, who died before her royal parents were liberated.

to the captives as dangerous. How this indulgence was later repaid we shall see hereafter. Queen Elizabeth, 8th October, 1565, writes Erik word "it is not her custom to meddle in the affairs of other princes; still, without giving offence, may she ask the cause of John's imprisonment? The reason is unknown to her; she recollects how well John had served her. She writes as a parent to a son, and will be glad to have him again in favour.—Signed,—Your Sister and Kinswoman." A very creditable letter, could we forget where Mary Stuart was some few years later.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Gallery of the Wasas — Gustaf and his three queens — Erik's courtship of Queen Elizabeth — Duke John in London — Likeness of the queen — Erik's peasant wife — His treatment in prison — His children Sigrid and Gustaf — Polish Queen Catherine and fair Gunila Bjelke — Fröken Cecilia offered in marriage to Leicester — Queen Christina the Jutekonan.

MOUNTING to the second story, we reach the apartment inhabited by Gustaf III., in which are the portraits of the house of Wasa, and those of anterior date.* Little is known of early Swedish painters. Erik the Pomeranian, when at Vienna, sat to a Greek artist; and in the 'Diarium' of Wadstena kloster it is mentioned that in the year 1487 a German, by name Gerhard, wonderfully skilled in painting and sculpture, was "förbrödrat," *i. e.* received as a member of the community, but of his works there is no account. "When Erik left for the Holy Land, all people," says the chronicler, "devoutly wished he might never come back again. The nobles sent an admirably-painted likeness of the king to the Turks, that they might recognise him in his disguise. He was taken prisoner, but released on paying a large ransom; and," adds the chronicler, "returned to his home by no means a better king than he had been before." The

* In the library of Stockholm is a beautifully executed album of the early Gripsholm gallery, dedicated by Count Tessin to Queen Louisa Ulrika, 1747. The portraits are by Fredsberg, the title-page by Taraval, the vignettes by Bohn, the text by Count Tessin himself.

artist of the fifteenth century was Laurentius Nicolai (Lars Nicson), of Enköping, date 1471, who painted altarpieces for Skuttunge church, near Upsala; also in Bålinge. Beyond this all is darkness; so passing over the second Christian, we plunge straight into the "Blood-bath" of Stockholm. First comes the lady Sigrid Banér, on that eventful day sewn up in a sack and thrown into the stream, but saved to starve in Denmark. Many are the tales related of good Queen Isabella's kindness to these unhappy captives, treasured in the hearts of the Swedish people. Sigrid is here a girl, pretty and attractive. The massive gold chains and velvet of her day do not set off youthful beauty to advantage. Sten Sture, aged twenty-four (1525), a "fair-haired" man with fine face. To his three coils of gold chain he wears suspended a portrait-medal. Christina, his young wife, far surpassed her mother in beauty. She is dressed in black and sable, coiffed with a small jewelled cap; on her breast one of those ornaments—a sacred subject—which went out of fashion at the Reformation. It is rare to meet with likenesses of ancient date so satisfactory as these last-named portraits.

Of Gustaf Wasa* there are numerous likenesses, some well painted, but all knowledge of the masters who flourished in Sweden during his reign is lost.† The

* Gustaf Wasa was called the Regenerator. The Valspråk, or mottoes, of this sovereign were—"God and the Swedish people;" "Beatus qui timet Dominum;" "Omnis potestas a Deo;" "Dominus est terra et cœlum."

† The archives of Gripsholm furnish but few details regarding either the architects or painters of the sixteenth century.

1555.—One Henry von Cölen (Cologne) was employed as a builder. Gobert, from the same city, was the Frökens' tailor.

 1573.—

most interesting portrait is a water-colour drawing by his son Duke Erik: Gustaf stands in a niche, surmounted by a wasa, clad in steel armour inlaid with gold—the same he wore at Brunkeberg; in his hands he bears the orb and sword. Old Stockholm Slott appears in a medallion below, and the inscription "Ericus Rex Sueciæ pinxit."* Gustaf, with his long white beard, appears ready to dispute with anybody who would dare to disagree with him. Catherine, his first queen, is depicted as a tall, high-coloured, dark-eyed woman, with a jewelled feather in hand, and a breast ornament of good design, in which the cipher of her husband—a double G—is cleverly twisted round a crucifix.

Erik was born in 1533. The chronicles relate that Queen Catherine lay three days ill; public prayers were offered up for her delivery, while the great ladies of the court paced to and fro in sorrow. Late in the

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1573.—Hans Ericson took a princely oath as painter to Duke Charles; he is supposed, by his high salary, to have been an artist of merit—receiving annually 600 marks in silver, 1600 lbs. of malt, 800 lbs. of rye, one ox, two sheep, and a pig; a ton of salt, a ditto of dried fish; 80 lbs. of hops, half a barrel of butter, colours and necessaries for painting, and eight yards of English cloth.

1586.—Matthias van der Öst, builder to Duke Charles, has hay for his horse.

Of the painters employed by Gustaf Wasa the only names preserved are those of Anders Mälare and Gaspar Konstmålare—the latter was summoned by the king from Holland in 1541; lastly Peter Reuss, whom we find employed at Gripsholm in 1540. The pictures of the Blood-bath, preserved in the Consistorium of Upsala, were executed by the king's command in Holland. He employed as architects Von Quickelberg, a German, and Giovanni Battista, usually called Hans Italienare, of whose handiwork the castle of Upsala is the sole remaining specimen.

* This picture is probably a copy either from one which hangs in the same room, or from a wooden carving, with the king's favourite motto underneath, "Salvator mundi, adjuva nos."

third evening the physician of the king, who was also a great astrologer, came into the bedroom looking very pale, and bade all the women fall down on their knees and pray the child might not be born at that moment, when the stars predicted misfortune both to the babe and to the country. The doctor and all those present knelt down and prayed, but, lo! in the selfsame moment a male child was born. When Queen Catherine looked on the clenched bloody hand of the new-born babe, she cried, "Alas! he will be a cruel and bloodthirsty man; may God avert the evil!"

Queen Margaret Lejonhufvud, mother of Gustaf's ten children—a good picture—artist unknown. She stands a crowned queen, in the gorgeous dress of the period, and looks what she is described to have been, "her husband's heart." Margaret was a thrifty housewife, and daily visited her kitchen and laundry. She corresponded on household matters with her sister, lady Brita Stenbock.* The gardeners at Gripsholm and Swartsjö accounted to her for the fruits and potherbs sold in the Stockholm markets, ofttimes executing her commissions; for against beans and strawberries are docketed in the accounts—item, "Brought home for her Grace an ivory comb." Gustaf himself writes, "Our dear wife Margaret has complained that the milking cows lately sent to Gripsholm by Sigfrid Johnson are not as good as they ought to be; therefore you must earnestly represent to him that we are but little pleased with his want of attention to what he had been ordered." Queen Margaret died regretted by all, "laudatissimæ memoriæ," as is here inscribed on her portrait.

* Mother to Sir Erik, who eloped from Hörningsholm with Malin Sture.

Next comes his third wife, young Catherine Stenbock, whose father and mother Gustaf affianced at his own first wedding in Upsala. We have her twice; first as a fair-haired girl, weighed down by her royal clothing —a very daisy—either to shed its petals, close, and die, or later become a maîtresse femme and rule.* Again, in her old age as a widow, she bears her husband's cipher, a crowned G, with pendent pearls. The lady Karin, as the people called her, died at the age of eighty-five, at Strömsholm, and tradition declares, the moment she gave up the ghost the heavens became darkened.

In the large Riddersal below hang the cotemporaries of Gustaf Wasa. The king took great interest in the formation of the gallery, but few are of general interest. Francis I., so tall—an arch has been cut in the frame to give room for his head. Henry VIII., bad; John of Saxony, patron of, and nearly as fat as, Luther, crowned with a wreath of blush roses, most ridiculous; there they all hang, Protestants and Papists, side by side, Popes, Grand Turks, and Czars. One portrait deserves especial mention—that of his son Erik—a large full-length, painted by himself before the glass when in prison. The picture was never finished, for John, hearing how the king whiled away his time, caused his pencils, paints, and canvas to be taken away, wishing, he said, "to make the days run longer." Eliza-

* When on a visit to Count Stenbock, at Thorsjö in Skåne, I was shown the sapphire ring which here adorns the queen's finger, still preserved as a relic in his family; though how they ever succeeded in doing so is a miracle, for at the Reduction Charles caused the very gold buttons to be cut off the count's velvet coat, to make up the deficiency of back-rents and compound interest claimed by the committee.

beth pitied her former suitor when a captive, interceded for him—thought John cruel.

July 14th, 1558, Gustaf writes to Catherine Stenbock—"Further, dear Catherine, it is our desire that you send us all the tapestry that is at Gripsholm, to put up and dress the rooms here (Stockholm). Dear Karin of my heart, we send you by Nils three large pictures painted on wood, also four portraits, to be placed in frames and hung up at Gripsholm where most needed."*

* In the Gripsholm inventory of 1553 the following are mentioned as then existing:—

Gustaf Wasa (2).	Duke of Saxony.
Duke Erik.	Duke of Saxony's wife.
Duke John.	Emperor Charles's son and daughter.
King of France.	
King of England.	Landgrave of Hesse.
Emperor Charles V.	Landgrave of Hesse's wife.
Duke of Cloves.	Emperor Charles's son.

To this list is added Queen Maryne of Hungary, which portrait hung in Duke Erik's room; the rest were divided between the dining-room and bath-room, save that of the Landgrave of Hesse, which hung in the "Slop-kammar,"—not a dignified-sounding situation—probably flat German for "Schlaff-kammar" (bedroom).

On the 26th April, 1648, one Peter Rueyss is occupied in restoring or copying six large pictures:—

Maximilian and Charles,	Philip and Ludwig,
Philip and Charles,	Emperor Charles,
Philip and John of Flanders,	King of England,

and a misspelt lady, supposed to be Isabella, Charles's daughter. The portraits now amount to twenty-three, the paintings to sixty-nine; later seven—duplicates probably—are sent off to Upsala, and ten to Räfnäs.

1584, Charles writes, "We have received from Prince Landgrave William of Hesse some portraits, as well as others we desired from different princes, as a remembrance, and have ornamented a room with them in the upper part of our house; if your Majesty would be pleased to see them, we will send them to Stockholm."

King John most unreasonably did so desire, and the portraits were unhung and sent by "our servants."

"I send you," writes Ferdinand of Parma, "my portrait and that of my wife."

Art still continues in statu quo; not neglected, for the sons of Gustaf Wasa were highly educated, and Erik has left samples of his talent worthy of the Dutch school both in drawing and finish. "Send Anders the painter to me at once," writes Erik, which, however, don't help us much. Duke John, though he never equalled his brother as an artist, invented coats of arms for the Swedish provinces. Erik now appears on the scene, most gorgeously dressed. In features he is handsome, fair, and blue-eyed.* A small full-length, painted by his own hand, hangs in the king's bedchamber, said to be the original portrait sent to the Princess of Hesse at the time of his courtship. He was younger then, wore short-cropped hair, and no beard. The head is well finished, the costume less so; he stands on a carpet séméd with "Wasa" lions and crowns.† His courtship of Elizabeth has been already alluded to. The picture sent by the Virgin Queen to her suitor is not a remarkable production, probably by Zucchero, flat, pale, and shadowless—dated ætatis suæ 30; ugly enough to frighten away any lover. But in the Salle des Contemporains of Gustaf Wasa hangs one of a different character. Erik set off on his way to England to woo his love in person, but, meeting a storm off Skagen, returned, his passion cured by sea-sickness;

* Louisa Ulrika, in writing to Gustaf III., speaks of an "original," which seems to have miscarried. "A propos, je ne scais si vous vous ressouvenez de la méprise du Comte Cronstät, qui, au lieu de faire copier le portrait d'Eric XIV., envoya l'original à Serenius; comme vous êtes près de lui, il y auroit peut-être moyen de négocier avec lui pour rattraper ce même original, qui est une pièce rare."

† The full-length portrait of Gripsholm has been well engraved by Berquist. Erik XIV. was called the Undecided: Valsprik, "Deus dat cui vult."

so Duke John his brother proceeded as proxy in 1560. A great part of their royal father's treasures were spent on this occasion. John overloaded the servants of Elizabeth with gifts. On his departure he strewed the streets of London with silver coin, crying to the people, "My merry men, when my brother comes these shall be changed to gold." Queen Elizabeth, when she heard it, answered, "God only knows what may happen when the suitor himself arrives." John during this visit may have procured secretly this likeness of the queen, painted and shaded according to the rules of art.*

The queen is still good looking, though her features have become sharp and drawn. She evidently "pines under the virgin thorn," and will soon lose all comeliness. She is dressed in a robe and mantle of rich crimson velvet, the hem deeply bordered with minever, a ruff and tucker of Venice point, yellow and starched, around her neck and bosom; on her head a brown wig, somewhat low on the forehead, one red feather, and a ruby star. The hands are of exquisite beauty; on her left forefinger she wears a small black enamel ring, fastened to her bracelet by a slight hair chain; in her right she holds an ivory fan, suspended to her girdle by a chain of black and gold enamel; her gloves of unbleached skin, with rich gold-embroidered gauntlets. I never yet saw Queen Elizabeth so pleasing and so little dizened out. This picture, exquisitely painted in some parts, has undergone considerable restoration. The crown of five points—that of a Swedish duchess—has

* It is singular that the portraits found in foreign courts, like that given by Lord Willoughby to Frederik II. of Denmark, lately destroyed, should be so unlike those we are accustomed to see in England.

been added, with the curtain forming the background, the fauteuil and emblazoned cushion.

Never was man yet so determined on a marriage as Erik. Elizabeth did her best "att få Korgen"—to give him the basket, as the Swedes say. She refused him in English, she refused him in French, and lastly in Latin. He would not take the hint, but caused a thousand dresses to be made. Old King Gustaf had no patience with his son's obstinacy and extravagance, nor could he bear to hear the English match spoken of. He now verified the proverb, "As long as the child tramples on the father's knees he does not care; but when it treads on the heart, he feels it."

In one of the numerous love-letters from Erik to the Virgin Queen, dated 1563, he complains that people have evidently been slandering him, as he sees by the tone of her very angry epistle.* The queen is wrong to believe the report that he is seeking the hand of Mary Stuart or the Rhine Countess for himself, it being for his brother. He never remarked "that the queen had shown wonderful patience in remaining a virgin for so many years," waiting for himself. "You said," he continues, "you would not refuse to marry for the welfare of your subjects; so are not entirely averse to it. Send me only a free passport, as I have demanded. I will come; only take me; you will never repent it. Your brother and dearest blood relation."

* By a letter, dated Greenwich, 22nd June, 1561, it appears Queen Elizabeth was greatly affronted at one John Dymmock having asked for the king's portrait as though commissioned by the queen—as if she "indeed was likely to ask for anybody's picture!" The letter is six pages in length; but Queen Elizabeth, like most ladies who write in a passiôn, is somewhat unintelligible.

The Princess of Hesse is also there. She married Adolf of Holstein, another of Elizabeth's admirers; he hangs by his wife, garter on knee.

After proposing to everybody, Erik espoused the daughter of a peasant. Struck by her beauty when selling nuts in the market-place of Medelpad, he caused her to be placed among the maids-of-honour of his sister Elizabeth. She became the king's mistress—later his wife, though that marriage cost him his throne. Her coronation was celebrated with great splendour.* The dukes and nobility neither sent excuses nor attended. Though her picture be but a daub, Karin is one of the most interesting heroines of Swedish history. Oft in their happy days she and Erik, of a summer's eve, rowed together on the placid Mälar, listening to the songs echoed from distant boats—songs and music of his own composition, in which, calling her "his shepherdess," he bids her "a thousand good-nights." The refrain of his lay runs—

> "Let each man follow his own will,—
> I will hold dear my shepherdess."

Then again, in his darker days, it was Karin alone who could soothe his madness, or, when the fit was over, console him under his agony of remorse for the foul deeds committed. Poor Karin! her after-life was one of sorrow.†

In a higher story of the Captives' Tower is the prison

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* King Erik ennobled Catherine Månsdotter in 1549, previous to her coronation and marriage, giving her as arms "a rising crescent." A far superior portrait of Queen Catherine has been engraved by Berquist.

† John provided for her liberally. She lived esteemed and beloved, died 1612, and sleeps in the great church of Åbo, in the grefchor of the Thott family.

of King Erik—an inner chamber of circular form lighted by three small apertures, and secured by a double door, the outer one of iron, the inner of wood, with a small triangular aperture to pass his food. Around the outer gallery the sentinel paced to and fro. On one window-sill the unhappy king has worn a hole with his elbow; while the flooring has been hollowed by his feet. Here he stood gazing at a spot in the distant field, whither Karin came every day from the village, made signals, waved her handkerchief—comforting him as best she could. In vain he wrote to John, reminding him of the different treatment he had received when a prisoner. He got no answer—so says history and romance.*

The letters preserved in the archives kindly submitted to me by Count Oxenstjerne, who has made the imprisonment of Erik his especial study, accord little with the accounts given by historians.

In 1569 the council, speaking of him as "their most violent enemy, who never could be satiated with blood, and even in prison had tried several times to commit the same offence," gives orders for his being kept in a "princely, but careful, imprisonment as long as he shall live." In the beginning Erik threatened, "that, although fast," he would "slippe looss," for there were many ready to help him.† "Keep him with due care,"

* On the other hand, Walin says Erik inhabited the same room as his brother. John ordered he should select his own apartment. There was no fear of escape, for Duke Charles writes word Gripsholm would have resisted a siege of many months. When the second conspiracy broke out, such was John's anxiety, that Geijer declares he wrote seven letters in one day ordering a stricter watch. The earliest description of Gripsholm makes no mention of "Erik's prison."

† Erik, according to the archives, was taken prisoner 29th September,

writes John, "and do not allow him too much freedom, although we would willingly do so, and treat him better, if he only would make a right use of such treatment; but he will not do so."

Erik, the same year, writes, "God knows how ill-treated we have been for twenty-two weeks. No day has passed without some insult or injury—suffering from cold, hunger, stench, and darkness—followed about with drawn swords, intruded upon during the night. They have taken away my Bible, printed in the Latin as well as Swedish text. For twelve Sundays we have heard no sermon; neither on holydays." Either the king must have exaggerated his sufferings, or John's orders cannot have been carried out. 31 Jan. 1572, the latter writes, "We have ordered a tailor and help to be provided for the king, and to supply him with clothes; and Archbishop Lars is to select a chaplain, a good steady man, who will not allow himself to be seduced; also a cook, as we hear there is no good one there: for we are anxious he should be deprived of no comfort." 15 May

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1568; deposed 1st January, 1569; was imprisoned in Stockholm one year and three quarters; removed to Åbo, 16th July, 1570; Castelholm, in Åland, 15th August, 1571; Gripsholm, 16th December, 1571; Westerås, June, 1573; Örbyhus, last half of 1574. The first notice of his presence, 6th November. He was poisoned there, 26th February, 1577.

In the May of 1572 broke out at Gripsholm the second conspiracy among Erik's guards. John writes how he understands "the soldiers who keep watch on King Erik have been guilty of violence and mutiny." This, Geijer says, was caused by short commons and want of clothes, which can scarcely be true, as the supplies were most liberal —wine, fur-coats allowed them, as well as extra pay to the most obedient. The guard was constantly changed, that there might be no opportunity of tampering or entering into correspondence. In 1573 Peter Berg's plot was discovered in Småland; the fourth was that of Carl de Mornay and his Scotch comrades.

of the same year there are rumours of plots. John writes, "If you fear any treason, then you shall shorten King Erik's life, according to your credentials." On the rumour of Queen Karin, who was with him at Gripsholm, becoming pregnant, orders were given to separate the royal pair; but too late: so John writes, "Karin may remain, as she is already in the state you mention."

The list of supplies for the captive family*—oxen-flesh, bread, fish, brown and white sugar, vinegar, spices, Malmsey wine—would satisfy the most store-loving housekeeper in Europe. The king's table is to be served by three nobles, and attended by three lackeys, which don't quite agree with the tradition of the triangular hole in the door. Erik having refused to drink wine, John scarcely knows how "to feed him." Orders are given to provide clothes for Karin's children and servants.†

Erik had two children—Sigrid,‡ a pretty dark-eyed girl, on whose portrait are inscribed the words, "King Erik's echta dotter," for she had been legitimized by his marriage, though not born in wedlock;§ and Gustaf,

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* Erik's family consisted of his wife, four children, and three maids.

† John writes to Lasse Larson,—having heard that the wife and children of King Erik are in great distress for clothes, and he having no opportunity of sending them any,—begs him to procure a piece of English damask, and some fine Hollands linen from Germany, as soon as possible, and two pieces of common Hollands, and to take and sell as much flour from the stores of Åbo as will pay for the above order.

‡ Count Thott, the gunstling, who ousted De la Gardie from favour, was own kinsman to Queen Christina, being grandson of Sigrid, who married Henrik Thott.

§ Erik left two other daughters, the celebrated Virginia and Constantia, both by the same mother, Agda, better known as "Caritas," daughter of Pers i Porten, afterwards married to Joachim Fleming, kammarjunker to the king. Virginia was in 1568 affianced to the son of

who, in the lifetime of his father, was declared lawful heir of the realm. King John, fearful for his dynasty, ordered the child to be put in a sack and cast into the sea (this system of bagging and Mälarising—quite Oriental —must have been brought from Turkey by the Varangians); Erik Sparre, hearing a sound issue from the sack, opened it, and, recognising the child, sent it to foreign parts. In a town of Germany famed for its grammar-school, a little schoolboy came every night to the inn, offering his services to the travellers, cleaning horses, brushing boots and clothes. This was young Gustaf, son of the "peasants' king." Later, disguised as a beggar, he mingled with the crowd, to witness the coronation of his cousin Sigismund. Sigrid, who was in attendance on the Polish queen, by a secret impulse recognised her brother. A great linguist, Gustaf earned the name of "the second Paracelsus." Ever in distress, he pawned his father King Erik's journal for the years 1566 and 1567, to pay his bill at the inn of Wilna. The Czar invited him to Moscow, promising him the Princess Axinia in marriage; but Gustaf, refusing to change his creed, was cast into prison. After many years he was liberated, and ordered to reside at the small town of Kassin, where he died. The reigning emperor sent money to defray the expenses of the funeral; this the governor pocketed, and

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Ivan the Terrible. A lucky escape she had, for Ivan struck dead with his iron sceptre the lady who replaced her, because she appeared before him in an unbecoming gown. Virginia was next affianced to a son of Svante Sture, but ended by espousing Hakon Knudson Hand, governor of Kronoborgs-län. Constantia married Henrik Frankelin, Lord of Odenfors, and died 1645, at eighty years of age.

Gustaf lies buried in a birch-grove — unconsecrated ground, outside the city walls.*

So ended King Erik's son Gustaf, Hereditary Prince of Sweden. He is painted chained, with heavy manacles around his wrists, his hair long and uncared for. In features he resembles Queen Christina rather than his father and his uncles. The painting is by David Beck. It was found in Poland, and given, in 1774, to Gustavus III., who placed it in Gripsholm Slott.

Duke John † is by far the handsomest of the

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* Some people assert that Gustaf married the daughter of Peter Kars, his father's head cook, who was also a colonel in the army. Erik, in his diary, date July 27, 1566, writes, after alluding to some refusal of the burghers of Stockholm to do homage,—"I sent the head cook (Peter Kars) to fetch the magistrates who had refused to swear fealty." By Brita, daughter of Peter Kars, Gustaf is said to have left three sons —Laurentius, Erik, and Carl Gustaf; and a daughter, Catherine, brought up by Princess Sapieha; and in a book with annotations in the handwriting of Brita Kars, preserved in the family, Gustaf writes—"G. Erici Regis filius to Laurentius, Charles, my poor unfortunate children; may they all be godly, and reign with Christ to all eternity! God in heaven console and watch over my venerable and pious lady mother and my beloved Brigitta!" From the eldest son of Laurentius, named Lars, brought up a Protestant by his grandmother, Queen Catherine, a brave warrior in his youth, sprang the now extinct race of Barons Eldstjerna; from the second, Samuel, the existing family of Stjernold (en. 1637). The Emperor Rodolph II. granted these descendants of Erik XIV. as arms "a black burning mountain, of which the flames appear almost singeing the Wasa crest." A shield so ominous of a blow-up to the reigning dynasty could not be accepted by the Swedish heralds of Charles XI., who changed the device for cornucopias, and sundry matters of a less threatening aspect. A grandson of Prince Gustaf espoused an Englishwoman, Brita Ratskin (her mother a Sydney), a learned woman, who spoke Latin, understood Greek, and died in childbirth.

"Femme qui parle Latin
Fait toujours mauvais fin."

The name of Algernon is still preserved in the family.

† John III., called the Hypocrite. Valspråk, "Deus protector noster."

brothers—with good features, less delicate than those of Erik; a false blue eye, and splendid blond doré beard—one of those beards the delight of Guercino, reflecting in its lights all shades from brown to golden hue. Gorgeously apparelled, he appears less "affublé" than his brother. Of Polish Catherine, his first devoted wife, there is no portrait. Of fair Gunila Bjelke * only a horror—again upsetting all illusions of youth and beauty. The Wasas, up in the world, like other folks, held their heads high in the second generation, and disclaimed furiously the king's marriage with the "Kammarfröken" of their late mother—"her servant forsooth!" Gunila, affianced to some one else, at first refused the king, who, enraged, cast his glove in her face, making her nose bleed—not civil nor lover-like; but this clenched the affair; her family forced a consent. John sent all the late queen's clothes and jewels to his daughters, purchasing others and richer ones for his bride. The royal family "had colds—were indisposed, and could not attend the wedding"—an insult which nearly caused a fresh civil war in Sweden.

Sigismund † resembles King John his father, with a

The full-length Gripsholm portrait, with the collar of the king's own order, the Agnus Dei, is well engraved by Geringius. No painter of this reign is known by name. In addition to the two architects already mentioned, Bulgrini and Jacob Woe were employed in the construction of Wadstena Slott.

* Queen Gunnell, Abraham Brahe calls her.

† Sigismund, called The Haughty. Valspråk, "Pro jure et populo." The painters employed by Sigismund are far better known than those even of a later date in Sweden. This sovereign, as well as his sister the Princess Anna, thoroughly appreciated art. Among the best engravings of Sigismund are the following; the fate of the original paintings is unknown:—

 A fine

better expression—a right-minded Catholic, with no liberty of thought in his countenance. John of East Götland, a well-looking youth in armour—a thorough Wasa, but sickly and pale;—his story we have told at Linköping.

Duke Magnus and the frail Cecilia—the former less good-looking than his brothers, mild and gentle (muffish) in expression, with no hair about his face.—Straw-coloured, pink-faced men, when full-grown, are nothing without beards. Fröken Cecilia, with her famed golden hair,—as pretty as woman can be, ruffed to the very ears. Erik offered her damaged hand and sullied reputation, with rich dower, to the Earl of Leicester, hoping to gain his interest in the "Elizabethan wooing." The earl did not take the bait; so the king orders his minister at the English court to hire a bravo and murder him. The envoy refused; and—the mad fit over—Erik was grateful for his disobedience.

Now comes the last reigning son of Gustaf Wasa, Charles IX.: unlike the family in feature and expression,—bald, with one little fringe of short hair round his high forehead, over which he brings a lock from behind, forming a cross. Of Charles's wives — first,

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A fine equestrian portrait in armour and ruff, by Thomas Dolibella, the Venetian; engraved by Killian.

Medallion by Ægidius Sädeler, dedicated to the king himself, who bears the Order of the Golden Fleece.

A half-length, in high Polish hat, by Haijer Wratill.

A fine equestrian portrait, signed with the monogram  —Crispin de Passe le vieux, by Abraham Hogenberg; another by Peter Paul Rubens, with Dog by Snyders, already mentioned in the Stockholm gallery; with many others.

Anne, his first queen, by Crispin de Passe, signed also by De Custodis (?).

Constantia, his second queen, artist unknown, is very pretty.

Mary of Pfalz,* only duchess, mother of a numerous family, all of whom, save the Princess Catherine,† died young. Charles mourned her deeply: she was his sunbeam; and when he founded a new town in East Götland, he called it Mariestad. She wears on her breast a jewelled ornament—an anchor entwined with the king's crown and cipher: crucifixes are now out, and puzzled heads seek refuge in allegory. Side by side with gentle Mary hangs his second spouse, proud Christina of Holstein—a fine woman; no longer young, with high forehead, blue eyes, "nez en bec"—a most overbearing lady. She wears as ornament a Swedish lion holding in its claws a crowned C reversed. No one loved her: Charles, when cross, termed her "that Jutekonan"—Danish woman. Christina, though a strong-minded woman, was as Duchess of Wermland beloved by the peasantry, whose lot she did much to ameliorate, mixing freely among them. She is said, by her lady, Lisbet Karlsdotter, to have been a good housewife, "mycket accurat"—measuring out thread to her

* Charles in his 'Rhyming Chronicle' greatly eulogises the memory of his fond Mary. "He wanted a princess to live in peace with." "God gave me a virtuous woman—a Rhine countess. My wedding was celebrated at Heidelberg, where, with great festivities, I obtained the hand of Fröken Maria, whose equal in virtue and good habits was not to be found in the land—a woman of high blood, courage, and mind. I can't write enough about it." (I am sure he does, and goes off in an unnecessary tirade about his old father-in-law.) Well, "death takes away my pious princess, so well read in the Bible. Her equal was never known. She died 29th July, 1590.

At Eskilstuna on St. Olaf's day,
She gave her soul to God, and pass'd away."

Charles was not the only royal rhymer. Gustaf Wasa had already "rimmade" a little chronicle against the Danes.

† Mother of Charles X. and the Princess Euphrosyne. From her eldest daughter Christina descend Adolf Frederik and his successors.

court ladies by the yard, and seeing that they used it up to the very ends.* In 1620 she gave a cow to old Bona Ventura, the fowler of Gripsholm—so says the castle record.

Charles IX. concludes his 'Rhyming Chronicle' with the history of his second marriage: "How he sent his faithful man Sigbert Cafver to Holstein to get him a Fröken to live in all honour and chastity." He had no silver money, so for the voyage gave him copper klippingar —huge diamond-shaped coins weighing several pounds each. The messenger arrived at Kiel, where he found a maid young and beautiful, residing with her mother. The courtship by proxy fills several pages. Duchess Dowager consults, pro formâ, her near relations; the matter is satisfactorily concluded. She hopes her presence in Sweden won't be disagreeable. She'll "come in her own carriage." The marriage festival continued for some days at Nyköping. "Then," says Charles, "people's hearts had longing to return to their own houses." He dismisses them with thanks—to each gentleman a chain of gold, and a basket of sandwiches (meat and bread) for the necessities of the road;—so ends the 'Chronicle.'

Christina has one merit no man can take away. She was mother of the great Gustavus, after whose birth Charles IX.† writes, in his own hand, 30th Dec. 1694,

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* Christina loved the sciences more than the arts; she left 10,000 dollars for the maintenance of thirty poor students.

† Charles IX., called The Severe. Valspråk, "Deus solatium meum."—The portraits of this monarch all want the signature of the artist, though engraved by Danker Danckertze, Peter de Jode, Südeler of Prague. This is also the case with a very good medallion painted at Antwerp. There is in a curious genealogy of Charles IX. a portrait taken after death, in which the king is depicted in full armour between

directions to John Mastensen to deliver a pair of fine oxen, 40 pounds of corn, half rye half malt, to Ursilia von der Lockow, the wet-nurse of Gustaf Adolf. The king writes a civil letter to Claes Bjelke, begging him to stand godfather to the young prince. Christina cared no more for painting than she did for her first-born; her affections were concentrated in Carl Philip,* who died early.—With Christina of Holstein ends the first generation of the house of Wasa.

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his two wives. Mary holds in her hand a pair of gloves; Christina her pocket-handkerchief. The king is tightly handcuffed to the ladies by knots of ribbon, from which hang flowing streamers, displaying the names of their numerous offspring. Charles had over to Sweden Gerhard de Besche from the Low Countries, who completed the towers of Upsala cathedral, destroyed by fire 1702. One Lars Johanson, his pupil, erected the third tower. John Gansog of Frankfort erected the black marble pulpit of Lund cathedral in 1592.

* Carl Philip, born 1601, ob. 1632, youngest son of Charles IX. and Christina. There exists one small medal, struck with the effigies of the two brothers.

CHAPTER XL.

Gallery continued — Gustaf Adolf and Ebba Brahe — Charles Ogier's admiration of the queen — Big peasant with the red beard — Pageant of the Famine — Carl Gustaf and his tutor — Family of Charles XI. — Charles XII. as a baby — Anger at the birth of his sister — His love of truth — Gustaf III. and his brothers.

WE enter now on the reign of great Gustavus *— a period when art did not flourish; people's minds were too much taken up by war.† The Swedes made up for its absence at home by the pillage of Germany, and the relics of the Thirty Years' War in every palace,

* Called The Noble. Valspråk, "Gloria altissimo suorum refugio." The allegories of this era are puzzle-headed to a degree—Joshua, Gideon, Patience, Liberty, Sweden, the king with False Religion and Tyranny attached to his triumphal car—all higgledy-piggledy, by Danvert of Leipsic. In another, Gustaf is depicted running a lance into the stomach of Romanism, who, with broken keys and sword, spits out a long panorama of the cities besieged in the Thirty Years' War. Last comes the hero dead, on his lit de parade, by Godfrey Müller. Gustaf employed Datler of Saxony, Blum of Bremen, with J. Rethe of Hamburg, as medallists—artists more necessary in those years of victory than painters. Matthew Merian wrote 15th June, 1653, to Bengt Oxenstjerna from Basle, begging him to forward plates of the arms borne by the generals of Gustavus, it being his intention to bring out a work entitled 'The Book of Heroes,' especially devoted to Sweden. To this demand, it appears by a second letter to Gustaf Horn, no answer was given, in consequence of which the work never saw light—Merian, an old man, dying the following year.

† When the English ambassador arrived in Germany, bearing the Order of the Garter, Gustavus Adolphus was invested with great pomp. Alarmed at the firing of the guns, which announced the conclusion of the ceremony, the enemy, imagining an attack, rushed out, and a bloody skirmish ensued.

castle; and museum, are marvellous. Not one Swedish artist now appears by name. Of the few portraits of Gustavus himself,* two alone are authenticated: one the work of David of Cologne, the second a water-colour daub by his daughter Queen Christina. Perhaps the most interesting of the whole is a picture of the youthful hero and his love Ebba Brahe. The king has good features, but a dry look about him, a want of play of countenance; one of those men who should be well-looking, but is not. His arm is around her neck; he draws her towards him, as though about to "take liberties." Ebba, with crescent on her brow, is smirking, and evidently says "Don't," but she never means it. This picture, picked up by Count Tessin in a country inn at Medewi, was once the property of the Oxenstjerna family. Gustavus improved as he gained flesh, though later he became unwieldy. The machine used to lift him on his horse is preserved at Stockholm. A charming portrait of Ebba Brahe hangs in the queen's drawing-room. Seldom does a picture so thoroughly answer your expectations. The dress is that of Charles II.'s time, black, fastened with brooches of pearls; slightly décolletée, her brown hair arranged in small short curls. Her eyes beam with mirth; a blue mantle lightens up the picture; artist, alas! unknown. Gustaf Adolf intended to marry her; his letters declare it. He writes to his lady-love after the siege of Augdow, 1614,—"I thank God above all that He has granted me in your favour to conquer the enemy." Below he signs his initials, interlaced with those of Ebba.

* Gustaf III. gave away several portraits of Gustaf Adolf.

Proud Christina twitted poor Ebba with Margaret Cabeliau. "Would you," she exclaimed, "a Brahe, his own kinswoman, be rival to that 'light of love'?" So Ebba, wounded in her woman's heart, yielding to pique, gave way, and lost a crown.* Gustaf Adolf in his youth had vowed never to take a wife from Germany. King Charles IX. demanded for him the hand of our "Winter Queen." She was either already promised, or,

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* *Extract from Ebba Brahe's letter to Gustaf Adolf.*

"Your poor servant can only give you her love and her devotion; yet it is very hard to bear the cruelty her Majesty the Queen shows towards me on account of my devotion and faithfulness to you. I shall be in disgrace all my life, but God forbid my heart should be otherwise than true."

Gustaf Adolf to Ebba.

"As I could not bid you good-night, this coarse and simple paper, and my own bad style, must suffice to express what I cannot say; so, as I could not see you, I send you this flower, which the Germans call 'Vergis-mein-nicht,' and beg you not to despair on account of its little value, but wear it with the same feeling I send it you, who now wish you many times a hundred thousand good-nights. Yours till death." —Signed "G. A. E. B." interlaced.

In one of his letters Gustaf writes,—"I find with sorrow that her Majesty, my mother, has been scolding my beloved, for which we beg her not to be sorrowful, but to find comfort in the knowledge that her father will soon take her away. Fortune has turned her back upon me. I do not wish that my dear one should link her future with mine. I alone shall sorrow and will suffer, although I will never forget my heart's dear till the end of my days, but will recollect her always as above all women dearest to my heart."

That Ebba got on very comfortably with the queen of Gustaf Adolf may be seen by the following extract from a letter of Queen Maria Eleanora, dated Nyköping, June 16, 1634:—"I thank you for sending me one of those beautiful head-kerchiefs, and do not be angry with me that I have nothing to send in return; this is such a poor neighbourhood, nothing is to be got. Countess of my heart, be patient till I can send you his Majesty's portrait in full length; then I will also have my own likeness painted, which I will send as a proof of my affection. I am heartily sorry I cannot find the miniature of the king you so much wished to have."

maybe, Anne, in her love for Denmark, quashed the affair, as prejudicial to the interests of her brother. Oxenstjerna, faithful councillor of Gustavus, has two good portraits; one by Mirevelt, a second by Merian:* —hard by hang the generals of the Thirty Years' War. Maria Eleanora, his tiresome queen—always regretting Germany, complaining of Sweden, "it is so cold, there are so many mountains,"—is painted as a fine, handsome, high-nosed woman, still young, wearing her own grayish hair, frizzed, in short crépé curls.†

Charles Ogier, in his journal of 1634, mentions an audience given by the widowed queen to the French ambassador in the palace of Nyköping. She received them in her chamber of "dule" lighted with many wax candles. The room was hung with black, the floor and ceiling painted the same colour. The impressionable Frenchman is quite taken aback at the "unexpected beauty of the princess, both in figure and appearance unrivalled. After the ceremony of kissing hands, the ambassador read his speech; but what it was about," naïvely continues the secretary, "we none of us know, we were so taken up with staring at the beautiful queen."

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* The best portrait of Oxenstjerna is by Beck, in skullcap and white beard, engraved 1652 by Gaillan. That by Mirevelt is engraved by Delphin.

† There exists somewhere a portrait of Maria Eleanora, by Jacob Hofnagel, 1629, at the age of twenty-five, painted with a high ruff, turned-back hair, and feathers. This portrait has been engraved by Thondius, of the Hague, and Cornelius Vischer. Again we have the portrait as a widow, by Baltazzar Moncornet, evidently grown thin, peevish, hating Sweden.

On the frontispiece to the funeral sermon of the queen appears beneath the portrait "Vanitas vanitatum," above a naked boy blowing bubbles.

Three years later the child Christina was removed from her care by Oxenstjerna, and when they again met the daughter treated her mother coldly. Christina's change of faith gave a death-blow to the widowed queen, who died shortly after.

Drottning Kjersten,* as the people called her, first appears on the scene, very unlike the madcap Christina of later days, dressed at eight years of age in ruff, white wig, and farthingale. Here are several portraits of her by artists unknown; not one taken in the freshness of youth, when she was really pretty, but all when life already tells upon her, and she looks dragged and haggard. In her reign the arts received an impetus; not that she really cared for them, but she liked to appear a Mæcenas. David Beck† Münichhofen, Mytens, and Bourdalot painted at her court. The queen has thirteen miniature-painters in

* Called The Unsteady. Valsprâk, "Salvator mundi, salva nos." Many, probably fancy portraits, were published by Mariette, Benoit, &c., at Paris. She is painted—first, in ruff and farthingale, standing by her father, who, mounting to heaven astride on an eagle, gives his herculean club to his little daughter; secondly, dressed like a cardinal, with crucifix and rosary; thirdly, as an amazon; fourthly, as Minerva; and lastly, in a clever pen-and-ink etching, as an aged woman—a dirty bundle of old clothes, horrid to look at.

† David Beck, "painter and valet-de-chambre of her Serene Majesty the Queen of Sweden," was a native of Delft, ob. 1656, and pupil of Vandyke. In his youth he had the honour of instructing the children of Charles I. in drawing. Christina sent for him to Sweden, and despatched him on a journey through Europe to paint "the most illustrious men of Christendom." David Beck was a good-looking man, with long flowing hair, if we may credit the portrait painted of himself, engraved by Meysens and Coyet.

Whitelocke mentions Symonds, an Englishman, "excellent in his art of graving and taking off pictures in little in wax," who worked at the court of Christina in 1654. Many of his works are met with about Sweden, very cleverly executed.

her pay, the best were Bourdon* and an Englishman named Cooper. Up to this date there is no display of native talent;—all is Dutch and German.

Ebba Brahe lived on good terms with Christina. In one of the many letters of Ebba to her son Magnus, dated 1640, containing some bad grammar and not first-rate spelling, she writes "to send from the Hague a little dog and a couple of small parrots for the queen, and to be very particular about the choice of his associates." In 1650† matters seem very uncomfortable; there has been a rising of the bonde:—

"The peasant with the great red beard, who was, you know, tipsy at the end of the meeting, said that the peasants had in their mind to murder all the nobles; therefore I beg you not to come back again. How anxious I am for myself I cannot tell you. They will murder me, and, though I am not afraid of death, I should not like to die in that way. How I shall get up to Stockholm I know not, for they are just as mad as in Småland. God help us, for His dear Son's sake! Don't come down."

So Ebba very wisely remained in Jonköping till the insurrection was quelled.

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* Engraved by Nanteuil.

† In the years 1649-50 a terrible famine reigned throughout Sweden, caused by the wetness of the summer. From that time was known in the western parts of Sweden a kind of flour called "Scotch meal," sent from Scotland, and much liked by the poor. Tradition says this flour was made of potatoes, dried and ground; the first time that vegetable was eaten in these northern countries.

During this famine a murderer named Sallzen, to whom the prospect of losing his head was unpleasant, offered twenty-four thousand rix-dollars and two thousand bushels of corn to the poor of Westeräs for the privilege of retaining it. The bishop of the diocese approved the idea, saying it was better one rascal should escape than hundreds die of starvation; the other prelates dissented: justice must not be interfered with.

In that same winter of dearth and pestilence a peasant of Östergötland showed Queen Christina a loaf made out of bark, at which she exclaimed sorrowfully, "Have we not received good from the Lord, shall we not also receive evil?" That was all she said—and all she did.* Court festivities went on as usual, and a few days after the queen attended a fête given by Wachtmeister, where, in compliment to the hardness of the times, the pageants were symbolical. Youth appeared in a car, sitting on lilies and roses, while Death, with a drawn scythe, stood behind; a real skull and cross-bones fastened to a pole above. Then there was an hour-glass, and a small boy blowing bubbles—as good as a sermon. The whole wound up with a fight worthy of ancient Rome—lions, bears, wolves, buffaloes, turned together into the arena;—meanwhile poor Ebba Brahe was shivering in her shoes, in mortal terror of the peasant with the big red beard at Jonköping.

Christina passed her youth at Stegeborg with her aunt Catherine, wife of John Casimir. Her playmate, Carl Gustaf,† is described as "a handsome blooming boy." Like most blooming boys, he ended by overblowing, and in figure resembled a barrel;—otherwise Christina

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* Charles II., February 25, 1649, writes to announce the death of his father to Christina, sealed with his signet-ring.

† Called The Aggressor. Valspråk, "In Jehovah sors mea."

A charming engraving exists by Adrian of Nuremberg, representing the dinner given at the Peace Congress in 1649. A long procession, headed by the chief "officier de la bouche," splendidly arrayed, defiles through the halls, bearing on their heads swans, peacocks with their tails on, boars' heads, &c. &c.

We have one of the coronation of Charles; also his death-bed; queen weeping; young prince by the bed-side; an angel removing his crown, while Gustaf Adolf awaits his arrival above.

might have loved him.* As it was, she only abdicated in his favour. Carl was sent to learn Latin with a magister near Upsala, at Lina Prestgård. Here his companion was John, the parson's son, in after-life called Lenaus.† The Princess Catherine writes to the tutor:—"Dear Domine,—I beg you to instruct him in all academic matters, most of all in the Latin language; exercise him well, that he may be ready in that tongue. Remember me to your good wife, and beg her

* Christina humbugged her cousin fearfully about that marriage: she writes in 1644, begging for his portrait, adding, in a postscript, "I seize this chance of writing you a 'good-night,' and say adieu, adieu! sleep well!"

Charles Gustaf notes in his own diary, June 15, 1648, "Called in to her Majesty, who took no hope away, but gave none. Again her Majesty assured and promised she would marry no one else if not me, and, in case she did not marry for the good of the realm, declare me her successor. All she had before said was but 'the folly of youth.'" And so she goes on.

In the archives of Berlin is the letter from Chancellor Göz, of Mayence, containing the following anecdote of Gustaf Adolf:—"Let us marry our children," said he to the Margrave of Brandenburg. "Magna eruam fundamenta regum—I will go to Rome, like Alaric, perhaps also to Spain, to destroy that nest of serpents."

† Archbishop Lenaus had a numerous family of daughters. All were married save one, who, though a fine girl in other respects, bore on her cheek the mark of a full-grown rat with a long tail. In vain the primate, on preaching his annual sermon to the candidates for clerical honours, selected as his text "Handsome is as handsome does;" not a parson, beneficed or unbeneficed, would propose, till Edmund Figrelius, a man of profound learning, having just completed a treatise 'De statuis' something or other, arrived at Upsala. The archbishop, presenting him to his daughter, promised to get his book published, in consequence of which the scholar, far too abstracted to think of rats, shortly espoused the damsel. Through the influence of his father-in-law Figrelius was appointed tutor to the son of the archbishop's early companion King Carl Gustaf, and thereupon ennobled. Thus this rat-faced lady (ancestress of the three houses of Gripenhjelm, Gripendahl, and Lejonstierne) became a far greater personage than her sisters. The less said of this selection the better. At eighteen years of age Charles XI. had scarce mastered his alphabet.

to look after him when in health and in sickness; in which latter may merciful God grant he may never be. Do this, and I shall be always ready to show my favour and grace to her, and remain ever your gracious princess as long as I live."

Carl lived with the family, chopped wood, talked Latin, worked in the garden and farm,—happy as the day was long, free from all etiquette.

The prince and his youthful comrade lost sight of one another for a season: both made their way in life. John became Archbishop of Upsala. At the coronation, when the prelate was about to place the crown on the monarch's head, Carl Gustaf, slightly turning towards his early friend, whispered in his ear, "I say, old cock, when shall we two saw wood again together?" The king ennobled his old tutor under the name of Klo.

Several court painters now turn up—David Krafft, Gelton, Jordan, and Mytens, foreigners every one of them; and it is not till 1661—when Ehrenstrahl returned from Italy—that Sweden can be said to have possessed a national painter. Ehrenstrahl painted well, and would have done better still had he stuck to the school of his early masters. In the room appropriated to Swedish worthies hangs Terserus, Bishop of Linköping. No one would imagine this portrait to be by the hand of the same man who executed the myriads scattered through the country.

There was at this period a struggle in art: Rubens and Jordaens had upset the stiff Dutch school, but were coarse and sensual; Vandyke returned from Italy, the furnace of art, as gold doubly refined; but his patron Charles had lost his head—the Low Countries were in a peck of troubles; France, in the ascendant,

deluged Europe with her morals, fashions, and, what was worse, her claptrap, though effective, school of painting;—Ehrenstrahl followed with the rest.* Upwards of a hundred portraits of this master hang in the galleries at Gripsholm. Charles XI.'s† reign was called "the golden era of art." Count Tessin travelled through Europe, endeavouring to entice foreign artists to visit Sweden, bringing back Adam Behn, David Krafft, Bremner, and Sylvius (Pilo's master). There are endless portraits of this king, one by his queen—a royal daub—at an early period of his life. He is a graceful, well-featured young man, with a bat-like look about the eyes (regard voilé); no one could ever feel sure of his intentions—"un jeune homme sans jeunesse"—a squeezy, contracted, narrow-minded expression, like his mother Queen Hedvig, who, as an old woman, became the picture of discontent. The groups of Charles XI. and his young queen Ulrika‡ of Denmark, are very charming when their children first appear on the canvas. Charles was unlucky in his offspring: of his five sons the eldest alone survived. Dark stories were current at the time of a Hofmästerinna, a vile woman who,

* Ehrenstrahl, says Count Tessin, painted well till summoned to court, where the ladies allowed him to employ no colours but "ultramarine blue and couleur de rose."

† Charles XI., called The Useful. Valspråk, "Factus est Dominus protector meus." In one room hang some pretty genealogies of Charles XI.—green trees painted on vellum, with miniatures in small medallions, by Erik Utterhjelm, a Swede, pupil of Ehrenstrahl; well executed.

‡ In the frontispiece to her funeral oration the queen appears with Charles's miniature in hand, well wigged, mounting to the skies, where she is received by four crowned cherubims in a very flutter of delight—the same princelings concerning whose early death such dark stories were current.

seduced by the younger branch of Holstein, maltreated those poor infants, in order to prevent the continuation of that royal line. The tale is too horrible—it can scarcely be credited; sufficient 'tis to say that Charles XII.* grew up without any signs of beard, or ever showed himself sensible to woman's attraction. Aurora Königsmark one day set her cap at him, waylaying him in a dark alley; the prince turned on his heels and bolted like a shot—poor Queen Ulrika, fearing for her young babes, had their likenesses taken from their very birth; and again, after death—borne in seraphs' arms to heaven.† Charles XII. first rolls on a cushion stark naked—a dark-eyed, fair-haired boy, such as Murillo would have painted with a halo; his bear's-tooth coral hangs round his neck by a blue ribbon; again, with his little brothers, embracing his sister Ulrika Eleanora—not dressed as yet—in one picture—his hand in the Swedish lion's mouth; in another,

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* Called The Warlike. Valsprâk, "By the help of God."—Charles by Krafft, engraved by John Smith, London, 1701, in long wig and armour, a charming boy, painted before 1698, when Charles quitted wigs for ever—a pretty medallion, surrounded by laurel wreaths and bows of ribbon. This early portrait was the model chosen in France for the numberless engravings of the Swedish hero sent forth by Mariette, turning him out to the delight of Frenchwomen as a "joli petit garçon." On the other hand, the Russian engravings represent the king as a ruffian-looking fellow.

The allegories of Charles XII. are endless—Swedish lion bolting the terrestrial globe whole; Charles flying from Bender; on his way to Olympus received in state by the heathen deities; walking in the shades below, &c. &c.

One Daniel Stavart was appointed "battle-painter" to Charles XII.

† In 1685 one of these infants, Prince Frederik, younger brother of Charles XII., died of fright from the noise of the cannon fired off beneath the palace window on the occasion of Fleming's funeral; but, adds the writer, Fleming was a great man, and it could not have been otherwise.

beating a drum. Queen Ulrika Eleanora relates how the crown prince (Charles XII.) was greatly put out when the news of her birth was made known to him (he was then six years old). "I wanted a brother," he exclaimed, stamping with impatience, "to stay at home in Sweden, whilst I wander about and see the world." At eight or ten we find him—his brothers have all left him now—a pretty, long-wigged boy, in Roman toga; which wig, at eighteen, he casts to the dogs, and never wears again.

Charles was truthful from his youth upwards. One day, 1689, Christina Polst, the waiting-maid, begged the young prince only to remain quiet for a few moments while she had a talk with her betrothed in the guard-room. The few minutes were prolonged to an hour. Charles sat patiently: the queen, coming in, wished to carry him off to church; but the boy refused. "I have promised to sit still, and will do so," he answered; and stock-still he sat until the return of the waiting-maid. The best likeness ever taken of Sweden's great king is that painted by Peter Krafft in 1700. Charles, sick of artists, refused to sit; so Krafft concealed himself behind the screen while he dined. Tall in stature, he holds himself well: his forehead is high and intellectual, the hair brushed off his face; lips full, eyes dark—seldom you see so good a countenance, so pure, so guileless—such was his character in early youth. Later he grew fat; his eyes became wild and glaring.—No one who has seen Krafft's portrait of Charles XII. would ever wish to look at another.

Frederik I.,* a German sovereign, inspires but little

* Called The Liberal. Valspråk, "My hope in God." His portrait by H. de Quitte of Hesse, engraved by Wortman, as a young warrior in

interest—a vieux bon homme—painted in turn by Schroeder, Koch, Demarez, Krafft, and Mytens. His queen, Ulrika Eleanora,* disgusted at the state of affairs, retired from public life, devoting herself to the arts: not, however, that they flourished in her day, for Sweden was a ruined country.† Here hangs a painting by Taraval,‡ date 1747; the most ridiculous idea ever carried out, called the Höns-taflan, in which six ladies of Queen Ulrika's court are represented as hens with women's faces; a cock stands by, Count Tessin himself, —below the motto—

"Quel est le coq maudit qui ne chanterait pas,
O pules, en voyant vos traits et vos appats!"

Bad spelling, bad versification: it is astonishing that

armour—most martial-looking; but, as Frederik himself said, "I have only commanded three times in my life, and each time been well beaten, so give up being painted as a hero."

* Called The Limited. Valspråk, "God my hope." She moved heaven and earth to secure the succession to the house of Hesse, in preference to her own nephew the young Duke of Holstein, all from love of a pleasant, easy husband, who did not care a fig about her, passing his time, as the expression runs, "playing at golden dice" with the maids of honour and every pretty woman who came under his notice. Ulrika was severe, says Count Höpken, upon her brother's memory, and neglectful of her sister's children.

† During the troublous reign of Charles XII. the best pupils of the newly-formed school emigrated to Vienna, Copenhagen, and elsewhere. Ehrenstrahl's best pupil, Dahl, made off for England, where he became, say the Swedes, a formidable rival to Sir Godfrey Kneller. Pilo quitted Sweden, returning on his dismissal by Struensee from Denmark. Diedrich, pupil of Mytens, and a great miniature-painter, accompanied his master to Vienna. George Schröder, 1740, and David Rechter, were the two sole pupils of Krafft who remained. Ottman Elleger, a great fruit-painter—b. 1633, d. 1679.

‡ Taraval, a Frenchman by birth, came to Sweden in the reign of Frederik I., to whom he was appointed by the interest of Tessin "pictor regius." He was a thorough French painter—not a bad colourist. The ceiling of the palace chapel in Stockholm is the production of his pencil.

Queen Ulrika allowed her maids-of-honour to be made such fools of.

Adolf Frederik,* another uninteresting monarch, consigned the reproduction of his Holstein features to Pasch, Cornelius, and Pesne. He was more remarkable for his legs and his goodness of disposition than for any other quality. "He looked benevolent," said one of his pages, "even when his back was turned."

Judging by the correspondence, the father and crown prince (Gustaf III.) seem on comfortable terms. Gustaf consults the king on all matters. In 1770 somebody dies, so he inquires about mourning. "As you are in the country, and no one can see, there is no need to hang the rooms with black. Don't put your servants in mourning; but in travelling let them wear great-coats, and have a black crape over the arm." A good-natured, comfortable old gentleman seems King Adolf Frederik. No one would think of his existence were it not for his beautiful wife, better known to us as cross Queen Louisa Ulrika.† One portrait is by Pasch. She is lovely, with blue eyes, red lips, and the sweetest of faces—far superior to her sister Wilhelmina, sprightly looking though she be, in her everlasting pink dress and sprig of orange-flower.‡ The queen, writes some-

* Called The Benevolent. Valspråk, "Salus publica salus mea"—very handsome as a young man in a German way—was painted by Denner, engraven by Fritche, also by Scheffer.

† A charming portrait of Louisa Ulrika—Latinville pinx. (engraved 1763, by Berquist and Galliard). The queen is represented as a demi-goddess, with star on head, flaming torch in hand, and admirably tossed-up drapery, rendering the stiff costume of the day most graceful.

‡ All talent took flight in the earlier part of the 18th century. A youth named Marenten is mentioned as gaining the first prize of the Academy at Rome in 1771, and painting for Clement XI. afterwards.

Zincke, a Swede, settled in London in 1750, and produced a vast

body, was beautiful in youth, but could not restrain her feelings—her eyes were tell-tales. As she advanced in years her complexion grew muddy; her mouth was still charming, till on smiling she showed her blackened teeth. When she could no longer govern, she took to the arts and natural history, collecting shells and bottling snakes.

The story of her doings with Swedenborg, whose aid she called in to summon the spirit of her brother Frederik, is well known: if report speaks true, the queen was "sold" by Count Tessin and the luminary. The embroidered bed in which she breathed her last stands here at Gripsholm in her son's apartment.

The arts now flourish; the "Charmer" and his court encourage painters, sculptors, poets: he would rival Versailles. New names appear on our list—Werthmüller and Roslin. The latter, favourite painter to the king, studied in Paris, and is said to have carried off the prize from Greuze for his picture of the Duc de la Rochefoucault and his family; the judges on the occasion were Watelet and Marigny: if he did, it was for clothes, not faces; for Roslin paid far more attention to velvet, lace, and embroidery, than to features. A miniature-painter—Swede by birth, named Hall—at this time gained great renown at Paris, where he was styled "the Vandyke of miniatures." Gustaf, as well as his two brothers, when young, inherited their mother's delicacy of features. The king's, perhaps, displays most intellect. Here hang portraits, commencing with his early childhood, by Pasch, Stjerneld, and Roslin;

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quantity of portraits in enamel, many of which were sold at Strawberry Hill.

the best painting, representing the three brothers, is by the last-named artist. The princes are depicted sitting at a table looking over a map of Russia previous to the war: they are not in their first youth; but, with powder and the dress of that century, nature had little to do with men or women's looks.

Roslin has done not only justice to the suits of green, red, and blue velvet, laden with golden embroidery, but given expression to the countenances of the princes. They all have a look of the great Frederik in his younger days. Their eyes "pétillent d'esprit." The three princes would have made de jolis petits abbés at the court of Louis XV. French ladies would have raffolléd of them—called them "des vrais amours;" but they were not the men to carry on a powerful dynasty. It was a great mistake Gustavus having that son; he should have fallen "en coup dé théâtre," a murdered king,—last of the Wasas.

In the queen's drawing-room hangs a portrait, taken in early youth, of the youngest brother, Frederik Adolf,* by Pasch—very charming; and the Princess Albertina (who Madame d'Egmont desired so greatly to become empress), by Stjerneld: she at least answers your expectations. The beauteous queen of Charles XIII. Lastly, Gustaf Adolf IV.† and his young queen: he

* In the letters of Frederik Adolf there is little of note. When at Rome, the Duke of Gloucester, travelling as Earl of Connaught, calls on him sans façon: he describes him as "so very blond—image of the Queen of Denmark." The family Lita, renowned for their beauty, he calls the Fersen of Milan; he declines marrying altogether, but wishes his mistress (some actress) to be granted "an exalted rank." She has been "refused at a picnic"—a marked insult. He died in France, 1803.

† Gustaf IV. Valspråk, "God and the people."

The correspondence of Duke Charles is on the whole a pleasant

signed his abdication on an inlaid table—a Thirty Years' War cribbage—which stands under this very picture.

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brotherlike correspondence, which Gustaf notes "as proving the intimacy and good feeling which existed between us." "We went fishing on the ice by torchlight; each one drove his lady—the king his sister; behind the queen stood her chamberlain. I drove Fröken Lieuwen; Frederik, Mademoiselle Fersen." The next day Frederik passed his examination with éclat. When abroad he writes a journal on flowery-edged note-paper; is much shocked at French morals; won't go near Madame du Barri. He writes to Gustaf in Italy, "Never was so good and obedient a boy as Prince Gustaf: gives every day fresh proof of talent; affability is painted on his features; predicts he will be loved and adored like his father;"—which said boy, whose portrait hangs at Upsala, in costume of seraphim—a wild-looking, ugly child, with staring eyes and rickety legs—Duke Charles replaced on the throne at his deposition.

CHAPTER XLI.

Salle des Contemporains of Gustaf III. — Great Empress Catherine — Her correspondence with "the Charmer"—Cautions of the Count de Provence — The Young Pretender's jewels — Louise de Stolberg's opinion of the family — Christina Munk worries Gustaf Adolf — The French ladies — Theatrical correspondence of the Royal brothers — Heroes of Linköping — Grand carousel of Gustaf III., and shields of the combatants.

IN a large round hall hang the contemporaries of Gustaf III., presents from brother potentates. After the lapse of eighty years it is amusing to study these faces, and see by what sort of beings Europe was governed at an epoch when "heads" were required to avert the coming storm.

Frederik II. of Prussia, worn out and weary, in heavy black armour, reminds you of some old knight about to die in the Holy Land. Louis XV. has sown his wild oats; you see the effects on his debauched face. George III. looks downright stupid; Charles of Spain an idiot. Stanislas, last King of Poland, makes the best show—and it's all "show"—for a weaker king was never elected; Christian of Denmark is but a boy, his queer expression toned down by Pilo; the Emperor Joseph, there's something in him; and lastly, the Pope. As for the others—p-o-o-f! Concerning this last portrait Count Hessenstein writes from Rome,—"His Holiness inquired of your tastes; I told him how you loved literature and the arts, and how you were forming a

Salle des Contemporains like Gustaf I., and that one place was still vacant. 'Et pour qui?' asked he.—'Pour votre Sainteté.'—'Ah, je n'ai rien su!' I beg you at once to send me the measure." So the king got his picture, and sends the pope two cases of real Chinese tea, for which he writes most grateful. And now, as matters are all pleasant, Cardinal de Bernis puts in his irons for "a little Propaganda establishment at Stockholm, quite incognito—no one is to know they are Jesuits."

The women here carry off the palm of intellect. Maria of Portugal, who founded an empire in the Brazils; Maria Theresa, grown very fat; and lastly, great Catherine, by Roslin,* given to Gustaf when he was "her dear brother," not yet the "petit comédien amateur." This is a capital portrait;—such a grand old dame; there's firmness and command in her very step; such bonhommie, too, of countenance. 'Tis quite impossible to believe those stories of knouts and chains. A likeness of this empress, more interesting far, hangs in a room below, well painted by Anna Lisiewska, a Polish artist, date 1756. Catherine, a young and handsome girl, looking as good as gold, sits with the infant Paul on her lap, and her boy-husband, whom she mur-

* This picture is probably only a copy from the original work of Roslin, painted for the empress, as Catherine writes word to the king,—"Je suis très-sensible à l'amitié que vous me marquez en demandant mon portrait pour votre vieux château aux murailles de cinq pieds d'épaisseur; but you don't mention the size. Will that of Roslin serve as model?" And again, "she is glad he is pleased with her portrait, and will say so to M. de Betzky, who will be only too flattered;" adding,—"she is charmed with the picture he sent of the royal family—au moment d'une lecture que personne n'écoute, excepté la dame aux chiffons."

dered, standing by her side—the beau-idéal of conjugal felicity.

Notwithstanding the "baby-linen correspondence" and gossip about art, the empress knew well how to maintain her dignity; and many are the "coups de patte" given by the buxom old lady to the Swedish king, all in the pleasantest way, but which must have driven him mad with vexation. "You ask me," writes she, "what the emperor thought of the Count of Haga. I really don't know, but am quite sure merit will never escape the perspicacity of a genius always occupied with useful objects, and despising frivolity." A diplomatic answer, for finely had the emperor laughed at the triviality of Gustaf, and, what's more, Catherine knew it. So Gustaf, wiser when he travelled to Petersburg, merely orders diamonds, portraits, and snuff-boxes, from Paris, to distribute as presents, and wears on disembarking, as a sole distinction, the white kerchief fastened round his arm.

Again, in 1783, the Swedish king writes with his own hand as follows:—"The two sovereigns of the North, bound together by mutual love and tender friendship, to perpetuate a love and a fraternity dictated by the heart;"—and a great deal more, to which he gets as reply—"De ma vie je n'ai traité avec aucune puissance étrangère moi-même. Si l'amitié du Roi de Suède demande des liaisons plus intimes, il serait à souhaiter que cela se traitât entre les ministères réciproques." So Gustaf held his peace, and considered himself snubbed.

The last letter of the series is dated 1790, after the conclusion of the Russian war. Catherine is glad

"animosities have ceased between our people, such as had not existed for a generation." "To justice and equity" (oh!), adds she, "I owe the prosperity of my reign, and may say with the poet,

"Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots
Sait aussi des méchans arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Gustaf, et n'ai point d'autre crainte."

A quotation scarcely applicable to Catherine. The Count de Provence—embryo Louis XVIII.—warns Gustaf against Catherine and her friendship. "She is a humbug; don't be put off your guard by the protestations of an ambitious woman, but fear intrigues within and without. 'Si vis pacem, para bellum.' I don't show your letter to the queen; she is far too indiscreet." Speaking of Duke Charles, he says he was not liked as much as Frederik, who is brilliant, but without solidity; then he talks over all Europe, giving a "poke" here, and a dig there, winding up with the Danes, whom he regards "comme un peuple secondaire, qui se plaît à pêcher dans les eaux troublées," and "je méprise leur roi, leur peuple, et leur conduite." It would be difficult to say whom the Comte de Provence did really approve of. He don't recognise the proverb of "Deus dedit, Deus abstulit"—quite a mistake—should be "Diabolus abstulit."

Before finishing the reign of the "Charmer," regard the admirable portrait of Bellman by Krafft, 1779. The poet-musician stands lyre in hand; still young, with much character about his features. He plays easily, looking gay as his own music.

The king, one day meeting Bellman on the staircase of

Gripsholm, asked him, "What news, Bellman? Tell me, now, which is the worst-conducted house in Sweden?"

"Hush! your Majesty," replied the poet; "don't speak so loud; we are on its very staircase!"

The English house is rich—from Anne of Denmark downwards—wigged Georges and their queens; few Stuarts, save the last scions. Gustaf, frumped at the non-arrival of the Garter, placed the portrait of Charles Edward, with whom he corresponded, opposite his own in the palace at Stockholm.

The Swedish king, when in Italy, purchased two large diamonds, a ruby, and some pearls the young Pretender* had pledged. After a long negotiation Gustaf gives them up, noting in his own hand, "Est fait l'inventaire et la livraison depuis sept heures du soir de ces éternels diamans et bijoux. Laus Deo qu'enfin tout soit fini."

The Stuart brothers were not happy together. "I am lost," writes the Count of Albany to Gustaf, "if you leave the jewels in the hands of my brother the cardinal; c'est un brutal, and has tried to ruin me; let me have money at once, and I will join you at Venice. Don't lose sight of my pearls. I send you Stuart, cet enfant qui m'intéresse tant."—What they were plotting I don't know. The count complains of the withdrawal of his French pension of 240,000 francs, relying on which

* Louisa Ulrika, speaking of the Rebellion of '45, writes to her mother, 31st December:—"Mr. Guydikins has announced the birth of a son to the Princess of Wales; the English must now see the affair of the Pretender to be serious. Boats come in three days to Gottenburg from Edinburgh. How the English let the French transports slip by, I can't imagine. They have been drawing out their money from the Bank of England, which is much embarrassed. P.S.—Such a beautiful gold teapot and twelve spoons, as étrennes from the king! How shockingly behaved of Voltaire!"

he had obeyed the joint command of the kings of France and Spain, who insisted "that the Count of Albany must positively marry," and now he was "criblé de dettes, dans une affreuse et honteuse indigence." Gustaf does what he can to help him, and gets from Louise de Stolberg a set of the medals struck to celebrate her marriage. Said Louise's account of her husband and his brother is anything but flattering: "At last I got access to 'ce sot diable' the cardinal, who accused me of receiving a pension from England to humiliate the family—que les prêtres sont méchans!" Talking of her husband, she writes, "Le vieux de Florence est devenu imbécile; il fait traiter sa fille (Charlotte) en heritière du trône et tourmente le Grand Duc—donne des bals et dîners, disant qu'il n'a pas du pain à manger avec une pension de 60,000 livres de France." He creates baronets, and gives the Cordon of St. Andrew to every one, making his daughter wear it. Stuart is among his creations—c'est la cour d'Arlequin—he is carried from room to room, for he can't walk; and styles himself "Charles III., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland."

In the gallery is an exquisite portrait of Christian IV. when young, bearing the monogram of Jacob von Dort.* Christian, and his morganatic spouse Christina Munk, greatly worried Gustavus Adolphus by sending their daughter to be educated at his court. "Why should the king wish it?" he writes. "Fru Kersten is at the bottom of this."—Later Christina sends her jewels to Sweden for the king to take care of. "We don't want

* One Jacob von Dort was keeper of the gallery of our own King Charles I.

her," writes Gustaf to Oxenstjerna; "can't bear a runaway wife. Let her keep her things at home, and not compromise us. I'll send them back again." *

Philip IV., by Velasquez, a present to Queen Christina—the seventy-five ministers of the Peace of Westphalia—thirty-four councillors of Charles XI., by Ehrenstrahl—all in the same wigs, same dress; so alike, their own mothers would never have known them. Baron Göertz, the murdered favourite of Charles XII.; a charming face. If he arrived an adventurer, he bore his letters of credit on his person.—Catherine Opaluska, queen of Stanislas Leczinsky, a woman of angelic beauty, by Starbus; lastly, the French ladies, side by side with Madame du Barri, of whom Prince Hessenstein writes,—"A lady said the other day, 'Jamais honnête femme ne pourra voir Madame du Barri; on a été flatté de voir Mesdames de Mailly et Châteauroux; on a respecté le goût de Madame de Pompadour, quoiqu'elle ne fût qu'une petite bourgeoise; mais celle-ci c'est une . . . —jamais!' and, brimful of virtue, they all go to the bal d'Opéra."

We now mount to the theatre—a miniature copy of Versailles—in which Gustaf and his gay court held their

* The Swedish minister writes to Gustavus, from Copenhagen, of "one Becker, who in person at Hamburg accused Mrs. Kersten; but the Dutch minister got hold of his papers and burnt them; and we all know he was a prime favourite of Mrs. Kersten. When last at Frederiksborg, the ladies of the court told me so. Though the king carved at table for his wife and children, it is evident there is a screw loose somewhere. At table it was related how when Becker died Satan had plagued his dead body. A ghost, one ell and three-quarters long, came into the room where it lay, and danced first on the floor, then on the corpse, and tore out the heart. The dead body raised itself and looked after its heart, but, not finding it, laid itself down again; all which is regarded as a proof of Mrs. Kersten's innocence."

amateur performances. In the green-room hang a series of small full-lengths, by Hillesträm, of the actors in their different characters, mostly taken from the king's own dramas. Armfelt the gunstling appears, together with Count Bonde; Wachtmeister; Sparre and Wrangel. The court ladies Löwenhjelm, pirouetting on one leg, with a firebrand;—Gyldenstolpe, Sinclair, De la Gardie, and others. In the coulisses still remain painted garlands of flowers, with mottoes, such as "Nous fêtons votre retour," decorations of a fête given to celebrate the return of Princess Albertina from Quedlinburg. In the correspondence touching the theatre matters constantly go wrong. Charles writes, "Princess Sophia Albertina is so impatient; he is always happy to be made useful—will play the rôle of Oscar in the 'Orphelins de la Chine!'—anything to be agreeable." There is a deal about cutting up old costumes to be passed off as new; he sends a case full of wigs, and "doctors' clothes enough to costume all the faculty, and send us into the next world according to the rules of Hippocrates." Very singular pieces they acted—the less said about them the better.

One more visit before quitting Gripsholm. Descending a narrow staircase from the Riddersal, we enter the vaulted prison where the heroes of Linköping were incarcerated. On the wall is an inscription: "In the year 1600, Aug. 3, were we shut up here. Put trust in God, for God alone knows what is good for us.—Signed, Arvid Ericson till Lindeo, and Axel Kork till Annielle. We are here for our fidelity, and suffer for our sins. We were delivered—" No date; probably they kicked up their heels on getting out, and forgot to complete their history.

In this vaulted room are preserved, with the names of the wearers, the arms and accoutrements worn at the celebrated carousel given by Gustavus at Drottningholm, in which he himself appeared in the character of Meleager—the renown of which festival sounded throughout all Europe.*

It is curious now after a lapse of years to decipher the names on the tickets — Stenhocks, Hamiltons, Sinclairs—Axel Fersen, who, like his royal master, came to an untimely end. To every cuirass hangs a tale—not always to the credit of the owners; but they have long since passed away, each man to his own place: the harvest has been gathered in, the wheat separated from the chaff. Not one of that gay court remains—still all is fresh as yesterday.

With this last visit terminates my saga of Gripsholm.

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* Madame de la Marck (1773) sends her portrait to Gustaf. "The Countess d'Artois," writes she, "will be just as ugly as the Countess of Provence. The country cries out for heirs, and everything is done to prevent their coming. She admires the empress for keeping the galère in which the king made the voyage to Russia—'quelle délicatesse d'esprit et de sentiment dans le procès! On ne parle que du succès de V. M.;' but how could she be otherwise than struck by your great and rare qualities?" After this flattery she talks of the carousel, and gives him a little advice, recommending him to deny himself for the future such costly joujoux. She was very glad to hear there were to be no more. "Laissez-nous livrer à tous ces enfantillages; ils sont faits pour notre cour, pas dignes de vous." For the benefit of posterity, Gustaf has left the plan of this tournament, in which "Tartars and knights are led by the king of the Goths, who unites strength of body with strength of mind, and in his soul is a man superior to fate;" as well as that of the far-famed tournament at Drottningholm, styled "l'entreprise de la forêt enchantée," by the king of Arabia Petrea et les chevaliers Croisés. There are folios of description; the fairy Melusina's dress is of the most chaste simplicity—"a white silver chemise with a blue jewelled ceinture."

CHAPTER XLII.

Cannon-foundry at Åkêr — The Queen's Well — Jack-o'-lantern and his pedigree — Legend of English St. Eskil — Monuments of Charles IX. and Sten Sture — Story of Carl Gyllenhjelm — Bigamous King Frederik — Cross Louisa Ulrika serves out his mistress — Prince Hessenstein and Madame du Barri — Gustaf Wasa at school — Royal vaults of Strengnäs — Regalia of Charles IX. and Christina the elder — Carl Philip in his shroud of sable — Princess Isabella and John Casimir.

ÅKER.

WHILE writing at my window, with a view of the white church and its black shingled spire peeping out from the lime-trees, I was aroused by the rumbling of a cannon drawn by nineteen horses—a fresh-cast specimen from the foundry of Baron Warelndorf. Ordering a carriage, we soon reached Åker, a fine country seat, with park and gardens. The works, which find themselves there as though by chance, existed in the latter end of the 17th century. Twenty-five guns, calibre de trente, lay ready for exportation to the Netherlands: cast after given models. The "système Warelndorf" * has been generally adopted in Russia and

* It was probably from this manufactory that Whitelocke was instructed to procure the following number of guns for the Commonwealth :—

50	cannon	carrying	28	lb. bullet.
100	„	„	36	„
200	„	„	24	„
200	„	„	12	„

"All of them to be either brass or copper, and well fortified; or so many

Prussia. Piedmont is, however, the best customer, upwards of a thousand cannon having been exported thither within the last few years. The metal, unlike that used in our own foundries, casts of a pale silver-gray. The following afternoon Monsieur de Stockeström kindly drove me to Näsby, a residence of Baron Warehndorf, on the banks of the Mälar. Among the oak, which abounds in the forest, much havoc has been made, and small are the signs of replanting. Government, alarmed at the tendency to déboiser, wished to take the forests under its own inspection. The bill was, however, thrown out. Sweden without her forests, possessing no coal, would be in a sad plight, for turf is not common here as in Denmark.

We drive to Näsby through the avenue of limes now in full flower and fragrance. The mansion is modern, containing a good collection of the Dutch school; interiors by Von Neff, Wouvermanns, Ostade; among them two good figures of market-people—an old man with brooms, an old woman selling matches

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whole culverins or demi-culverins as may make up the said number." Holland has always been a good customer to Sweden. Ogier saw a large quantity of brass guns awaiting to be exported to the Netherlands from Norköping.

King Gustaf Wasa was very greedy; not contenting himself with the church-bells, he unceremoniously turned people out of their massive copper coffins. In the church of Åker, that of the lady Ramberg, buried in 1315, was seized and brought to the king. It was a fine massive coffin, with a lid a quarter of a foot thick, bearing upon it the following inscription:—"I, Ramberg of Wick, who here lie buried, demand this justice at the hands of all devout people, that no one should dare to take this plate placed over me. Should any one thus despoil me, then may the direct malediction of Heaven and my own fall upon him!" Gustaf, on reading these words, not quite at ease, turning to the officer, said,—"Take it away—give Ramberg her own back again."

—painted by Hillestrom, the Swede. The gardens run down to the lake. Twelve lime-trees, the largest known, go by the name of the Twelve Apostles. Judas had a slit marked in his bark when planted: not many years since he was struck dead by lightning. Before the house stands a beautiful bronze group of Psyche borne by the Zephyrs; the figure is graceful and undulating, and really appears wafted away by the small winds. This work of art was carried off by Königsmark from Prague. Dinner over, again off, we stop at a spring, where a stone, with date 1564, announces, "In this year, when Duke John of Finland was imprisoned by his brother Erik XIV. in Gripsholm, Princess Catherine, his wife, drank of this fountain, which was ever after called the 'Queen's Well.'" Princess Isabella was lately born, and the duchess rather out of sorts: the strongly chalybeate waters proved most efficacious, for Sigismund made his appearance the year after. There bidding adieu to my companion, I made for Räfsnäs, a place once celebrated in history. The old palace by the water-side has gone the way of all buildings. The bed of Gustavus Wasa stands in the loft at Gripsholm; the only "minne" (memorial) left is an oak bound with iron bands, hollow, and dead save a few branches. This tree, planted by the king's own hands, is known through Sweden as "Gustaf's oak." It was here that he concealed himself after his escape from Kalø. Wise in his generation, he had resisted the prayer of old Archbishop Jacob in Marifred kloster, and of his sister the lady Margaret Brahe, to accompany them to Stockholm, there to meet the tyrant Christian. Well for him he did; for, when hunting in the forests of Räfsnäs, he received from his sister's

steward the first news of the Blood-bath of Stockholm—his father, his relatives, all massacred—his mother and young sisters captives, never to meet his eyes again. Maddened by grief and burning for revenge, he crossed the Kolsund ferry. His servant, leaping on his young master's horse, fled with all his valuables. Gustaf pursuing him regained his property;—then off for Dalarne, to that brave peasantry who never failed their country in time of need. Our road lay near the ferry by which he passed. We stopped for one moment at Töresund church to visit the gravestone of Amund Sture, brother of Sten the elder—known in history as "the Knight of Räfsnäs;" he lies in full armour, bearing in each hand an armorial shield—last of the water-lilies.

Töresund—appendage to a once royal domain—is grander than most country churches: folks liked to be buried where royalty knelt and prayed; and hufvudbanérs, richly carved and gilded, bedeck the walls—not to mention the model of a 74, big as a fishing-punt, presented by some grateful admiral.

The sun was about to set: on we drove through a lovely country. Here and there by the roadside among the rocks stood Runic stones: a cross intermixed with writhing serpents and "God help his soul"—others of earlier date; dolmens peep up from among the corn, and ätterhögs. As a mist rises, Jack-o'-lantern flits his pale light over the swamp—a gentleman whose pedigree is little known out of Sweden. Jack-o'-lantern is the ghost of those bad men, cursed in Holy Scripture, who remove their neighbours' landmarks. The guilty one lies not quiet in his grave, but every night must rise, lantern in hand, and seek the very spot where the boundary-stone stood until he unjustly removed it.

Over his grave grass never grows, nor will the dew or rain fall thereon — a token of the curse of Heaven. The moon is now up behind the cathedral tower: we pass Olivehäll, a country seat, with alleys of wondrous ash and old-fashioned gardens, a waving sea of cabbage-roses, pinks, and candy-tuft; then rattle down a street into the square of Strengnäs.

STRENGNÄS.

Eskil,* an Englishman, came to the spot where Strengnäs now stands, and preached the Word to an assembled multitude. As he spoke, a tempest burst forth; the rain poured down in torrents—our apostle heeded it not—the heathen fancied he by witchcraft had called down this storm. One Spåbodder cleft his head with an axe; then they bore him wounded to Munkebacke, and there stoned him. A chapel was raised on the spot where Eskil fell; and till the Reformation his blood was visible to good Catholic eyes. Strengnäs became the seat of the bishops of Södermania, who possessed a Stenhus at Tynnelsö on the Mälar. Founded on a rock by the lake's side stands the cathedral—a brick building with windows verging from First Pointed to Decorated.

Fronting the high altar—a Grecian toadstool of the last century—stands the raised monument of Charles IX., by right Duke of Södermania. Strengnäs was his capital. On this marble tomb, supported by twelve Corinthian

* After the Lap king's death he was appointed Bishop of Nordanskog by Sigfrid, and dwelt at Fors, in Södermania. Blot Swen persecuted the Christians; and Eskil, finding the pagan faith still prevailed, set forth to convert the people.

columns, once stood the equestrian statue of the monarch, clad in gilt armour, said to be the work of Cellini. The town burghers, in a fit of loyalty, sent the armour to Stockholm, where it now adorns the Klädskammar.* Charles sleeps in the vault below, between his Duchess Anne and haughty Queen Christina. Opposite stands the monument erected to Sten Sture by Gustavus III.; a gilt helmet caps the sarcophagus like the carousal trumpery of Gripsholm—never was man so honoured as Sten Sture. First buried in Marifred, at the dissolution of the monastery he was removed to the village church of Kärnbo, next brought by Duke Charles to Strengnäs —a more honourable resting-place. Charles writes to King John how he has found the coffin of Gamla Sten Sture much injured; "on looking into it there were three skulls, so we summoned all the old men in the neighbourhood to find out whom the third belonged to. As James Bagger knows something about it, ask him; we beg you also to send W. Boy to Gripsholm, that he may hew a stone properly ornamented for the tomb."

John is quite shocked; he "thought old Sten and his hustru had already been reinterred at Strengnäs, in the vault where Algot Sture lies;" a built grave set round with a railing: it was to have been done sometime since. Then, again, De la Gardie raised to his memory a sumptuous chapel, which, somehow, the Stenbocks got hold of. Against the wall lies the original

* A grille of magnificent workmanship surrounded the "regiam tumbam" (dog-Swedish Latin). There was not a similar monument in all Europe. The armour was of exquisite workmanship, the caparisons of the horse perfect—the whole to Strengnäs cathedral what the tomb of the Black Prince was to Canterbury.

stone, bearing Sten's shield and arms, with an inscription round the edge. To the left of the altar is a pretty little tomb of Isabella, daughter of John, born at Gripsholm; the Fröken lies on a "castrum doloris," in her stiff unchildlike clothes,—her little hands clasped. In a side chapel stands, surrounded with banners and trophies, the canopied tomb of Charles Gyllenhjelm, "sidobarn" of Charles IX.,* for thirty years prisoner in Poland. Carl Gyllenhjelm and Jacob de la Gardie chose to defend the ruined castle of Wolmar against the whole Polish army. "If any of my people were to make such fools of themselves I'd hang them," remarked a foreign prince. The lads took no advice. Carl talked grandly: "When a breach is made in the walls a brave man fills it with his body, and defends it with his sword." They had their own way, and after a long siege remained prisoners.

They were brought in their rags before Sigismund and his queen. Count Jacob when offered liberty refused to abandon his friend. Charles IX. wrote to his son, "A warrior who surrenders to the enemy the fortress he has engaged to defend does not deserve to be exchanged or liberated; still, in consideration of your gallantry, everything shall be done to procure your freedom."—Nothing was done. Sigismund, from feelings of revenge, refused to exchange the son of his uncle. The heroes passed their time in a dungeon, laden with chains, singing psalms and hymns. The Jesuits offered them liberty and rank to abandon the Reformed faith; but they remained firm. After a lapse

* By Catherine Nilsdotter, a peasant girl; she married later Peter Sjöblad, governor of Nyköping.

of four years Carl was removed to Rava, near Warsaw, and there forgotten. Years rolled by, till one day Queen Constantia, arriving at Rava, heard the sound of a psalm tune * arising from a dungeon—recalled to mind Carl's existence, and procured his release.† .

On the plaster of the chapel walls is depicted in relief the naval and military battles in which he figured, for he was admiral and general as well. No guide is required to tell the story; the name of each ship is marked—'Stork,' 'Westervik,' 'Dragone.' The forts are designated in like manner; the rigging of the vessels is done in twine, whitened over, while the banners of the soldiers are picked out and gilt. His chains hang in the chapel (fitter to hold an ox than a human being). It is said, when struck off, he felt ill at ease without them.

Having done with heroes and bar sinisters—we will, if you please, turn to a little bigamy. In the last dormitorium stand two marble sarcophagi; on one, gilt letters marked "Ulrika Taube Rix Grevinde Hessenstein," a fair lady of high birth, whose portrait, in a nun's dress, hangs at Gripsholm. When Queen Ulrika Eleanora retired from public life, Frederik I., feeling dull, sought a companion. Fröken Taube consenting to a conscience marriage, the king espoused her in the

* Psalm No. 26 in the Swedish Prayer-book was composed by him during his captivity. The 7th verse especially alludes to his fate: "My countenance fails me from sorrow as from age. It is entirely changed. The enemy causes it, who constantly keeps guard over me, and for ever persecutes me."

† On escaping from Poland, Gyllenhjelm received the title of Baron, with some extra wasa for his crest; he wrote some satirical lines, called "Nosce teipsum," in which he talks "how his half wasa" (sign of royal birth), in three fields—red, white, and blue—and the half Gotha lion, reaching over a stream, have been improved upon.

church—his own wife still living. Here was a pretty state of things! the sovereigns of two stepsister kingdoms, Denmark and Sweden, both Frederiks and bigamists.

Though the Lutheran priest who blessed this union was greatly blamed, he got promotion from the king, and became Bishop of Westerås.*

When, in 1745, innocent young Louisa Ulrika arrived in Sweden, she writes to her mother, the Queen of Prussia, "I have not yet seen the mistress of King Frederik, but hope to keep my own precedence à l'aimable." She, however, pays her off later, for "Miss Taube complaining of a sore throat—having looked down it myself, and seeing no inflammation, I believed it all to be nonsense. She is always full of whims; still, as she went on complaining, I fancied she had swallowed a bone, so, in the end, let the doctor see her, and, strange to say, he pulled out four pins from her throat. No one knows how they got there." † Miss Taube was mother of Prince Hessenstein and his brother. Duke Charles, in a letter to Gustaf, 20th September, 1770, records a bon mot "laché" by the prince at the toilet of Madame du Barri. The room was crowded, and the mistress, full of airs and graces, exclaimed, "I really must purchase a tiger to guard the ante-chamber; only how could I feed him?" asked she of the bystanders. Give him milk, proposed one—chickens, sug-

* Frederik was ironically called the "father of his people" (a French author has taken this title au pied de la lettre), because he left at his death between seventy and eighty "sidobarns."

† Louisa Ulrika was not a tender mistress. On losing an old maid of honour, aged 75, last of the Torstensons, she writes, "Thank Heaven, when my last relic of the late queen, Fröken Sjöblad, is dead, then I shall have nothing but young beauties."

gested another. "What do you think?" asked she, turning to Prince Hessenstein. "Chuck him a courtier, madame; cela vous coûtera peu de chose." This answer, though it affronted the favourite, reconciled the prince with the Duc de Choiseuil.

A bell-metal font is curious; showing how in these cold climes the water was heated underneath, previous to immersion. The church boasts three altarpieces, with painted shutters, ordered from Brussels by Bishop Rogge; one the work of Lucas Cranach, well painted, but sadly injured.

The church plate is gorgeous. Two candelabra of massive silver, four feet in height, with figures supporting the sconces, spoils of the Thirty Years' War, were the gift of a Countess de la Gardie.

In the library of the Gymnasium, then a royal palace, Gustaf Wasa was first hailed King of Sweden. When great Gustavus came to bury his mother, the bishop persuaded him to found a school on the place where his grandfather had studied. The house in which Gustaf Wasa dwelt when a scholar is a small building of unfashioned timber, solid and substantial. Mounting a covered ladder staircase, you reach a porch, set round with benches, opening on the room he occupied; one long narrow casement lights the chamber. The beams of the ceiling are crooked and tumble-down: some little carving remains about the door and window. Here Gustaf studied before he went to Upsala, where he was placed under Ivar the Dane,* with whom he was ever at loggerheads. Little Gustaf arrived each morn richly dressed, — a dagger in his belt; one day, his

* A legend of Strengnäs, considered by some apocryphal.

teacher chiding him for neglect, the boy, in a rage, drawing his weapon, stuck it through the 'Quintus Curtius' he was reading; then rising, left the school for ever.*

Passing by a newly-built house stuck over with small pegs like a hedgehog, testifying its hope of future plaster, we reached Munkebacke. It was Sunday; — from a cottage rose the sounds of voices, fervent but not harmonious; a body of sectarians singing psalms. "Läsare" they call them in Sweden. This sect is numerous; and in the more northern provinces you may come upon prayer-meetings in the forests; the preacher, ofttimes a woman, holding forth with energy from some lofty rock; and the scenes that take place call to mind the first preachings of Wesley and Whitfield in our own remote counties. On this very spot where St. Eskil fell a martyr, we now find again, after a lapse of centuries, men offering their prayers under the open canopy of heaven, as did their forefathers before churches were founded. The forests by Strengnäs, interspersed with blue rocks and fine timber, abound in wild fruits,—gooseberries, raspberries, bilberries,— wide fields of strawberries, left open like turnips or potatoes.

We had heard tales of regalia lying hid in the coffin of Charles IX.; how, thirty years since, the vault had been visited by King Bernadotte, and by his orders reclosed. The bishop was absent, so we sent a humble

* When John of Denmark sat on the Swedish throne, he beheld one day some little children playing in the castle-yard at Stockholm; among them was a small boy of four years old, who so pleased him, he proposed taking him to Copenhagen and bringing him up at his own cost; but Sten Sture, the uncle of the child, refused the king's offer for his grand-nephew Gustaf.

petition to the dean, saying we should like to see it; not that we were curious ourselves, we merely wished to tell the world all about it. It was Ulrika Eleanora, the gentle queen of Charles XI., who first put an end to the custom of placing regalia on the coffin of deceased royalty.

In his Dagbok her king notes down—

"July 26, 1693. To-day have I lost my dear wife, 36 years 10 months old. H. M. lay in state at Carlberg; and as she bore no liking for a worldly, only caring for an eternal crown, by her order no regalia was placed in her coffin, which was simply lined with fine white linen."

That very afternoon we received a message kindly granting our request. At three o'clock the keepers of the vault, four in number, proceeded to the library; each opened his own lock, then took from the coffer the great key of the dormitorium. The stone removed, we descended the staircase; several rows of coffins lay within, some of mouldering wood richly ornamented, others of tin and copper. So many years had elapsed, no one knew in which the regalia lay. In the first from which the lid was removed was nothing save dust; to a piece of wood hung fastened a gilded wasa; the letters M. P., date 1589,—all that remained of Mary of Pfalz.

Charles, in his 'Rhyming Chronicle,' writes, "When three years of marriage had passed away a misfortune and great sorrow came over us—a sorrow I thought we should never survive: we laid in one grave our two dear children, Margaret Elizabeth and Elizabeth Sabina. My dear wife became sick unto death; she bore a son again; we called him Gustaf, to perpetuate my sainted

father's name. He went away; I wonder I do not melt in tears in talking about it. How my enemies rejoiced when I lost my youngest child!" (A very uncharitable supposition, but he wanted a line to fill up.)

In the adjoining coffin lies Charles IX., a skull without a jaw—side by side with his regalia, a covered crown of rich workmanship, gold, and enamelled; the points tipped with perles fumées, the jewels chrysolites —orb and sceptre en suite; the stones cut in brilliants and table. Christina of Holstein's regalia is that of a widowed queen, a regalia of "dule;" unjewelled; the crown of pretty design, ornamented with roses, pansies, and a small star-shaped flower—the whole of black enamel and gold. The globe and sceptre of similar workmanship. Queen Christina's head is missing;—she requires a crown no longer.* These objects should be removed to Stockholm and placed in the Historic Gallery.

Charles IX.'s coffin was of tin, enclosed within a second of wood, covered with black velvet, so studded with gold nails you could not pass a knife between them. Before the closing of the coffin, says the Chronicle, the

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* Peter Brahe, a regular royal croquemort, notes down in his Tankebok—"12th May, came I to Strengnäs for to follow after Queen Christina's corpse. In the procession led I the queen's sister, Fröken Agnes." A year before her death, Queen Christina caused her coffin—this very one we are now looking at—to be placed in her own room, occasionally getting inside to try how it fitted. On the 3rd of December she rang her bell, but no one came, nor did her women hear the sound. On pulling the string a second time, she heard a voice exclaim, "In five days' time there will be ringing enough." Then the queen knew this to be a warning that she was about to die, and told her women so. It came to pass accordingly, for she died on the 8th day of that very month (A.D. 1625); which story is perfectly true, and copied from the funeral sermon preached by Laurentius Paulonius, Archbishop of Upsala.

queen "patted his hands." Fröken Catherine, when lifted up to the catafalque to take one last look of her father, fainted away. Then Axel Oxenstjerna, taking the crown from the hand of Magnus Brahe, held forth: "As this crown is of the best gold, set with precious stones and beautiful pearls, which the sovereign has worn in his lifetime, so should a king be firm and sensible, pure and unalloyed as gold." He then made an address to the sceptre before placing it in the dead king's hand—a third to the orb, symbolic of perfection and rotundity:—all very proper, but tiresome to those not on duty.

Heralds bearing the banners of the different provinces finished the cortège. The banner of Öland was borne by Hans Stuart, that of the "Grand Duchy" (Finland) by Claes Boye. First in the procession walked the "Gamle Enkedrottningen" of Gustaf Wasa, Catherine Stenbock, supported by Gabriel Oxenstjerna and Sered Ribbing.

A summons called me to the vault again. Some one, writing a book on Södermania, wished to verify the coffins. On descending, the lid of Carl Philip's metal sarcophagus was already removed. These exhibitions are horrible; still, as folks don't see Wasas every day, we looked at them. Carl was the son Christina loved in preference to her first-born. She saw in him a future Czar of Russia. The prince, when a boy, loved a noble damsel, Elizabeth Ribbing, whom he married in secret, for well he knew his haughty mother would never consent to the match.* He died

* The marriage of Carl Philip with Elizabeth was solemnised secretly on the 5th March, 1620, at Örebro, where the entries in the church book stand, signed "Your faithful husband as long as I live, Carl

at the siege of Riga, and was borne, says the chronicler, with great sorrow to Strengnäs, and there laid beside his father. "You know," writes Gustaf Adolf to his sister Catherine, "what grief this death causes me; for, as he was dear to you, so was he to me. My heart was bound in his." * The young widow gave birth to a daughter, whom the softened queen, in her fresh grief, adopted. Like our Henry I., Christina never smiled again, but passed her remaining days at Nyköping, in that castle of gloomy memory, solacing her weary hours with her young grandchild, who unjustly bore the name of Gyllenhjelm. The lady, later, became Hofmasterinna to Maria Eleanora, her uncle's queen. Though Gustaf wept his young brother, Oxenstjerna, more wide awake, writes, "You all know the jealousy which existed between Duke Gustaf Adolf, Prince Carl Philip, and Duke John of Östergötland. If God had not called both so quickly away, there had certainly been a blood-bath in the kingdom." Carl Philip lies wrapped in a "pels" of rich Russian sable—white hairs visible, the fur fresh as yesterday, the velvet undecayed, his toque entire, but within all black dust and ashes.

They next uncovered the little Princess Isabella—

Philip."—"Your Prince's most humble handmaiden as long as I live, Elizabeth." Queen Christina set these nuptials at nought, calling it "a conscience marriage." The widow of Carl Philip remarried Knut Lilliehok, by whom she left a son. Duke John of Östergötland bequeathed by will a small estate inherited from his mother, Gunila Bjelke, to the daughter of Carl Philip. Charles XI. at the Reduction caused it to be called in from the heirs of the young countess—a great piece of injustice. Charles Philip left a natural daughter, whom Queen Christina did not notice. She married the book-printer Ignatius Meurer; her only daughter became Mrs. Joachim Shopp.

* Extract from a letter of Gustaf Adolf, giving orders for young Carl Philip's funeral.

her dress decked with silver lace; her red velvet shoes all well preserved—within her cap was dust. Last came John Casimir, father of Charles X.; the coffin was lined with crimson satin—the velvet shroud, of the same hue, glared in the candle-light; his portrait hangs at Gripsholm, a fine old man, with snow-white beard. Strange to say, the hair is now of a reddish brown; whether the dye from the lining of the coffin has effected this change in the course of two centuries is a problem. Feeling like Olaus Petrus, who looked at the "Blood-bath" to give an account of it, I scrambled up the steps, glad to escape from mouldering royalty.

"Is everybody out?" cried the learned rector of the Gymnasium, tapping the door with the key before he closed the vault. "Is everybody out? again I say;" and a third time he repeated it: a wise precaution; for if the tomb be not visited again for thirty years, something more than royal dust—even a whitened skeleton—might greet the next arrival. He turned the key—lo! the wards snap in the lock; here's a pretty kettle of fish; no means for repairing it till the morrow. Must the four keepers of the vault watch during the night to see the regalia be not purloined by thieves? Very grateful for their kindness, we bid adieu, leaving the authorities in this sad dilemma.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Sheffield of Sweden — Country seat of Oxenstjerna — His tomb — How Christina worried him — His dying speech — Örebro Slott and high school — Master Olaf's marriage, and Bishop Brask's anger — His edict against "weather-grumblers" — Throne hall of Gustaf Wasa — Risa the sorcerer — Albert and his German knights — Story of Elisif Wasa.

ESKILSTUNA.

On we steam—swerve among rushes into the Eskilstuna Aa, and land at Thorshälla, a small, straggling town of red houses, built among rocks and boulders—a wild site. The church boasts the loftiest scaled spire in Sweden. As for its history, my eyes are blind, my ears are deaf, dreading to stir up Thor and other old deities Scandinavian. The river roars and tumbles about, rendering a canal necessary. We jump into a steam-gondola, and, through waving reeds, water-lilies, and a damp smell of mud, thread our way to Eskilstuna.

When Eskil lay stoned and dead on Munkebacke remorse seized the pagans: as penitents, they bore the body on its way to Fors, his dwelling-place. Suddenly the coffin became so heavy they could not move it; the heavens darkened—a sign from above that Eskil desired to be carried no further; so they buried him where the church now stands; the king ordered a royal

house to be built, and the place to be called Eskilstuna, or Eskil's home.*

The church is beautifully situated on the banks of the lazy river, whose waters—after a headlong fall somewhat higher up—flow on sedately. The altarpiece and the pulpit of black pear-wood are of good workmanship. Duke John, on his return from England, took up his residence at the Kongshus; and here was born meddlesome Princess Anna, his pretty daughter. In Eskilstuna the dukes plotted their rebellion against Erik. The palace stood outside the town, by the cemetery—a fine old building with formal gardens. You may see it portrayed in Dahlberg's 'Suecia Antiqua.'

But a change has come o'er the spirit of Eskilstuna, now the Sheffield of Sweden—boasting a royal manufactory of firearms, a foundry for locomotives, a forge in each house, and a begrimed population. On the day of our visit the arms were at a standstill, the great wheel had come to grief. The rifles made here are Tich and Minié—the latter said to carry 500 Swedish ells without raising the sight or sinking. The stocks are of birch. Eskilstuna cutlery is beautiful as cheap; razors of the best steel 3*s.* each. No steel is made in Sweden save Bessamer; the iron goes to England,

* Eskil was canonized later by the Pope, and became the patron saint of Sudermania. The 12th June was appointed in his honour, and sermons preached in the churches from John x. 11, "I am the good shepherd;" and Hebrews v. 6, "Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec."

The place where St. Eskil reposes is long since forgotten and his relics scattered; one "armpipa" alone, sent to Linköping, which disappeared after the Reformation, turned up a few years ago in the field of the burgomaster, where it had been concealed for safety. This armpipa, of silver-gilt enriched with stones, is preserved in the Museum at Stockholm.

whence it is reimported. We purchased a ruler with views of royal palaces, of steel inlaid with gold, like that of Tola—quite beautiful.

Not far off lies Fiholm, once the seat of Axel Oxenstjerna;* a building of two long wings in the Renaissance style. The arms of Axel and his wife (a Båtte)† are carved above each doorway. The foundations of the corps de logis are half overgrown with trees. Axel, a prudent man, did things by degrees. His son looked on his father as mean; and one day twitted him, exclaiming, "It was a shame for a great nobleman to leave his house unfinished." "My son," replied the minister, "I have built a house for wise men; you may complete the stable for oxen."

Count Beck-Friis was absent; but his sisters-in-law, the Countesses Bark, showed us the house. One tapestried room contains portraits of Axel and his ugly wife. Opposite him hang Corfitz and Eleanor Ulfeld. We were quite glad to stumble on old acquaintances. Corfitz wears his "elephant," from which he was later degraded—Eleanor piquante in her pointed black beaver and feather.

Then on to Jäders church, built by Axel in the same style of architecture as that of Christianstadt. Above the porch an inscription tells how Axel Count of Södermöre built it "in God's honour." On enter-

* The Oxenstjerna and Sparre families are of the same origin, the former having assumed the bearings of the mother's side. The common people declare that the devil, desirous of extinguishing the race, throttled each newborn baby in its cradle, till the youngest was called by the name of Gabriel. This was more than the devil could stand, so he left the child in peace. From that time dates the great prosperity of the Oxenstjernas.

† An ox's head and a boat.

ing, the eye falls on a full-length likeness of Gustaf Adolf in his buff jerkin, a most satisfactory picture; by his side stands a small page, his daughter Christina, holding before her a "Thirty Years' War rose," bearing small medallion views of all the cities besieged and taken during that long campaign. How that little girl later did torment Axel with her vagaries—binding up Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Juvenal in prayer-book covers, to read during service! In the most barefaced manner she left them in the royal closet. Christina's young mind was so worried by Protestantism, its rights and wrongs, she turned Romanist,* as she expressed it, "for peace and quiet." Axel lies buried in the vault below; a monument of no great beauty is erected to the memory of "sui temporis oraculum."† Skjöldemarke, bearing his alliances, surround the church. Last year the scalè-roof

* During the last years of her reign Queen Christina was already imbued with popish heresies; and when her mother spoke to her of matters of religion, she cut her short, exclaiming, "Pray let us speak no more of these matters; my dear mother does not understand them." When on her hurried passage from Stockholm, after her abdication, she came to the brook which then formed the boundary between Sweden and Denmark, she got quickly out of the carriage, jumped over the streamlet, and exclaimed, "Thank God! I am now free from Sweden; may I never return!" Geijer says of Christina, "She was much better than her fame!" The Swedish people would never believe the reports of her, saying, "Our young lady was gracious, but she was sore deceived."

† When Gustaf Adolf had fallen at Lützen, the Swedish chancellor, Oxenstjerna, used to say, "Posterity shall well remember how the dukes and princes of Germany courted a Swedish nobleman to procure themselves lands and principalities." When he returned to Sweden he had more power than Queen Christina. He was no friend to the father of Carl Gustaf, and never forgot that he was not a Swede. When John Casimir wanted to become member of the council, Oxenstjerna replied haughtily, "According to the laws of this country, none but a Swedish nobleman can enter the high council of the realm."

was struck by lightning, and the banners taken in Germany burnt. The Grafchor then became unsafe, and the marble sarcophagi were removed to the vaults below.

When Christina announced to the senate her proposed abdication, the Drots rising said, "We cannot answer for it to the world if we suffer the queen to wander about as a vagabond. Let her Majesty be kept in Öland; there let a man of energy be appointed as governor to watch over her, and see that she does nothing foolish; and let such persons surround her Majesty as may have at heart the interests of the nation." Christina's abdication was the deathblow of Axel; he had lived too long when he saw the last-born Wasa descend from her father's throne. Axel lay sick at Upsala on the coronation day of Charles X. Drawing from his finger a costly diamond, the gift of Henry IV. of France, he sent it to Carl Gustaf, now, "by the grace of God and of Christina," Sweden's king—then died. He was carried with great pomp to the Riddarsholm church, and thence, by his own order, to Jäders.* 'Twas well his spirit fled; he could never have borne a new order of things; for, as he himself said, "Be her faults what they may, she will always be to me Gustavus' daughter."

ÖREBRO.

We posted to Quicksund ferry; then made for Örebro, a town planted on the Swartelf. This dark

* Site of the battle in which the forces of King Christian I. (1464) were defeated by the Dalkarls under Bishop Kettel and Sir John i Gryta. "Who ever imagined I should be beaten by Kettle and Pot (Gryta)?" exclaimed the disgusted Danish sovereign.

stream first laves the castle walls, then runs in a serpentine fashion among small islets and wood into the Hjelmar. The lake is scarcely visible even from a height, for it lies seventy feet above the Mälar, often inundating the land around.* Örebro is now recovering from a fire which laid half the town in ashes.

Her name turns up in every page of history, cut-and-dry events — archi-statistic — election of Gustaf Wasa as hereditary King of Sweden—and Riksmötes without end. The Slott—a ponderous square building flanked by four round towers, demi-rasées—has stood well its troubles. No vestige of architecture remains. You may wander from loft to cellar and not find one stone of interest. In a corner of the granary lay several hundred "jagtlappar" used in wolf-hunting—pieces of bunting on which are painted grotesque figures of huntsmen armed with guns, monsters, priests, and devils, like signs suspended outside the shows at country fairs. These jagtlappar are hung to the trees in a line across the forests; the beaters, surrounding the woods, drive the animals forward until, seeing the figures, they turn tail and are shot.†

* In Dahlberg's work Örebro Castle stands surrounded with water —a big boat with sails before it: perhaps in his day the lake may have come up to the town. Dahlberg trusted to others, and, when he published his work, sent to the Swedish nobles to demand views of their castles and gardens. All responded to his call: some asked plans from Dahlberg himself; some had them drawn out by other architects; they sent them in; the plates were engraved, but somehow they quite forgot to build the palaces afterwards.

† Whitelocke speaks of a forest about here, called Valtera, containing 20,000 wolves, besides bears. Wild beasts no longer abound on the banks of the Mälar. Charles XI., in his Dagbok, notes down, Feb. 17, 1692, how he caught two wolves in a net, and killed two with his gun at Lidingsön; a bear, too, by Arboga. His mother, the widowed queen, shoots an elk ox in the deer-park. Princess Hedvig Sophia—

Charles John XIV. presented his portrait, by Westin, to Örebro Slott, as a "minne of his Valdagen, Aug. 21, 1810;" for here, after a world of opposition, he was elected Crown Prince of Sweden. Engelbrekt sleeps in the church; but of his whereabouts men know nothing. The town are about to erect a statue to his memory before the new Rådhus.*

In a year's time a railroad will connect Örebro with Lake Wenern.† Nerike is noted for the well-being of its peasantry; many die worth from 20,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* English. From this class of men rise the clergy, engineers, and merchants of Sweden. A well-to-do peasant educates his sons to push their own way in the world; the

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active with her gun—brings down an elg-ko in the same locality. The king slays two lö (lynxes) in the woods near Stockholm; and as late as 1758 eleven elks are shot in one day at Gripsholm. Charles XI. frequently hunts bears in the neighbourhood of Köping and Arboga.

* Engelbrekt, born in Dalarne, "a freeman," served in the courts of several foreign princes; when Josse and the Danish stewards of Erik the Pomeranian ill-used the Swedish peasantry, Engelbrekt twice in person complained to the king. Erik told him to come no more, but he answered, "I will again come without asking your leave." He was chosen leader of the Dalkarlar against the Danish governors, whose fortresses he destroyed. Many Danes endeavoured to pass themselves off as Swedes, but Engelbrekt forced them to pronounce the words "Hwit-häst i korngolf" (white horse in the corn-barn)—a sentence no foreigner can repeat without accent. At the end of his long campaign he with truth declared not one of his men had taken from the peasant to the value of a "small hen" without payment.

† In this mineral country of Örebro-län the largest estates are the property of Baron Hugo Hamilton. The greatest quantity of steel is exported from Granhult, belonging to Mr. Hijkenskold—upwards of 50,000 Swedish iron plates,—far superior to those of other countries. Some time since a clumsy captain drove the 'Berzelius' steamer with violence against the stone quays of Stockholm. The shock was tremendous; the bystanders expected to see her fill and sink at once. To the general amazement, the stone was found shattered; and, though the company had to pay some thousand dollars damages, the vessel, uninjured, renewed its journey on the following day.

eldest succeeds him in the farm and works, from which he buys out his brothers.* Örebro boasts the largest grammar-school in Sweden, numbering four hundred boys, supported by Government, the annual cost about ten shillings English. A peasant sends his children to board with some widow in the town, who is paid in kind, receiving eggs, butter, bread, and meat. When once the student has passed the university, he (if destined for the Church) seeks a place as tutor in a private family.

Before the school-house stands a small obelisk, erected to Master Olaf, who, first of the Reformed clergy, entered the bands of matrimony. His "bröllop" with Jomfru Christina took place, says the Saga, on Septuagesima Sunday. King Gustaf himself was a "glad guest;" when the bridal mass was first sung in the Swedish tongue. This marriage made a great sensation. Bishop Brask, waxing wroth, wrote, asking the king "how he could countenance by his presence so unlawful a proceeding, one which placed the offenders under the ban of the Church?—how could he expect his crown to sit upon his head?—where could he expect—" To this angry letter the king replied—"he was astonished the bishop considered lawful marriage to be condemned; maybe he preferred—" we won't quote any further.

The king ordered Master Olaf to improve the ecclesiastical law. Olaf ordained that whoever abused the weather should do public penance in the churchyard. Were such an edict added to the Code Victoria, we

* A man of letters risen from the ranks oft assumes a name derived from his native village ending in "us"—hence this tribe of Latinized patronymics in Sweden.

should have to enlarge our cemeteries. But Olaf was right; for, said he, "the holy Paul calls those persons 'the enemies of the Lord,' who are angry with God when He lays on them any evil."

Near the Silltorget—herring-market—stands an old red-timbered house. An outer staircase, with open balustrade, leads to a chamber which tradition styles "throne-hall" of Gustaf Wasa.* The room is now used as a granary;—corn-heaps block up the windows; rows of hams hang from the beams; the walls are curiously painted in fresco. By the light of a candle we made out the seven deadly sins busily engaged in no good; a queen in royal attire, crown on head, with a shield bearing arms, two roses and a bird—a king on his throne, surrounded by genii and virtues; Moses and Peter; a winged angel trying to mount to heaven, held down by a money-bag, with the legend, "Aut cœlo, aut mundo."—Mammon has the best of it. One allegory represents a small beggar called "Miseria," surrounded by three vices. Superbia pulls him by the hair, Insidia trips him up with a stick, while Calumnia throws a shovel of dirt at him. Over one door is inscribed, "Pax intrantibus, salus exeuntibus." This room is sadly degraded. The owner, a very old lady, refuses to dislodge her hams. We lingered on seven days at Örebro, seduced by the charms of the new hotel—the most magnificent, perhaps, in Sweden—built by the town at the cost of 15,000*l*. The weather was uncertain and rainy; but, mindful of Master Olaf, we bided our time, never once grumbling till we started.

Riseberga lying scarce two miles distant from Örebro,

* He here resided during the Diet of Örebro, A.D. 1540.

we went to see it—found an old wall and lots of milch cows where nuns once told their beads—then, satisfied, came back again. Let no green traveller start upon our traces; but listen to the story, and be contented.

Pious King Sverker founded this convent, and, strange to say, employed a sorcerer called Risa, who dwelt in Gorpu klint, to build it. There is still shown his "gold-hole;" for Risa possessed the wisdom of the sprites—knew how to find gold, silver, and all treasures. He was, says the Saga, "the best architect in Sweden, and built for fair words and good wages the convent named after him—Riseberga."

Old ballads are still sung telling of Albert, his German favourites, and their misdoings. The 'Rhyming Chronicle' runs, "No one came from Germany ever so poor but, if he wielded a sword, knew how to dance or leap, he must needs have jingles and golden bells, and, if his face be fair, Swedish damsels and rich widows too." The lay has it, "Had he got a quiver full of arrows, away must the peasant flee to the wood. Riding into the courtyard with buckled girdle and curled hair, his sword raised high, and gauntlet suspended at his hip, the German threatens—'Housewife, where is your fat hen?—from me you must not conceal it, though hidden beneath bench or chest; serve it at once with all your eggs; have you but a single goose?—to-night that dainty we will eat.' Well! Fifteen candles he makes her light, then drinks and roars in revelry, 'Thus must the Swedish yeoman mourn that hirelings dare to make such sport.'"

The noble Swedes concealed their daughters within cloisters. King Albert, with his favourite Bernhard the Tall—worst of all German knights—entered Riseberga

to gaze at the fair maidens: the eye of Bernhard falling on fair Elisif, daughter of Erik Wasa, Albert promised she should be his wife. Erik refused his daughter to the German hireling, but the king and Bernhard seized Elisif by force, and bore her to Stockholm. When Albert lost the realm,* Bernhard carried off Elisif from Sweden. He had hitherto held her in great honour, expecting a dispensation from the Pope authorizing his marriage with a nun. But now he told her, "I will wait no longer; this very day you must become my wife." Elisif implored Heaven and the saints to protect her. Her prayers were heard. A storm cast their vessel against the rocks. All were drowned save Elisif, who, picked up by a fisherman, was borne to Wisby, whence Bishop Nils of Linköping conducted her to Riseberga; but Elisif died on the third day after her arrival.

Erik Wasa, to revenge his daughter's wrong, first incited great Margaret to seize the crown, and dearly Albert rued that day. Riseberga's rich lands tell still of conventual rule, and, though there is really nothing to see, it was not so bad, after all, dished up with the old story.

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* When Albert was taken prisoner, the German "Hattebröder" (Hood-brothers), or "Fetaliabröder" (Victual-brothers), kept Stockholm for seven years. The peasants called them "Garpor," on account of their valour; this term later became one of contempt. On hearing of the burning of Enköping, the bonde rose in arms. In the first battle they were worsted by the well-armed troops of the "Garpor;" but they once more reassembled and entirely overthrew the Germans on Tjallmo Moor, in Götaland.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Murder of Engelbrekt — The old oak chest — Säfstaholm, its picture gallery and archives — Costume of the peasantry — Family talismans — Sparre a Scottish baron — Charles XII.'s first bear — The sunken altarpiece — Historic beer — Dreary chronicler of Arboga — Whitelocke at Köping — English St. David — Ballad of Charles I. — Rascally clergy — Charles XII. won't sell St. Brita — Royal Haras of Strömsholm.

HJELMAREN.

THE morning rose bright. Our road skirted the Hjelmar lake, a fine expanse of water fringed with trees, and church-spires of fabulous height; corn-sheaves hang piled up high, out of wet's way. We plunge into a forest, and soon reach Göksholm, a plain square building, with walls thick as those of Babylon. Young Baron Lejonhufvud received me kindly—after breakfast we rowed in a small boat to Engelbrektsholm, an islet on the lake hard by.

It was on the evening of May 3rd, 1436, that Engelbrekt with his wife and children came to Björksund on his way to Stockholm. He would not cross the lake, but, lighting a fire, prepared to wait till dawn on this small isle. Friends warned him that his old enemy Bengt Natt och Dag was at Göksholm, but he answered, "There is now peace between us." An armed boat approaches from the shore. "See," he cries, "Sir Bengt sends his son Sir Måns to invite me to his castle; I cannot go, for I am sick." The servants aided Sir Måns to land. He leapt out with an axe in his hand,

crying, "Shall we never have peace in Sweden?" Engelbrekt, sick and weak, with difficulty answered, "Thy father and I are now friends;" but Sir Måns struck him down, and with the third blow of his axe killed him; he then had the dead body shot through with arrows. When the news of the murder got abroad, the peasants bore the corpse to Mellösa church, from whence it was removed to Örebro.* The family of Natt och Dag have never flourished since that day; and oft of a dark winter's night a moaning wail is heard to proceed from the cellars of the castle. This is the cry of Bengt's mother, who persuaded him to the bad deed, and has never since known a moment's rest or quietude.† The islet is wooded—a carpet of lilies in spring season. Wavelets sob against the strand, as though still mourning that foul deed.

We again embark—along the horizon rise faint the blue hills of the mineral country—and in an hour land at Ekeberg, now the property of Baron Toll. Here is preserved the oak chest in which young Margaret Lejonhufvud hid herself on the king's first coming to woo her—a chest like that of Ginevra. Gustaf Wasa bided here while courting. Never idle, he passed his time in carving wood and stone on a small aitch

* Engelbrekt is the only man who has been canonized by the Swedish people without the consent of pope or clergy. In papistic times, so great was the faith in his virtue, the monks worked miracles at his tomb.

† A monument has been erected by the former proprietor, Baron Rehausen, to mark the event. How this curse of the Natt och Dag family (merged in the house of Sture) was fulfilled has already been alluded to. Of the great-grandchildren of Sir Bengt, scarce one but came to an untimely end—the sons falling by the murderous hands of Erik XIV.; the husbands of the daughters bowing their heads to the block in the squares of Linköping and Stockholm.

called Wasaholm, where his granite seat is still shown. Amongst the heirlooms of the manor is a stone sun-dial of his handiwork, fashioned like a modern watch-case, adorned with the arms of Wasa and Lejonhufvud,* date 1534. The old house is no more; a grove called Margaretslund alone remains.

The storm rose and the rain poured in torrents as we recrossed the lake, now in a ferment of overboiling; sea-gulls and wild ducks fly screaming around; then suddenly the rain ceases, and in one second, as by an enchanter's wand, the waves are hushed into calm. Dinner over, I bid adieu. We drive by the Hjelmar's banks, pass a fishing village, where boats arrive laden with pike and perch: bare-legged boys busily sort the crayfish into baskets—a new feature, an inland fishing village—but the pike of the Hjelmar are renowned:—

"Hjelmaren gädde och Sotare brax,
Mälare sik och Elfkarleby lax,
Är bästa fisk i Sverige tags." †

SÄFSTAHOLM.

We pass by Segersjö—fidei commis of the Montgomery family ‡—and by seven o'clock reach Wingåker village and Säfstaholm, where we are heartily welcomed by Count Trolle Bonde and his amiable countess.

* There exists a splendid portrait of Abraham Lejonhufvud, father of Queen Margaret, Governor of West Götland, with long beard, flowing hair, velvet furred cloak, and broad beaver—engraved by Olof Arre 1770.

† "Hjelmar's pike and Sotare's bream,
Mälar's herring and Elfkarleby's salmon,
Are the best fish taken in Sweden."

‡ Montgomery Cederhjelm, as they are now called.

The scenery is soft and mild, scarce a rock visible; meadow-land and running water; more like England than Sweden. In the long suite of apartments hang many pictures of the Italian, more of the Dutch school —Salvator Rosa and Ruysdael—collected by the late count, who played a considerable rôle at the court of Gustaf III. In his latter years, though blind, he still did the honours of the gallery to visitors, pointing out each picture, its merits and its history. The portrait of Count Dahlberg, as an amateur savant in a rich Oriental dress, musing among skulls, vases, and suchlike, by Pietro di Cortona, is characteristic of the man: by the same master, hangs the youthful Baron Cronstierna, who, with his brother, accompanied Dahlberg to Italy. He is painted guitar in hand;—by his side stands a Venetian fair one, with lilacs in her hair.* There are many works of the better Swedish artists, such as Pilo, Laurœus; interiors with Schalken lights; landscapes by Martin, who studied in England; two clever pictures by Sandberg, representing, one the majstång, and peasants dancing in the costume of Wingåker before the château of Säfstaholm. This picture will be of greater value in after times, for before many years have elapsed the Wingåkerer costume will be a thing of the past. The learned declare this race to be of Finnish extraction: intermarrying, they still preserve their ancient type, far more refined than that of the Swedish peasantry in general. A picturesque little fellow of twelve years old sat by the lych-gate of the church, eating cherries from a basket; the only one of

* These two boys were sad scamps; one brother disappeared when at Venice in a mysterious manner.

the school who retained the dress of his forefathers—far too costly for daily wear. His hair, divided down the front, was of a light colour, his eyes dark, face oval. He was dressed in a white cloth coat coming down to his ankles, with crimson crossbar lining, blue cuffs, leather breeches, and short waistcoat, like the figures of Charles XII.'s time. Baron Bennet kindly sketched him as he stood. The women wear a high red roll round their heads, which on Sunday they cover with a gaufréd cap. This costume is a very study in its varieties of maiden, betrothed, wife, mother, widow. The second picture represents a wedding; the bride in her crown and ancient white silk dress, loaded with ornament, is gorgeously and becomingly attired.*

The archives of Säfstaholm date from 1300. Fryxell and other historians have largely consulted them. Among the autographs is one of Queen Christina to her favourite Fröken Sparre, in a sprawling hand, directed "à la belle," signed "Christine Alexandra," the name adopted by the queen when received into the Church of Rome. Many may have seen the Wasa arms carved above the Porta del Popolo, to commemorate the event. In after times, when Christina and the Vatican fell out, she wrote, "I have known seven popes in my day, and never yet one who was endowed with common sense." To teaze the Holy Conclave she allowed her servants to give balls in Lent, and even let her steward impiously announce a fête on Good Friday. The day before the intended scandal he was struck dead by lightning, which greatly frightened, and in some degree silenced, the queen.

* In 1775 an edict was issued (which is no longer enforced) forbidding the peasants to quit their national costume.

In the Archive-room hangs an old pointed beaver hat, on which the fate of Säfstaholm depends. Not long since the room was opened to air the papers, when a newly-arrived housemaid, supposing it to be a workman's cap, indignantly tossed it out of window. That night a fire burst out in the farm-buildings. No one called for water. The family ran to the archives, and, finding the hat absent without leave, rushed to the court, picked up the lost treasure, and the fire, without more ado, quietly went out.*

* The welfare of many castles in Sweden depends upon some article held by tradition to be a talisman. In the family of Count Axel Piper is preserved an ancient chain, of so pure and refined a gold no jeweller has been able to mend it when broken, concerning which there is a similar legend. There was once a wicked Count Sparre, so bad his like was never heard of. Not content with gambling, swearing, and drinking, on the death of the parish priest he chucked the church key into the lake, vowing that service should never be performed there as long as he lived. On the bishop's remonstrating, he snapped his fingers; a lawsuit ensued, in which Sparre was worsted. Furious, he drank deep that night, and when he could drink no longer was carried to bed by his servants. As he lay half snoozing, there came the devil. "Come along, Sparre," said he; "though there's no bond between us, your soul is mine—and you'll feel quite at home in my company." "Not just yet, if you please," answered the count; "I'd rather wait a little." "Now or never," said the devil. "Never, then!" replied the count. A struggle ensued. Sparre felt himself going—going—where his friend considered he had long ago been due. A mist rose before his eyes; half throttled, he could only cry out, "Oh, T-h-a-i-n-t B-w-i-t-h-e-t!" Then rose a saintly perfume through the chamber, the devil vanished, and Sparre found himself lying exhausted on his bed, with a coil of fine gold chain round his throat; a voice whispered in his ear, "While that chain is worn by the lord of this domain, no harm shall befall the family." The wicked count, notwithstanding the warning, died impenitent. When Charles XII.'s Count Piper was a prisoner in Russia, the countess had got together the sum needed for his ransom, but, wrote he, "I am now broken in health, my life is of little value, and the Russians are such blackguards, they will keep the ransom and me too; so do not send it, but purchase with it an estate for our children." The Sparre property was for sale. On handing over the title-deeds the widowed countess enclosed this gold chain in a

Countess Bonde (née Banér) drew from a cabinet of relics a massive gold-enamelled ring, set with a large turquoise, once the property of Carl Knutson, last of the five sovereigns of the house of Bonde. An inscription, with the king's initials, runs round the inside. * In his time the Wasa and Oxenstjerna were pitted against the Sture and Bonde;—all had their day,—the latter alone has weathered the storm of ages.

SUNDBY.

After a pleasant visit of three days, with regret I bad adieu to my kind entertainers,—crossed the Hjelmarsund in a nutshell with a big sail, and landed at Sundby, the castle of his Excellency Count de Geer —a splendid pile of masonry, in the Norman style, crowned by numberless small copper-capped turrets, with gilded vanes. It was built after the designs of an English architect, and is, as a whole, most imposing, although in detail incorrect.

The apartments are of regal splendour, empanelled in the style of "Gustaf tredie," enriched with tapestries, gilding, and objects of art. The Riddarsal is hung with gulskin, on which are depicted battles; beneath the cornice are pictures let into the walls—wild boar-hunts by, or after, Snyders.

Passing by oval åtterhögs, like Brobdingnagian dish-

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note to Countess Piper, begging it might never be alienated from the landed property. So many accidents of fire have, during the last hundred years, been attributed to the absence of this talisman, the present possessor, though not peculiarly superstitious on the subject, for good luck's sake wears it constantly round his throat. He took it off the other morning to show me:—I only trust no accident has occurred in consequence.

covers, and a dolmen, which, were men to rise from the dead, they would never convince me was reared by human hands—it must be Dame Nature making game of antiquaries—we reach Öja church, containing the small mural monument of Erik Sparre, lord of Sundby—one of the five victims of the Blood-bath in Linköping. Erik visited Scotland, and so delighted was James VI. with his learning and parts, he created him, 1580, a baron of that realm.* When taunted by Charles IX. in prison with accepting honours from a foreign potentate, Sparre tore up the patent. In history he is sometimes spoken of as Lord Gyldensparre. On his monument there is no mention of his dignities; †

* The Stuarts were in the habit of conferring titles on foreigners. Jean de Durfort was created Lord Feversham, and Commander of the Forces under two kings. Charles II. made a baronet of Frisendorf, the Swedish minister who accompanied Fleetwood to London. The custom of rewarding envoys from foreign courts was continued by Cromwell, who later knights the Swedish minister, Sir Peter Coyet, and presents him with a massive gold chain, to which hangs suspended, "his Highness's portrait, set round with sixteen large diamonds, value one thousand pounds." Some days after, Whitelocke notes in his day-book how "the envoy still waits his gratification, which, as news of General Douglas's success in Lifland has arrived, will now be given." He ends by getting it, and starts in a vessel laden with twelve hundred pounds' worth of fine white cloth.

† A letter from Erik Sparre to King James VI., thanking him for the honour conferred upon him, is preserved in the Sparre family. But no proof of this dignity granted to Sparre is found in the Scottish archives. According to the opinion of the learned Scotch antiquarian lawyer, John Riddell, Esq., the title would have been taken, according to British precedent, from Sparre's Swedish patrimony and estate. When Charles II. created the Irish Marquis of Ormond an English duke, the latter was against it, as he thought it would be looked on in England as a foreign dignity. But Dugdale obviated the difficulty by assuring the marquis he might as easily be created an English Duke of Ormond as a Duke of Clarence (Chiarenza in Greece), or Earl of Tankervillo (in Normandy).

the inscription merely states "he died a martyr to conscience and the varying times he lived in."

At each open gate stand lovely children, dark-eyed, with light hair; others, blue-eyed angels, such as St. Gregory loved. We reached Kongsör, where stood an old wooden palace of Gustaf Wasa's time. One day a fussy steamer passing by puffed from its dirty funnel some sparks of fire; in a few hours the building was reduced to ashes. It was near Kongsör that Charles XII., at the age of 11 years 5 months, shot his first bear; an event noted down in the Dagbok of the king his father. "The 5th was a Monday. H. M. and H. R. H. Prince Charles went out bear-hunting, and they got a bear which H. R. H. shot. H. R. H. shot well. All the others missed, but the bullet of the prince entered the right side of the beast, passed through the heart, and came out again.". The ugly church of Kongsör, built after a globulous design of Tessin, boasts the portrait of Madame Klot Gutermut, that court lady to whom Charles XII. "sent compliments."[4] Six miles on, the slender spires of Arboga rise in the twilight; we reach the hotel, and find all the world in bed, save Vic, who sat wagging her tail awaiting me.

ARBOGA.

Arbo—Arbogh—Arbugu—saints preserve us, what a thing is etymology!—from Aa, a river, and Boge, a shoulder; then six lines lower you discover it is all wrong, and that the real word is Arhogarboga, where, if you please, we leave it.

"Old as the streets of Arboga," runs the proverb. Perhaps her sights are worn out, for there are few to see.

Two churches of Lubec workmanship, with lofty black-scaled spires—the work of Anders, styled Tornresare (tower-raiser), who built twenty-two of the same kind in Sweden—form her pride. That of St. Nicholas boasts a richly-carved altarpiece, with well-painted shutters sadly damaged. Concerning this altarpiece there hangs a tradition.

St. Nicholas, before the Reformation, held its head high among the churches of Sweden; during some foreign war the natives of a besieged town sewed their rich altarpiece in a cow-hide and sank it in the sea. The Swedes found the spot, but when they would hoist it into the ship it would not move. In vain they tugged. Yoi-i-i h-o-i—i—together: it was no use. A wise man suggested they should call over by names the great churches of Sweden, "for if," said he, "you stumble on the patron of the altarpiece, it will surely get up." So off they go. Y-o-i-i—H-o-i-i—St. Laur-ren-ti-us of Lund—splish, splash, wish, went the water, but the altarpiece stuck as tight as ever. San-ta Bri-gi-ta—of—Wadstena—bubble, gurgle, pop, answered the waves. They tried half the saints of the calendar—from Abel to Sylvester—were about to give it up, when a sailor boy, seizing the rope, called out, Y-o-i-i—H-o-i-i—St. Ni-cho-las—of Ar-bo-ga,—up came the altarpiece like a cork, and was sent to the church, of which it now forms the chief ornament.*

In the second church of Arboga, much of the same

* The churches of the Mälar are rich in candelabras bearing five lights, sconces, and corona, of repoussé workmanship. In Wingåker hangs one of brass, very beautiful, dating from papistic times; the branches represent fruitful bearing vines; in the centre are the Virgin and Child under a canopy. These lustres are suspended to the ceiling by a number of iron rods hooked together, a large ball between each.

date, is a "Descent from the Cross," by Rembrandt, set up by Jören Wentrosius, 1673. "He raised it in honour of God's house, and in his sons' memory." The medallions of the young men appear below; one in a buff jerkin and cuirass, aged 33; the other a budding priest, aged 21. This picture, a spoil of rifled Germany, has sadly suffered from the damp of ages.

Without is the freshwater fish market—pike, perch, tench, and huge baskets, four feet high, laden with crayfish from the Hjelmar.—An omelette à la bisque, as they here make it, is excellent.

The beer of Arboga, like that of Randers, bears a place in history. When Hako with his Norwegian and Danish soldiers came to Arboga, his men found the beer so good they stayed in the inns loitering behind the army. The Norwegians drank and were merry, while the king at Gata lost the day.*

In an old history of Arboga are named many Scotch settlers from Montrose—that Egypt of the Exodus into Sweden—Petre and Seaton, Latinised into Sigtonius. A son of this pedant, although at Upsala he disputes in Greek, with great applause, on a subject Hebrew to me, reappears as plain Carl Seaton, a prisoner at Pultowa, and, on his return, marries a noble lady of fortune, as in a fairy tale. "He was," says the diffuse historian, "in his lifetime (!) a sweet poet, and played most skilfully on the lute." Said chronicler of Arboga mentions, among the literary prowesses of his fellow-

* Near Enköping still stand a few pines, sole remains of the forest of Gataskog, where Albert of Mecklenburg, 1365, after two days' fighting, drove Hako back to Norway. The king made his entry as a victor into Stockholm, and from that day the Germans lorded it throughout the land.

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townsmen, a "Lustigh Commedia," first played at King Gustaf Adolf's bröllop, in 1620, entitled 'Olof Skotkoöning;'—a second, by the same author, called 'Christian the Tyrant.' He goes on to say, "We will pass over the balls, masques, and festivals given in honour of Princess Cecilia's marriage, to matters of greater interest—'Nulla calamitas sola.' The black death had scourged the city; portents of pestilence, plague, and famine. Heaven in its 'dunder' (thunder) strikes two clergymen to death—children are born with two heads." Such a chapter of horrors as he conjures up, it gives one the creeps to read them.

KÖPING.

We stopped to dine at Köping—plain Köping—neither north, south, short, nor long. In the church stands the celebrated altarpiece of St. Olaf, brought by Erik XIV. from the pillage of Tronyem cathedral. The carved image of the sainted king, trampling on the dragon of paganism, is well executed: opposite blooms Queen Astrid—Our Lady between the two. The double shutters are, says Molbech, of the early Italian school; the figures seem far too graceful and easy to be the work of any northern painter of that date.

In the horizon rises a barrow, the most lofty in Sweden, exceeding in height those of old Upsala. When Whitelocke passed through Köping the mayor refused him horses—"gave ill language also to the Parliament—calling them a company of tailors and cobblers, who had killed their king." On the angry ambassador calling them to account, "they wept very much, and were half drunk for sorrow," denying the accusation.

"They said, 'What lies the Holland Gazettes tell, in saying that the Parliament is a company of tailors and cobblers, when you see by their ambassadors what gallant fellows they are! Look what a brave gentleman is this: how nobly attended!' So Whitelocke and they became good friends."*

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* He was again insulted at Upsala. Enemies came one night to the door, crying, "Come out, ye English dogs, ye king-killers, ye base rogues!" The feeling of the Swedes was strongly in favour of the exiled house of Stuart. An old ballad may still be heard sung by the peasantry touching the tragic end of King Charles I., with an address to Bishop Juxon. It is very long; we give a few of the verses:—

1. "Listen, all ye kingdoms
Of the east, north, west, and south,—
My people now will slay me;
Whilst Germany mourns my fall,
Even Britain will be sorry,
And France, and Denmark, and Spain,
And thereto every honest man
Who dares to name the name of the Lord.

2. I was born, through the grace of God,
Of royal blood and line;
And also my nature was royal—
My power now quite is broken.
Yet does it not well beseem you,
That on your king you now
Inflict such a shameful death.
God, be thou my comfort and help!

* * * * *

5. My wife, the good and pious,
And also my children poor—
My people and my whole kingdom
I, with a faithful mind,
At once now recommend
Into the hands of the Almighty One!
Farewell till a better time—
May God be gracious to me!

6. My friend, why dost thou tremble,
And canst not hold the axe?
Do as my people will—
Come, do it instantly.

Thy

Halting at Munketorp, we visit the chapel of English St. David, apostle of Wåstmanland. He came from Britain shortly before Sigfrid died, and stands high in the annals of the Church for the purity of his life. Tradition tells how, when his eyesight began to fail, as he entered his humble chamber, a sunbeam was peeping through the narrow window—mistaking it for a peg, he suspended his gloves thereon, and the sunbeam bore them up. When St. David sent his pupil to fetch the gloves, lo! to his surprise, the boy beheld them still hanging to the sunbeam; he ran and told his master, who thanked Heaven, for he felt this to be a token that his sins were forgiven. From that day a sunbeam was always at his service. Once the gloves fell on the floor; then the holy man felt he had committed some sin, and, in anguish of mind, recollected how that day he had trodden down some ears of corn, and though but few grains were spilt, yet even this little portion was the Lord's gift, and should have been food for the poor. When St. David died he was buried in the church he had founded at Munketorp, a humble building tacked on to the present edifice. His bones were placed in a silver shrine, in a recess where he

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Thy king is bending low;
Take care thou tarry not;
When out I stretch my hand,
Let fall the axe, and be thou undismayed.

7. O Lord, unto thy hand
I recommend my spirit
In this my latest anguish,
Also my people and my land!
Now therefore I submit,
Alas, deign to be near me!
My Lord! thou hast redeemed me,
And now I go to thee!"

oftentimes slept: his symbol is a pair of gloves. Pilgrims came from England to visit the tomb of St. David on June 25th, the day dedicated to his honour. In King John's reign, 1590, the Pope sent two legates from Rome to purchase the relics of the saint, and from the large sum they paid the present church was, with its three lychgates, erected. Sir Thomas, the parson, related as a good joke to the clerical assembly of Upsala, how he went down into the church vaults, and, taking the bones of an unknown skeleton, sold them to the unsuspecting envoys as those of St. David; at which story the assembled clergy laughed heartily:—such capital fun, doing the Pope.* Very different was the conduct of King Charles XII. when his Holiness sent to purchase the relics of St. Brita.

"First and foremost," replied he, "no one can say for certain if they be her bones or not; secondly, in no wise would I be a party to the encouragement of idle superstition; and thirdly, I am not a dealer in old bones.—Valete! Get about your business."

STRÖMSHOLM.

We made for Strömsholm, an old quadrangular palace where Charles XII. passed much of his youth. In one chamber, with some well-painted animals by Ehrenstrahl, stood a plain deal bedstead, marked in ink, "Prins Carl, 1694." The river foams and dashes round

* Many memorials of our English apostle are still found by the Mälar's side—the isle of Dåwö, once Dawids-ö, where he first preached the faith in a small chapel of wood—the village of Sandstad (Sanct David Stad)—Saint David's Well, where he baptized the heathen, and others.

the castle; splendid avenues of trees adorn the garden, but all looks neglected and forsaken.*

Here is the Royal Haras, founded by Charles XI., who, anxious to improve the breed of Swedish horses, caused stallions and brood mares to be brought from Spain and Arabia.† The chief establishment was at Kongsör, but after the burning of the palace the two were concentrated at Strömsholm. The yearlings and three-year-olds were out at grass, but in the stables stood a large number of good serviceable beasts, designed for chargers, their names and pedigree hanging over the stalls. Above the entrance are two full-sized figures of horsemen in the dress of Charles XI.'s time,—there since the foundation. A splendid riding-school, with open rafters, like a hall of ancient days, forms the fourth side of the quadrangle. The rain fell heavily, till we arrived drenched at the hotel court of Westerås.

WESTERÅS.

Next day was Sunday. The annual "Pigmarkned" (girl-market), held for three successive Sabbaths in July, on the square of Westerås, was at an end. Hundreds of girls stand marshalled in rows to be hired out by the month or year, each with book in hand containing certificates of her former masters as to her

* Gustaf Adolf frequented Strömsholm, and, if one may judge by the bills of fare—dated 1623—was very comfortable. From twenty-seven to thirty substantial dishes were served daily at the king's table—ten or twelve roasts (meat and game) to begin with; next, soups, entrées, seven or eight dishes of fish (pike in salt water among them), finishing off with two or three sweets.

† Full-sized pictures of that monarch's favourite chargers, painte by Ehrenstrahl, hang half forgotten in the corridors of Gripsholm,

honesty and sobriety—morality not alluded to. Westerås girl-fair is the sole remaining in Sweden.

The venerable bishop kindly did the honours of his cathedral, now under restoration.* By the doorway are encrusted carved slabs, one representing St. David, the other Our Lady of the Rosary, to whose protection the city of "Wåstra-rose" was especially commended. A letter of indulgence from the Pope still remains carved on a stone tablet in obscure Gothic characters.

At one side of the sculptured altarpiece kneels Sten Sture the younger, clad in armour, with shield of Natt och Dag device; on the opposite, his spouse, Christina, an aged lady, in mob cap, and cloak bordered with ermine, bearing her golden star, with the legend, "The bequest of Lord Sten Sture, governor of Sweden, and his wife Christina: pray for their souls." † A fine monument, much out of repair, to the father of Ebba Brahe and his two wives,‡ stands in a side chapel.

Here too reposes, after a world of trouble and pain, the body of poisoned King Erik, brought from Örbyhus in most unroyal fashion. A plate fastened over the entrance of the vault, with the words, "The kingdom is turned about, and is become my brother's, for it was his from the Lord;"§ and a small metal shield, with the royal arms and E. R., were the only memento John allowed him. Duke Charles, no party to the

* A brick building with a lofty spire, erected by Tessin, not in character with a Gothic edifice, but exceeding in height all others in Sweden, save Thorshälla.

† Date, 1516.

‡ The monument of Ebba Brahe's father was the work of an English artist. The Countess Helena constantly writes to her son on the subject of the Englishmen who should come about the tomb.

§ 1 Kings, chap. ii. verse 15.

murder, angrily remonstrates—"Our brother's body might have received more befitting burial. Was he not our brother—of royal descent, himself a crowned and anointed king? There is no credit in persecuting a dead body in the grave." He finishes by offering to pay half the expenses of a new funeral. Gustaf III. caused the crown and sceptre to be removed from John's tomb at Upsala, and suspended (where we now see them) over the sarcophagus he erected to his ancestor, using the words, "This crown and sceptre you wrenched from your brother when alive I now restore to him."—An historic "peg" to be quoted in future ages.

Here, in a meadow by the Mälar side, was Erik proclaimed hereditary King of Sweden.* It is told how, as the child stood in state, lightning flashed from the sky, loud thunder was heard, and a rainbow arched o'er the lake; folks deemed this omen to bode no good to the royal boy, and when, after twenty years, the unhappy king, a prisoner in the castle of Westerås, was dragged every day at noon, laden with chains, to the very spot where he had received the homage of the Swedes—men called to mind the signs they had that day witnessed.

Erik was not suffered to rest in peace, for, on the 25th July, 1759, Archbishop Tröill, writing to Count Höpken, says, "It being uncertain whether the body of the king had been removed, and a big stone having fallen from the side of the tomb, I felt it my duty to open it." "The coffin," he proceeds to say, "was of fir, covered with black velvet, upon which was

* In 1544.

placed a royal crown, with 'E. R.', and a cross of gold galoon; the lid opened with two flaps; the shroud was of coarse black velvet. On removing a small piece of silk the head was found covered with a black velvet cap, the face still visible, a very broad moustache on the upper lip, with a red pointed beard half a yard in length. The hands were much decayed. On the feet were black velvet shoes." Now (having satisfied his curiosity) he really did hope the government would, for decency's sake, have the tomb restored.

The massive castle built by Gustaf Wasa commands the Mälar lake. The older building, erected by Bishop Ilianus, an Englishman, was a dower-house to Queen Philippa. After her death, Josse, the king's steward, a Dane, caused offending peasants to be hung up in the chimneys and smoked like hams, harnessing their wives and daughters to the hay-carts of those who were too poor to afford horses for his work. Josse in troublous times took refuge at Wadstena. When the East Götlanders heard where he lay concealed, they stormed the sacred building, and, dragging him to Motala, cut off his head.

The governor kindly caused Erik's prison, now the treasure-chamber of the province, to be unclosed—a low oblong room, barely lighted by a grated casement. A spiral staircase once led below. At the foot lies a massive iron bar three feet in length, at one end a heavy fetter for the foot; a chain connects this implement with a hand manacle of similar workmanship. No woman could lift these irons; a man may do so—for King Erik wore them.

The deposed king was compelled each day to walk chained like a felon, and draw the water for his own

use. Old enemies were named his keepers. Bjelke wrote for copper and iron to forge his chains. Erik writes to John, "I can never believe that so much cruelty is by a brother's orders." Queen Karin occupied a room below her husband. Every morning as the sun rose he called to her from his window, and Karin, like a lark, answered him with some cheerful song. One day he received no answer. Karin! Karin! again he cries. The queen was far away—removed by orders of his brother.—He never heard more the sound of that dear-loved voice.

In a letter from Erik to Karin, dated Westerås Castle, he begs she will not forget her conjugal duty, but still remain faithful to her dear king in his misfortune. "The 11th January," writes he, "they carried me up to the left corner of the castle. You must have heard how I called out and told you. They said I should never see you again. I passed by your room. I know not where you are, but can only guess. Do not forget your beloved Erik, your own dear husband. Our son Gustaf is at Gripsholm,* where Heinrich is, as I understand. Sigrid is at Hörningsholm. God preserve the poor children! I spoke every day from the window of the other prison. Maybe you are nearer now? I do not think you are far separated. Never forget your friend and faithful husband. If you suffer persecution for Christ's sake and mine, may God reward you!—Your heart's dearest husband, Erik XIV."

* In 1575 the council gave orders that young Gustaf should be taken away from Catherine Månsdotter. "It is considered right that Gustaf should not remain at Åbo, lest ill might come of it, but should be taken away, and kept in safe custody at such other place as his Majesty may desire." Erik in another letter from Westerås speaks of his son Gustaf as being with him.

This letter, intercepted by King John, never reached the hands of poor Karin.* Two psalms, Numbers 180 and 373, composed by Erik when at Westerås or at Örbyhus, are still used in the Swedish Church. The latter, a penitential hymn now sung at the execution of criminals, is one of the most touching ever penned by contrite spirit:—

"Oh, Lord God, to whom I complain, my sorrow I never can bear, so feeble am I, and so full of sin.

"Alas! what have I not done! I can be forgiven only for Jesus Christ his sake. Through the world's perverseness I am now a poor captive. As a sheep on an island, I cannot flee or have my freedom until God take me away.

"Taken in the snare, I have fall'n from Him, as the

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* The following are among the most interesting notices of King Erik's imprisonment in Westerås:—In 1572 orders were issued to Oxenstjerna, as soon as the rooms at Westerås were ready and painted, to go to Gripsholm and take King Erik, as Duke Charles wishes to have Gripsholm repaired and new roofed. The king's servants are ordered to be well treated; but, Westerås not being ready, Hörningsholm and Stegeborg were suggested instead of Stockholm. King John writes,—"King Erik having written to beg to have pens, ink, and paper, we answer we will not refuse him, on condition all attention be paid to what he writes to one or another, and that everything be sent to us for inspection. Also, let somebody be with him when he writes; the king, notwithstanding all precautions, contriving to correspond with the rebels." This privilege was afterwards withdrawn. In 1573 Erik writes, declaring how he had refused several offers of release, as prejudicial to the country's interest. He now considers himself entitled to more liberty; he wishes to live by the work of his own hands, in the way of God's appointment; to be allowed to have his wife and children in the country, according to the promise made when he surrendered to Duke Charles at Swartsjö; he wishes for a garden to plant trees in, to take exercise, and strengthen himself by bathing, to pass the remainder of his days in the quiet of domestic life, secure from further insult; begs he may have books and papers, and no longer be kept in the dark.—Westerås, December 1573.

fish falleth into the net. Now the greatness of my sorrow will draw me down still deeper. The word of God alone can help me. May I trust in it!

"By night and by day my heart bears witness against me and abases me. I am condemned by its doom. Oh, God, help me, that I may not fall into that snare of Satan, despair! I beg thee, O Lord Christ, let me not be bereaved of mine heritage.

"Help me to fight manfully, that so I may recover my crown in thy glory and joy. O God, whate'er be my fate, into thy hands I commend myself. To thy keeping I commit both my body and my soul.

"Alas! how little did I dream, in my prosperity, how all things would fail me!" *

* The Wasas were much given to psalmody. Lady Maria, wife of Duke John of Östergötland, sister of Gustaf Adolf, two days before she died (1618), composed, together with her maid, a hymn still extant.

CHAPTER XLV.

Lady of Husberg — Magic virtue of the clover — Burial-place of Ebba Brahe — The parson's hob — Historic palace of Svartsjö — Gustaf Wasa's warning ghost—Badin the faithful negro—"Surprise" of the Kina Slott — Louisa Ulrika Queen of Drottningholm — Her correspondence on art — Gustaf III.'s opinion of Queen Caroline Matilda—The journey of the Laplander — President of the Peasants' Chamber — Gallery of cotemporary sovereigns.

THE rain poured in torrents on our way to Enköping. By the church set on a hill, called Husberg, for many ages stood a cross of iron. A covetous widow one evening forced her servant-boy, fastened by a rope, to enter the cleft in the mountain, still named "The Hall of the Lady of Husberg"—thence to fetch a hidden treasure. The first expedition was successful; —he returned with a basket full of gold. But when the rope was dragged back the second time,—a dead horse was found tied to it. The cross was erected in memory of the unhappy boy: and with the gold thus procured was built the church of Our Lady of Enköping.

We quit the high road at Lislena to visit Weckholm,* in whose church lies buried Ebba Brahe. The road was intricate. After asking till we were tired, a lad wearing a bunch of clover in his vest showed us the way. Wise lad! for clover is a charm gainst all witchcraft:

* Weckholm was the gård given by King John III. to his natural daughter on her marriage with Pontus de la Gardie, so unjustly called in at the Reduction by Charles XI.

the lover bearing a leaf of trefoil in his button-hole can at once distinguish what is deciduous in his fair one—false tails, rouge, white paint, puffings, dyed hair—all the mysteries of female art.

A young lady meets us by the churchyard. "What do we want? She is the priest's daughter. Come to the house and see father while she sends for the keys." The church has lately been restored, and a fine battle the pastor had to preserve the old form intact. The peasants complained to the king; but he got his own way, and the old De la Gardie "minne" still remain uninjured. Behind the high altar lie ranged a vast pile of carved sandstone, marble columns, images of virtues—nobles and their ladies—with pompous inscriptions, as they have lain for near two centuries; once destined to form the monument raised to Countess Ebba by her son Magnus. But the Reduction came. Magnus himself remained unburied. The ruined family possessed no funds to complete the tomb of Ebba, and later—forgot it.

Ebba lies in the vault below, surrounded by her progeny. Not many years since some graceless De la Gardie boys, curious to see the remains of their illustrious ancestress, caused the coffin to be unclosed;—then, satisfied, went their way, leaving it open and unsoldered. There lay Ebba, a blackened mummy—her robe of gold* glittering in the flickering light of the sexton's lantern.

One night a maid in the parsonage of Weckholm,

* To have seen Ebba Brahe a mummy in her robe of gold is sad enough, but less horrible than the portrait of the aged countess engraved by Straus as frontispiece to her funeral sermon, January 5, 1674. The coffin has been closed since the author visited Weckholm.

before covering the fire, made, as was her custom, the sign of the cross—somebody laughed beside her. She turned round to see who it was, but her companions were all asleep. The noise came from a stone in the chimney which the sexton had dug up when making a new grave. The parson, wanting a hob, appropriated it. Next day they made inquiries about the flagstone, and old people in the village related the following story:—

Three hundred years ago a pious man called Melchior was parish parson of Weckholm; every night before going to rest he repaired to the church to pray, caring neither for bad weather nor cold. But his wife was not of the same opinion: "Coming in at two in the morning, and getting into bed like an icicle on a winter's night,—I've no patience with him! Good Father Petrus never indulged in such vagaries." But here her conscience struck her. Father Petrus was the last Roman Catholic priest and a celibat, while Melchior had done womankind good service,—was the father of eighteen children,—she his third wife, and if he hadn't married her she might have been an old maid for ever. So, repenting her severity, she called the servant, Lars, saying, "Disguise yourself as a ghost, to frighten your master when he goes out to-night, and I'll give you a jug of beer." Lars dressed himself in a white sheet, and placed himself in Melchior's path. On seeing the ghost the pious man began to pray, and while he prayed Lars sank slowly into the ground. "Who are you?" asked the parson. Receiving no answer, he prayed once more, when, sinking to the waist, the man cried out, "Master, it is I, Lars."—"Too late," exclaimed Melchior; "your heart, from

which proceeds your sin, is already under ground;"—then giving the wretched serving-man a crack on the head with his prayer-book, he sank down beneath the earth—turned into a flagstone. The peasants erected a cross on the spot, and there it still stands.

The parson's wife was of the noble family of Ikorne (squirrel). She was buried in the churchyard of Håtuna; yet her corpse cannot turn to dust, though her coffin and winding-sheet have long since mouldered away. Not only she herself will not decay, but the arm of her brother which lay next to her coffin became hard as stone, while the rest of his body fell to powder.

You may be sure that when the family (not my friend's, but a former priest's) heard this tale the sepulchral flagstone was sent back to its old place that very day before nightfall.

"You will surely stay the night?" said the clergyman on our return, in good English; "it will give us so much pleasure to receive you; and to-morrow I will drive you to visit a chapel built by your own English princess, our Queen Philippa, where we have discovered some curious frescoes." But northern summers are short and Sweden very wide; so, with many thanks, we decline, and after partaking of tea and smör gås again get under weigh, bound for—by what road, neither postmaster, map, nor dictionary could tell us—the old historic palace of Svartsjö.

SVARTSJÖ.

We got there somehow, and found not much to see, though quite enough to please *—a long-deserted build-

* Judging from the following letter of the queen, Svartsjö boasts of antiquities, and has been a royal site from the earliest days:—"J'ai

ing with good suites of rooms, in the style of Gustaf tredie; one side commands the lake, while on the other a shady grove leads to the very house. In this retreat, small and compact, Louisa Ulrika passed the last days of a hard, ambitious life, complaining of her neglectful children. Poor queen! she felt their alienation deeply; still it never entered her mind she could herself be to blame. When the old queen dies Duke Charles writes a very proper letter to King Gustaf, regretting he was the "only child absent, unable to receive her adieus and offer his care;* how-

passé ici à Svartsjö pendant vingt ans presque tous les étés sans avoir jamais su qu'il s'y trouvoit des ruines d'un ancien palais du Roi Ring. L'endroit où se trouve cette ruine s'appelle Ringanäs, et n'a jamais changé de nom. Gustave Ier. le fit démolir, et de ces mêmes briques le château de Svartsjö qui fut brûlé a été rebâti par les ordres de ce prince. J'ai été voir aussi cet endroit, et l'on voit très bien l'enceinte. Vous voyez, mon cher fils, que nos promenades nous ont rendues très savantes; et puisque je sais que vous aimez les antiquités, je me suis fait un plaisir de vous en faire part."

* When Gustaf was about to leave Sweden on his Italian journey, his heart melted towards his stern mother. Among his papers is the "brouillon" of a letter, as follows, though whether it was sent there is no proof:—"Prêt à quitter ma patrie," he writes, "je n'ai pu me résoudre à partir sans rendre compte de V. M. Je vais chercher en d'autres climats à dissiper des chagrins qui minent également ma constitution et qui accablent mon cœur. Si les malheureux circonstances qui séparent deux personnes que tout devroit unir m'ont privé du bonheur de prendre personnellement congé de ma mère, je ne puis du moins renoncer à la consolation de lui renouveller en partant ce que l'Evêque de Gotenbourg a été chargé ce printemps de vous dire de ma part, madame, et je vous supplie de croire que je regarderois toujours comme je le fais dans ce moment, et même dans tous les momens qui l'ont précédé, vos sentimens pour moi comme essentielles au bonheur de mon cœur, et qu'il n'y a rien au monde qui l'a affecté et qui l'affectera toute sa vie plus que lorsqu'il a cru trouver du changement dans le vôtre. C'est avec ces sentimens que j'ai l'honneur d'être de V. M.," &c.

" . . . le 15 Juin, 1780.

"Mon cœur, déchiré dans ce moment par tant de mouvemens différens, ne peut point se refuser de vous parler d'un enfant qui,

ever, it is a great comfort to think a sincere reconciliation did take place before her death, and that in her last hours she had enjoyed the embraces of her family." Dated "28th July 1782, aboard the yacht 'Esplandien.'"

Svartsjö, a monastery founded by Sten Sture, became a favourite residence of the Wasa dynasty. Many of Gustaf Wasa's letters are dated from this palace, and tradition tells of noises heard foreboding the death of that monarch. For eight days before Christmas, groans like those of an old man, followed up by the wailing of an infant, proceeded from the cellars of Svartsjö. The jailer's wife told Queen Catherine, who in great alarm sent the parson and chaplain, with fifty persons, to listen.—Too well they heard the warning. Gustaf ordered the clergy to preach "repentance" next Sunday. They did so; and he died soon after. Folks say the ghost sang a short psalm of its own composition, with the refrain, "No man who can help you is to be found in this world"—a most uncomfortable idea. King John raised a stone, that this foreboding should never be forgotten.

Old Svartsjö, as depicted in Dahlberg, was a feudal building, walls, towers, and cupola, set round with endless vanes. Here Erik first received John on the latter's release from prison. The duke with Catherine, coming by water, had scarcely landed, when Erik, meeting them on the bridge, fell on his knees, calling his brother lord and master. Then John, kneeling

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quoique cause de tous nos chagrins, en est bien innocent. Je vous prie, madame, de le regarder avec quelque tendresse; il est le seul rejeton de votre sang et le petit fils d'un roi dont nous chérissons tous les deux et respectons la mémoire."

down, cried, "I am but a poor prisoner, who begs your royal mercy." "Don't say so," sobbed Erik, and they both roared, hugging each other, still prostrate, till Queen Catherine Stenbock, who set a right value on these protestations, bad them rise. "Get up," said she, "and don't make such fools of yourselves before the people."

It was at Svartsjö the madness of Erik first declared itself. For proof see his journal of the year 1567. "The guests filled me with strong wine, against my liking. I should have made a speech, but could not collect my thoughts. 30th July.—To-day they gave me bad bread. Aug. 12th.—They plagued me with wet linen; they set the trumpeter Blasius to speak in enigmas; they set the pages to torment me; a guard told me I ought to fall on my knees before him, but why he would not say; they told me many lies; they set my wife against me in a manner too shameful to relate." Wretched man! In the midst of politics and state affairs—suspicion, remorse, and forebodings of his impending fate breathe forth in every page of what he aptly calls 'Infelicissimus Annus Eriki XIV."*

Erik piqued himself on his syllogisms. He seems to have begun by the Q. E. D.'s ever turning against Duke John or Svante Sture, and to have settled the beginning afterwards:—

"He who refuses to give assistance against the enemies of the land separates himself from the country.—Duke John refused me aid against my enemies in Poland.—Q. E. D., Duke John has separated himself from the country."

* This diary of Erik XIV. is preserved in the library of Baron Rålamb.

In the garden, beneath a phantom lime planted by the hand of Gustaf Adolf, stands a white marble group of that monarch and Axel Oxenstjerna, sole remains of its former splendour—even the nightingales, who here bred (the only spot in Svea), flitted, folks say, when Louisa Ulrika died, ne'er tuning their pipes again—a touching story, which, in plain English, reads, No one was left to prepare their dinners. So we wandered beneath the shady limes along the lake's side, to the charmille planted by "the Charmer's" favourite negro.

Badin, whose real name was Kouschi—a personage in his time—was picked up as a child in Africa, and presented to Louisa Ulrika. Eight years after his arrival, the queen, calling to mind he was of no religion, had him baptized in the chapel of Drottningholm. The royal family, standing sponsors, conferred on him their united names, six or eight in number; and the heathen appellation of Kouschi was changed to Badin, or "the Chaffer." Louisa expressed her royal desire the negro boy should remain a "natur barn;" no one was to contradict him; she wished to study black nature as it was, setting her face against all whitewashing. "Badin," the queen writes from Berlin, "est le joujou de tout le monde, et fait les délices de la reine, des princesses, et de toute la cour." At home he became the torment of everybody, called the crown prince a rascal, nicknamed Prince Frederik "Monsjur Snus" (Mr. Snuff), worrying court ladies out of their wits, tripping up the maids;—a downright black nuisance. But no one dared complain; the queen's theory must be carried out. The maids of honour struck first, and one day, in secret, gave him a sound flogging, threatening him with strangulation if he told the

queen. The "piges" soon following court example, Badin, to use a vulgar expression, got more kicks than ha'pence. Still, Nature left to herself came out well; the negro boy grew up a faithful servant, and never disclosed the many court secrets which came to his knowledge. When the dowager was on her death-bed she ordered her protégé to ride quickly to Frederikhof, open her bureau, and burn her papers. Badin did so. Gustaf, always curious about letters, was much disgusted at this auto da fè; he would willingly have known all his mother had written during the years of their estrangement. "Are you aware, you black rascal," cried the king, "this act may cost you your head?" "I am in your Majesty's power," replied he; "I would do the same again." The king, when cool, appreciating his fidelity, appointed him assessor of Svartsjö,* with two farms for his support. Badin would never assume the title. "Where did you ever see a black assessor?" asked he of those who called him so.

Again under weigh, we drive through a varied scene of islet, lake, and fast land, with cottages, farmhouses, haycocks, and other matters agricultural, and in time reach Drottningholm—the real Versailles of Sweden.

DROTTNINGHOLM

On Lofön Polish Queen Catherine first built a house of "trä," which passed into the possession of Carl

* The portrait of Badin at Gripsholm, all feathers and fig, was the property of Princess Sophia Albertina. Though of a beautiful black, he was endowed with very ugly features; he died in 1822. Louisa Ulrika granted him, in a document signed and sealed by her own royal hand—still preserved among the Gustavian papers—certain farms in the parish of Drottningholm.

Gyllenhjelm, gunstling Magnus, and others. In the seventeenth century Queen Hedvig Eleanora, having drained the bog, here erected a palace after the designs of Tessin, and from this period "the Queen's Island" became the favourite residence of Swedish royalty.

Drottningholm, though imposing, is of moderate size —an oblong corps de bâtiment, with high-pitched roof, flanked by wings and cupola'd pavilions — the front commanding a landscape of rock, pine-clad island, and the blue water of the Mälar. On the opposite side a terrace leads by a flight of steps to a French garden, adorned with statues (some of great merit—cribbings from Germany), fountains, and platte-bandes, bounded by long avenues of glorious limes, whence diverge walks—wild as the greatest hater of formality can wish for. Here in the sylvan theatre constructed by his father, with stage of turf, coulisse and green-room of clipped trees, Gustaf III., with his merry court, acted small French pieces in the open air.*

Next comes Flora's park, and lastly the Kina Slott, raised by Adolf Frederik in 1752, as a "real surprise," to celebrate his queen's name's day. She knew nothing of its building, though it took four years to complete. Every article was ordered at Stockholm in the names of different persons, and when ready sent on rafts by night to their destination. Queen Louisa knew the king was filling up a marsh with piles; she had been

* We read how, one August eve, 1762, the real theatre caught fire from a boy overturning some turpentine. Mademoiselle Basloth, an actress, crying out "Au feu!"—the court escaped in a hurry, tumbling over one another. Countess Wrangel and her daughter were nearly trodden to death.—A cry for which Mademoiselle Basloth received a pension of one thousand rix.

one day to look at it, but, having no fancy for damp smells and wet feet, never went again. A fête was announced — a grand masquerade — the court in Chinese costumes. The queen, by her own account, found the shoes uncomfortable, and thought the king looked like a fool in his long pigtail, but was determined to be in good humour on her birthday. They walked together through the garden, and were met in the avenue by the crown prince, dressed as a shaking mandarin, who, kneeling, presented his mother with the golden keys of Kina Slott.—It was truly a fairy scene: French actors, thirty-six cadets dressed as Chinese boys, myriads of lanterns, flowers, music, and "magots." Two operas were played, followed by a ball and fireworks, lasting till six the next morning. This festival, which with the "surprise" cost the king "tre tunnor guld" (26,000*l.*), so pleased the queen, that next year she built a similar tower, called Canton—a pretty toy—full of Chinese furniture and rich porcelain.

In the gardens are, summer-houses, châlets, and belvederes, outside one of which we came on Queen Josephine and Desideria, drinking their "teas," and, though graciously beckoned on, made a hasty retreat.

Hundreds of people in the summer season come daily by steam to Drottningholm, returning the same night, for there's no place to sleep in. Mounting the palace steps, you reach a wide hall with splendid staircase, adorned with busts, painted and gilded in the style of the elder Tessin, who so dearly loved the "ancients." To the left are the rooms of the French school, now once more appreciated — no high art, but subjects suited to every-day life, by Vanloo, Loutherbourg, Boucher, Chardin, and others. The fat Wachtmeister,

declining our company, sent a good-natured maid. "There was a list once, but it's got mislaid," and not forthcoming. In one chamber hangs an interesting series of the Wasa family, from Adolf Frederik downwards, chiefly by Lundberg.* Amongst these, and others by Pasch and Breda, is a portrait † of Louisa Ulrika by Roslin, admirably painted—a most determined-looking old lady—long-gloved, shrivelled arms, tricked out in black and white lace, with many pearls. Louisa Ulrika was the real Queen of Drottningholm. Her letters to the Queen of Prussia teem with remarks, projects, and plans, discussions on painters, and her acquisitions. "I pass the summer at Drottningholm," she writes, "which is not only fine, but the most charming palace in Europe;" then talks about her newly-built temple of "Amen" (Hymen).

1747.—"My library and the gallery are almost finished, but I shall not enjoy them this summer, which grieves me. I passed a day there lately, and changed all the ornaments of the rooms, which were in the old taste; doors, windows, and cornices, all has been pulled down, and will be refitted next year according to the taste of the day." The queen alludes to the decoration of Tessin—scarcely to be regretted, so charming are its substitutes. She gives an account of the library—busts of marble and bronze placed along the cor-

* In speaking of this "roi des pastels," Louisa Ulrika writes,—"I expect Lundberg from France, who shall paint the prince. The portraits already done are not good likenesses." Again, after his arrival,—"Nous avons fait une acquisition ici d'un des plus fameux peintres pour les portraits en pastel. Le prince l'a engagé à son service; il s'est acquis une grande réputation en France, et a été reçu dans l'Académie Royale de Peinture."

† Admirably engraved by Snack.

nices—portraits of "my dear family," with tapestry in imitation of Watteau—her cabinet of Dresden china, regretting "silvered wood turns black so soon in Sweden" (Potsdam is partly furnished in silver). "I am forming a gallery of pictures *—the best ornaments

* *Extracts from Louisa Ulrika's letters to her mother, speaking of her purchases.*

No. 1.

"Frederickshof, 14th July, 1747.

"J'IRAI cet après-midi en ville pour voir le nouveau château. Les Etats ont donné une somme fort considérable pour l'achever. Ce sera un cabinet des plus magnifiques, et l'architecture est parfaite au dire de tous les connoisseurs. Les ornements sont tous dans le goût nouveau. Il y a beaucoup de tableaux qui sont venus de France, de Boucher, d'Oudry, de Vanloo, de Chardin, de Raouls, et de tous les plus fameux peintres de nos jours. J'ai fait la folie de faire venir de France des tableaux. J'ai donné à Boucher pour sujet les quatre heures du jour, et à Chardin les délassements de la vie privée, et, comme pendant, la femme œconome : ils ont trouvé beaucoup d'approbation à Paris, et ici je les ai dans mon cabinet. On a gravé celui de Chardin. Je prends la liberté d'envoyer à ma chère maman l'estampe qui en a été gravé à Paris. Je me flatte que cela amusera ma chère maman pour un moment. Je la supplie de vouloir me pardonner si je l'entretiens de pareilles bagatelles." &c. &c.

No. 2.

"Stockholm, Dec. 1747.

"MA très-chère maman a trop de grâce de vouloir avoir une si grande idée de mon cabinet de tableaux ; ce n'est qu'un très-petit commencement, mais qui cependant peut être vu des connoisseurs. Les tableaux Italiens ne sont pas tous noirs ; c'est selon les maîtres. Paul Véronèse peignoit en clair, et c'est de ce peintre que j'ai acheté le tableau, qui est très beau. Il y a aussi le Parfant (?), qui pour les paysages étoit un des grands peintres de son tems. J'en ai deux pièces ; toutes les figures sont charmantes, et l'ordonnance parfaitement belle. J'attends tous les jours de Paris deux tableaux de Chardin et trois de Boucher. Il me semble que quand on est seule c'est une compagnie qui amuse toujours."

No. 3.

"Stockholm, 9 Avril, 1748.

"LE portrait que ma chère maman m'a fait l'honneur de m'envoyer de Mlle. Knesebeck étoit une énigme que je n'aurois jamais devinée si ma chère maman n'avoit eu la bonté de me l'expliquer. Lundberg

one can have in a room; but will not submit to mediocrity."

"Surely that's Caroline Matilda?" we ask, pointing to the picture of a young queen in male attire; "those are the Danish arms; give me the list." Then comes a rummage.—The boudoir is furnished with real Swedish satin, spun from the cocoons of Louisa Ulrika, who cultivated silkworms at Drottningholm. As regards Caroline Matilda, the queen-mother "had her eyes open." "My opinion," she writes, "is that Struensee is an impudent fellow, who will end his life between four

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l'a peint pour moi; il est frappant, et je crois qu'il est impossible d'en voir un plus ressemblant. J'ai trouvé par un hasard à acheter un cabinet de médailles Romaines que le Roi Gustave Adolphe avoit pris à Prague, et qui avoit appartenu à l'Empereur. Sa mort l'a laissé à la famille, qui n'en a pas connu le prix; ce qui est sûr, c'est qu'il n'est point équivoque, les armes de l'Empereur étant sur le cabinet, qui contient plus de 4000 médailles de bronze et en argent, avec plusieurs statues antiques de bronze, des lampes sépulchrales, des vases lachrymaux, et une urne. J'avoue que cet achat m'a fait beaucoup de plaisir; je m'en amuse à présent presque toute la journée. Mais c'est une étude qui demande beaucoup d'application. J'irai demain à Ulriksdal pour y avoir mes dévotions; j'aurai cependant," &c. &c.

Among the rest hangs the portrait of the Queen-Mother of Prussia, Sophia Dorothea, concerning which Louisa writes:—

No. 4.

"Stockholm, 23 Avril, 1745.

"J'ENTENDS dire que ma chère maman se feroit peindre pour le roi. Je ne sais si ce n'est pas trop hardi que d'oser lui en demander une copie, mais j'avoue que c'est la plus grande grâce qu'elle pourroit me faire. J'ai à la vérité son portrait, mais, le roi m'ayant donné Drottningholm, je souhaiterois pouvoir faire ma cour à ma chère maman dans tous les lieux où je me trouve, et par malheur il n'est point dans cet endroit. Je supplie ma chère maman d'avoir la grâce de me pardonner cette indiscrétion en faveur du tendre et sincère attachement avec lequel je suis sans cesse avec le plus profond respect," &c. &c.

A very dutiful letter. Judging by the portrait as it now hangs, the queen was a fat, bloated, coarse old lady, but Louisa, on receiving it, writes,—"Perne n'a point réussi à lui donner cet air de majesté, de bonté, qui lui est si naturel."

walls. The princess asked what you said about Copenhagen; I replied, nothing at all. She knows all about her sister-in-law. Dear, what a pretty muff you have sent me!"—This was all the effect that sad tragedy had on her.

Gustaf III. himself, with more tenderness of disposition, writes, he is so sorry for Caroline Matilda, "though we have long foreseen the event,"—in the flower of her days disgraced, dethroned, imprisoned for life, without hope of happiness, if, indeed, her misfortune does not go further.* With reference to the cession of Holstein to the Danes in 1773, Louisa, greatly excited, rages, "It is inconceivable how the empress can give up a whole duchy to Denmark. I only hope Holstein will not be allowed to preserve its vote in the Diet. The emperor cannot grant this of his own accord, without the consent of the electors and princes; at any rate, in this sad affair this thought affords me consolation."—The Danes would now be of her Majesty's way of thinking.

We next pass into the drabant guard-room, hung with strange tapestry of gilded and painted leather, and rich in hunting-pictures, one of a huge bear shot near Svartsjö in Charles XI.'s time—another of the Laplander who, having in four or five hours driven his sledge a distance of one hundred and twenty-four miles Swedish, to announce an irruption of the Danes, was ennobled by the king as Rehnstjierna (Reindeer star).

* According to the Swedish despatch Caroline Matilda replied to Count Rantzau, "Elle le méprisoit comme fou, mais qu'elle ordonna aux autres officiers de la respecter comme reine." She seized the officer who barred her passage by the hair and shook him; he remained quietly at his place, but the queen fainted.

The horse who performed the feat fell dead on arriving at Stockholm.*

We reach the library—once renowned through Europe for the manuscripts, now removed to Stockholm—a fine oblong room. Here stands—unique in the pottery line—the celebrated faïence vase from the Alhambra;† how the king got it no one could tell me. In the gallery adjoining are preserved many of the treasures he brought back from Italy. An old guide-book talks about a small linen "näsduk" (pocket-handkerchief),—on which King Erik wiped his dagger after the murder of Sture,—stained with blood, bearing in the centre, beneath a royal crown, the Wasa arms broidered in gold and silk, in each corner the king's cipher, E. R.;—also Bo Jonsson's seal, and other relics, of which "pige" knew nothing; and we, glutted with bloody shirts in the Klädskammar, cared not to inquire for. Lastly, a folding door opens on the loggia of the court chapel, the cupola'd pavilion which flanks the building.

The queen's rooms contain much fine china ‡—objects of virtu—all in good preservation. You then reach a gorgeous suite of rooms in the Tessin style, with painted ceilings, arabesques, and panelled allegory; midst which is a pleasing full-length portrait of Queen Hedvig, to whom a Virtue offers a medallion of her fair young boy. Among the portraits is that of Peter Ollson, president of the Chamber of Fourth Estate or Peasants, who, in

* His picture was also taken by Ehrenstrahl (Klocker, who studied under Gargen Jacobs the Dutchman), the animal painter of the day.

† See 'Pottery and Porcelain.'

‡ Ulrika Eleanora thanks her mother for the magnificent porcelain she has received, which she will value as much for the giver's sake as because it is the most beautiful ornament of her room. Probably some early Berlin marked B., with the cipher S. D. in medallion.]

virtue of his office, attended (as is still the custom) the royal accouchement of Charles XI.'s queen in 1686, and received as his right a silver tankard weighing 100 lots, and containing 100 ducats. He stands a fine-looking peasant, with long hair and cap of lynx-skin.*

Next pass the chamber where Charles XI. was born — perhaps the best specimen of the time now extant. The battles of Carl Gustaf and his son, the former painted by Lemlke† (after sketches by Dahlberg) — interesting to Swedes; but "slaget vid Lund"—General Douglas in Livonia—are such old stories:—A jolly mêlée, with corpses, smoke, and white horses on their hind legs, by Wouvermanns or Borgognone, is good fun; but an army drawn up in semicircles and squares like an old-fashioned garden, with city labelled "Warsaw," and a sprawling river, with "Vistula" in big letters floating down it, is a tame

* When, Nov. 4th, 1769, Olof Hakansen, president of the Fourth Estate, died at Stockholm, he was buried in the Riddarholm church with the greatest honour; his name and biography engraved on a silver plate of the coffin, which was drawn by six horses, the pall borne by twenty peasants clad in black: first followed a deputation of the nobles, twenty-four in number, preceded by the landsmarschal; next twelve of the clergy, preceded by a bishop; then twelve burgesses, headed by the burgomaster; and lastly the House of Peasants, by their lagman. At the bridge they were met by forty-eight mutes, lantern-bearers, who conducted them to the church, which was illuminated by 4000 wax candles as well as torches, and lined with the royal guard. When the coffin was placed on the platform, and the company marshalled to their respective seats, the bishop commenced his funeral oration, choosing as text—"A good name is better than precious ointment." The coffin was then attended to the vault by the landsmarschal, bishop, and the speakers of the Four Chambers.

† Philip Lemlke, born 1631, at Nuremberg, a pupil of Borgognone, came to Sweden at the call of Charles X. Like all battle-painters, one particular horse stands prominent in every picture. A rival to Ehrenstral, he went out of fashion, and died at Stockholm, in 1711, in the greatest poverty—scandal says unpaid for his services.

affair; so, mounting the staircase—once for a court fête arranged as Parnassus, and peopled with gods and goddesses—we reach the "Salle des Contemporains," where, according to old Swedish custom, hang the brother and sister sovereigns of King Oscar. The Queen of Spain, bearing on her flounces the lions of Aragon and the towers of Castile, looks grand and heraldic; Queen Victoria, in early womanhood—a very pleasing picture—simple and dignified; Emperor of the French—moustached and effective; George of Hanover, with fine chiselled features and sightless eyes—painfully interesting. Amidst these sovereigns the Bavarian portraits bear the palm as works of art. King Otho,* in Greek costume and olive-tinted face, might serve as model for an Albanian brigand; while King Max,† clad in the dark velvet suit of some noble order, stands graceful and refined as a Vandyke. The rest are all in military attire; and yet how few had ever yet smelt powder save Victor Emmanuel, who, all moustache, looks out from a small medallion above the doorway—not yet King of all Italy. The Emperor Nicholas, frumped at Swedish neutrality in the late war, is alone wanting in the series—a green veil covers the panel where he ought to be, like that of Marino Faliero in the Doge's palace of Venice. Midst the royal consorts, in a room adjoining, the Empress Eugénie and her young sister of Austria—fresh as a May-flower, in a white dress and green leaves—bear away the palm of beauty.

Before leaving, remark the good taste of the present dynasty in preserving all memories of their Wasa predecessors. Old King Bernadotte—here called Carl

* By Dirk. † By Echter.

Johan—never feeling sure he should die in Sweden—bore no love to the memory of the exiled race; but King Oscar, endeared to his people as a born Swede, protected all relics of his country's history. Charles XV., walking in his father's steps, has already done much; and these examples will, 'tis to be hoped, be followed by others.

Again starting, we pass by lunatic asylums and hospitals of vast extent; then finishing off the Mälar, once more reach Stockholm.

UPLAND.*

CHAPTER XLVI.

Rosersbergs — Letters of Hedvig Elizabeth — Her birthday "surprise" — Old Sigtuna — Silver portals carried to Novgorod — English Adelward — The damsel Disa — The dance of Hätuna, and Nyköping "guest-bidding" — Sko kloster — Wrangel cribbages — Nun abducted by angel — A canonised Folkungar — Scotch comrades of Marshal Wrangel — Riches of the castle — Swedish porcelain — Shield of Charles V.

LEAVING Stockholm by early dawn one autumn day, we steamed up the narrow fiord which leads to Upsala. Statön, a good-sized island blocking the way, first disputes the passage. It was a stronghold of early arch-

* The law of Upland dates from St. Stephen's-day, 1296. When Magnus Ladulås died (1290), Earl Thorkil governed Sweden during the minority of King Birger. Wishing to reform the old heathen laws of the country, he bade Birger Pehrson (St. Brita's father) assemble twelve of the best men to peruse and reform the ancient code. When the Law-book was finished, the lagman sung the law before the assembled people, who consented to it, saying it henceforth should be "the right law." Then it was first fixed that no man should be the slave of another, "because our Lord has set all men free from thraldom." The book concludes with the following words:—"The law shall be just—be just, and you shall want no further law." Earl Thorkil met with a poor reward for his services. The dukes filled the king's mind with suspicions against him; friends bade Thorkil take care, and assemble an armed force around him. But the old man answered that he had always been faithful to his king, and would do nothing. Some days afterwards Erik and Waldemar with a troop of armed men entered the courtyard. Thorkil welcomed them kindly. But they answered angrily,

bishops, who exacted toll from all passers-by, till one Johannes got knocked on the head by the Esterna,—causing succeeding prelates of more peaceful mind to locate themselves elsewhere.

Soon we near Rosersbergs, a favourite residence of Sweden's naval and little-loved sovereign Charles XIII.,* who bequeathed this palace, and its well-filled library, to his adopted son Crown Prince Bernadotte. In the great hall hang trophies of those admirals who served in the Russian war, with a monster canvas of some great sea-fight—now almost forgotten.

The palace—furnished in the First Empire style, save the room where Charles died—contains Russian tapestries, presents from great Empress Catherine—that horrid sprawling Juno, by Byström, the vulgarest piece of flesh and blood yet sculptured in marble—a portrait, by Robinson (1793), of Princess Sophia Albertina grown fat; whilst over Charles's bed hangs one, by Wertmüller, of Hedvig Elizabeth—alas! a faded queen. Never yet was so charming a duchess as Hedvig Elizabeth—read her letters to Gustaf III. on

and he soon discovered their bad intention. Tradition says that the king himself came with his brothers, and upbraided Thorkil for his negligent management of the state. "I wish to God, Sire," said Thorkil, "that I had served Him, our heavenly Lord, as well as I have served you." Then the dukes accused him, saying he had hardened the heart of the king against them; and straightway ordered fetters to be brought. The old man suffered every insult without a murmur, saying only sadly to the king, while stretching forth his hands to be fettered, "And you are willing to permit this, my lord king!" Then he was set upon a jade, and, with his feet tied beneath its belly, and well guarded, they travelled night and day, fearing the people might attempt his release. Six weeks afterwards Thorkil was beheaded at Stockholm.

* Duke Charles laughs at his brother's want of knowledge in nautical matters, writing—"You do little honour to the Danish fleet, calling four frigates and a galley a squadron."

his travels—so neatly written, feminine, and chatty; how pleasantly she tinkles—unlike the cold, stiff formality of his queen. Gustaf had asked for her portrait—"she is so very sorry it will not be ready for some months;" and, when it comes, writes, "I am furious about the hands: mine are somewhat red, I own, but not couleur de feu; the painter will make you believe I have come from the celebration of some heathen sacrifice." Then off she rushes into such a rigmarole of paganism and idolatry as would puzzle a first-class Oxonian. Her own theatricals too—all has gone wrong, she says: "Me voilà flambée!"—A royal duchess flambée!!! Such horrid Paris slang!—"sentant les pages"—where could she have picked it up? Scarcely could Duke Charles—so proper as not to see Madame du Barri—have brought it home from Paris. Again, when in Italy, she writes Gustaf gossip of politics, play, and ball, with sometimes a mention of a new gown or fan—womanlike—frivolous, if you will; but such beings are far more pleasant than Roman matrons, Grecian daughters, or—strong-minded young women. "You know," writes she, "one must be born some day of the year; well, the 22nd of May being my destiny, the duke prepared me 'a surprise.' Of course I feigned ignorance, although, from the frequent absence of my ladies, I fancied something was in the wind. Well, while sitting at work in the afternoon, I was startled by a croaking like that of ravens: on turning round, in hopped two great vultures—oh, dear! I was so frightened—who, seizing me by the arm, led me to the duke's room, which was arranged like a pine forest; in the centre was placed a nest; the birds begged me to be seated, and, while the hen-bird looked after her

eggs, the male served me with bread, cheese, and milk. Above the doorway of the next room was inscribed, 'Here lives Bo Jonsson;' within it was hung the arms of the Griphufvud, on a black gauze-and-silver ground. An old man with a long gray beard, rising, made me a complimentary speech." Next came the opera, ending with a costume ballet—"charmant, tout-à-fait charmant." And she copies out opera costumes, dramatis personæ of endless pages—all to amuse her absent brother-in-law in Italy.

Steaming past Steninge, a hunting-house of Charles XII., now the property of Countess Gyllenstolpe, last of the Fersen race—soon a ruined tower rises in the horizon—a second, then a third; a small boat meets the steamer, and quickly we land at Old Sigtuna.

SIGTUNA.

Some century B.C.—though writers dispute the point, muddling themselves and others with conjectures—came from the Black Sea a tribe of Asar, led by that arch-humbug Odin, who, say the Sagas, knew how to still the wind and quench fire—his followers were termed Berserckes, or the Mailless.* Odin founded Sigtuna (which, in old parlance, signifies the home of Sigge), for some centuries the chief town of the Upp Swedes, till destroyed by the Esterna, who carried off the silver portals of the cathedral church to Novgorod.† The natives cast the pure gold key of the

* Odin, say the Sagas, could strike his enemies with deafness or blindness, and blunt their swords, while he rendered his own warriors invulnerable by magic spells. He could also transform himself into a fish, beast, bird, or serpent, guide the winds, and raise the dead.

† In 1170. The silver portals of Sigtuna still adorn the great church of Novgorod.

gates into the fiord; and when the new moon shines it is still seen, and will be (says tradition) until recovered by a maiden as pure in conduct as thought. An arrow betwixt two keys, carved in a rough rock by Thorsätta meadow, marks the spot.

One ruin rises predominant, a stone church of round-arch date, comprising choir and apse; a lofty square tower springs from the arches of the transept. Beneath the nave lies a vaulted chamber, from which a second tower once rose. The old ruin stands well—by the parson's gård, overlooking the Wiken, with its fishing fleet—brown daws cluster on the turrets. In the orchard still stood the Christmas wheatsheaf, mounted on a pole. The parson came out to greet us. "Did we know how Adelward, our countryman, here preached the Christian faith, with such success the offertory at his first mass amounted to 72 marks silver? St. Brita's mother, too, the lady Ingeborg, was buried in the cloister church;" to which news we turn a deaf ear—long since heartily tired of that great saint and her belongings.

Sigtuna boasts one street of long, low houses,—wide gardens,—a small rådhus with a spire. On each side is written up, Stads Kalla, Stad This, Stad That. Duly impressed by her great dignity, we reach the cemetery, where the ruins of St. Olaf peep out from amongst the old trees. Rune stones lie embedded in the pavement and door-step of the parish church, while two finely-carved altarpieces and tattered banners of the Oxenstjerna and Seaton Grafchor attest its by-gone glory.

A half-hour's walk brought us to Venngårn—where let no one follow our steps—a manor-house, most picturesque in Dahlberg—now modernised. Scattered in,

the ruined terrace-garden lay stones sculptured with the arms of De la Gardie. The gunstling* here kept that celebrated library, seized by his creditors at the Reduction. Around the great salle is portrayed, in historic daubs, the story of Queen Disa; for Venngårn was once her dwelling.

The damsel Disa shared, in the later days of pagan worship, equal honours with Freya. She was daughter of the king's chief counsellor, Gushi. A famine raged throughout the land. The king called together the people,—to husband the supplies, it was agreed that the poor, crippled, old, and idle should be sacrificed to Odin. When Gushi told his daughter the decision of the elders, "They are fools," exclaimed Disa; "I know a better remedy." Then the king, exceeding wroth, summoning Disa before him, told her he would listen to her wisdom, "provided she would come to him, neither on foot nor on horseback, neither driving nor sailing; not clad, yet not without clothes; in no year, no month; not by day, yet not by night; not in the new moon, nor in the wane." Disa, marvelling greatly, prayed to Freya. In obedience to a dream, she wrapped herself in a fishing-net, and, harnessing two youths to her sledge, appeared before the king, sitting with one leg over a he-goat which ran by her side. She came neither in the month nor the year, but three days after Jul;† neither in the day nor in the

* Ogier, who dined with the "gunstling," writes, "The dishes, although served by young nobles, were not prepared to our taste. The confectionery was better—animals and flowers imitating nature. We drank for two hundred rix dollars' worth of wine; and as soon as the dinner—which lasted three hours—was over, we got up and danced away far in the night, drinking incessantly."

† In early times, when the year consisted of twelve lunar months, the five intervening days before the new year were not counted.

night, but when twilight first set in; neither in the new nor the waning moon, but when it was at its full. The king, admiring her craft, straightway married her, and, by her advice, divided the people, sending one half away, with arms and seed for a year's crop, to found a colony in the northern islands. Then was Disa looked upon as a lawgiver; suits were decided by her in the Disating, of which the midwinter fair in Upsala is still a relic;* and from her are derived the sayings (proverbial in Sweden)—"A good counsel amends the year;" "it is better to be without bread than without judgment."

HÅTUNA.

Again the pale smoke clouds the horizon: we reembark, coasting by Signilsberg, one of the endless places where Habor was hanged and Signil burned,—flit by Håtuna with its 300 mounds, 'neath which sleep vikings in their Drakes,—Håtuna, a kungsgård,—scene of the best trick ever played in mediæval history. Upon the name-day of King Birger, in 1306, Dukes Erik and Waldemar, getting up a "surprise," invited the king and queen to disport themselves in a new labyrinth they had constructed in the forest. Birger, nothing loth, went with Richissa;—while they ran round the maze the dukes' guards closed in, and seizing king, queen, and ladies, bore them all prisoners to Nyköping—a trick the dukes rued when too late.

The king had been released, and a reconciliation taken place. Birger, on receiving the Holy Communion, swore solemnly that, were he to break his oath, every

* "Når Trättandag ny i fulla fahr,
Å Disa Ting i Upsalom star."

man should be freed from his allegiance. After a lapse of eight years he invited the dukes to a great festival at Nyköping. A young knight met them on the road and said, "Go not; the bitterest death awaits you." "You would fan the enmity between brothers," answered Waldemar, and he and Erik went on their way. A messenger from the queen rode out before them —"Come, come, this very night," wrote she; "we long so to see you!"

When they arrived the table was spread with the richest viands; the most exquisite wines were served. The dukes caroused until led drunk to their chamber, —and there soon fell asleep. Their attendants were desired to seek lodgings in the town;—there was no room for so many guests in the castle. No sooner were they gone than the constable shut the gates; then going with his soldiers to the dukes' room, forced open the door. Waldemar sprang to his feet, and felled the first assailant; but Erik cried, "Let us submit without resistance."

Bound hand and foot with chains, they were plunged into the deepest dungeon of the castle. History tells how the king visited his brothers in their prison. "Ha, ha! ha, ha!" he laughed; "do you remember the dance of Håtuna?" Then casting the key of the dungeon into the howling stream 'neath the castle walls, mounted his charger and fled, leaving the dukes to die, —for none could render them assistance. All Sweden shuddered,—many rose in arms to free the captives, but it was too late.*

* Birger, in great alarm, fled to his brother-in-law Menved in Denmark. He and his queen lie buried in Ringsted Abbey. Honest

Thence on by Finstad, where St. Brita must needs be born, and have or had a chapel.

SKO KLOSTER.

Framed in dark pine majestic rise the stately towers of Sko. Screech goes the whistle; puff, puff, the steam,—landing on the small jetty, we seek lodgings at the inspector's house, a long narrow building, looking on the church, with its queer ugly belfry. This kloster was founded by Birger Pehrson, St. Brita's father, in the last years of the thirteenth century, for "an abbess and twelve chaste virgins." Margareta, lady superior of Wadstena, notes in her 'Kronika,' "Birger Pehrson, lagman in Upland, a pious man and godly, gave ground to many churches and convents, and built in good fashion Sko kloster." Wisby offered advice, sending her own plans as to the separation of monks and nuns, who were to hear mass without peeping at each other.

Of the long list of abbesses, Anonyma alone excites interest: a great lady, victim of some tragedy; her name no one ever found out, though nuns and novices grew thin with conjecture.

Two hundred and two years after its erection a fire reduced the building to ashes. Bishops, prelates, abbesses, and all pious people, called the faithful in aid; but times were bad; Sten Sture, busy warring against King Hans, had spent all his spare money on Gripsholm. Then later, Master Olaf wrote a hor-

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matter-of-fact now declares the dukes to have survived for many months, and, after making their wills in prison, to have died, shriven as Christians should be.

rid 'Liten Boock,'* in which kloster life was laid open —no one would assist the nuns of Sko kloster.

In a letter† of Gustaf Wasa to the Abbess Ingegerd, after thanking her for the trouble she has taken with his niece Algård Brahe and her sister (the former had died), he roughly upbraids the lady for "enticing a simple and guileless child, on her deathbed, to cry for the pharisaic habits of a nun. He well knew that dress was not more holy than any other, although many of her class had for a long time employed this, and other foolish delusions, as a bait to secure for the cloisters the goods and money of such as they succeeded in deceiving."

Erik once poisoned, with "John's Polish queen good days are in store;" but, sad to say, though King John loved convents, he wanted stones, so, taking those of Sko kloster, he built therewith his castle of Stockholm.

The convent church, a well-vaulted building, is hung round with "hufvud-banérs" of the Wrangel family.‡ "The pulpit, gift of our benefactor," says Klokker, "came from Germany. Observe the carvings and the gilding; the altar, too, quite a gem; the font; and Magdalen by Dominichino,—all spoil from Oliva kloster, near Dantzig. Observe the texts." We did: there were none about stealing, else Carl Gustaf might have felt uneasy. The Wrangel Grafchor is a fine specimen of northern gyps-work. Hermann, father to the hero, reposes upon a marble castrum—a well-modelled figure —in full plaster armour. The walls, as in Carl Gyllen-

* Stockholm, 1528. † Dated 1528.

‡ The Wrangel pedigree is drawn out from Alfred and Charlemagne.

hjelm's chapel, bedecked with battle-fields and forests in relief, once picked out in colours, are now, together with the splendid equestrian statue of Carl Gustaf Wrangel, which occupies one side, richly whitewashed. A fine suit of armour alone has escaped the brush. Sitting down in the old abbot's chair, we groaned in spirit. "A saint lies buried here," says the sacristan, pointing to a framed gravestone in the aisle, with the legend, "Hic jacet Dominus Holmgerus"—"Holmgeir, a Folkungar, sung in the 'Rhyming Chronicle.'" "A canonised Folkungar? impossible! none speak well of them." Even the peasant family in Östergötland, their descendants, bear a bad name. Such stories, too, of their carrying off royal nuns—fair Ingrid, Svante Polk's* daughter. What says the old lay?—

"The brothers arrive at the convent gate; much joy have the nuns at seeing them. Next morning Sir Folke falls sick, and dies. They bear the corpse to the church; the cloister maidens, lifting the white shroud, wonder how the cheeks of the youth are still so red. Fair Ingrid alone stays behind, and with a sigh exclaims, 'Would to Heaven thou wert still alive!—then mightest thou yet be mine!' Springing on his feet, Sir Folke catches her in his arms. While the brothers, in guise of winged angels, aid their flight, the damsel, mounted on a steed, is borne off by the heavenly visitants, and never heard of more.†

* Lagman of Östergötland.

† This feigning of death was a favourite Scandinavian trick, already practised by the pirate Hastings at the siege of Luna in Italy. When the bishop was about to perform the funeral rites, Hastings, springing from his coffin, brained the prelate on the spot. The gates of the city were then opened by his followers, and the inhabitants put to the sword.

"The cloister nuns, while reading their book
And chanting out their litany,
Sung, 'Sure 'twas an angel our sister took;
I only wish he'd take you and me.'"

All which sounds very like Boccaccio.

Still, no one's a saint without reason. This Holmgeir was son of Knut Länge,* who usurped the royal power for five years, and got killed. Holmgeir fled to Sko kloster, where, after an imprisonment of fourteen years, he lost his head;—to make up he received a grand burial, and was canonised. When old Sko was burnt down, Birger had his bones carefully reburied where now they lie. At one time, on holidays, a rich wrought carpet of needlework, with a full-length portrait and inscription recording his death, was exposed to public view—it now hangs in the Museum of Stockholm.

THE CASTLE.

The castle, with its four octagon towers, capped by minarets, resembles that of Aschaffenburg, near Frankfort on the Main. Eight Ionic columns of white marble, gift of Christina to Carl Gustaf Wrangel, support the vestibule.† Charles XI., at the Reduction, called in these columns from Nils Brahe.‡ "But," remonstrated Brahe, "if the columns are taken away, the slott will fall." "In that case," said the monarch, "you must purchase them;" so he named a fancy price (18,000 dollars), and made Brahe pay it. Around the corridor of the first floor hang the Scotch comrades of Field-

* See p. 2.

† He commenced the building in 1649.

‡ Who, by his marriage with the admiral's eldest daughter, was at that time the possessor.

Marshal Herman Wrangel;* the panels inscribed with mottoes in various tongues. 'Twas a strange mania for saws which pervaded that century; even the old gilt painted harpsichord—the baroness's—did not escape the fever. Politics, Law, Church, and Physic express their sentiments as to the charms of music, Medicine terming it "the nourishment of health and life." This corridor leads to the state apartments. Some are hung with tapestry, gift of great Louis Quatorze; the rest with rich gulskin, stamped over with flowers. Carved chimney-pieces, reaching to the ceilings, are wrought in arabesques, ciphers, armorial shields, and angels with noses most unhuman. Coffered ceilings of gyps are triumphs of the plasterer's art—all Scriptural subjects; in one the Dragon of Babylon, with set claw fighting Daniel, holds between his teeth a lustre of rock crystal. The floors are of stone, the furniture an assemblage of Venetian mirrors, cabinets, inlaid tables—spoils of rifled Germany; china; state-beds, all over spangles, topped by panaches. N.B.—Ostrich feathers made out of wool look wondrous well in the distance—a wrinkle to folks of mediæval tastes and short purses.

The portraits yield alone to Gripsholm—the great

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* All these portraits were painted in the year 1623:—

Patrick Ruthven, Field-marshal, Governor of Ulm, Earl of Forth (born 1586, died 1651); a fair young Scot, richly dressed in ruff and trunk hose, with a terrier at his feet.

Herman Capel (born 1595).

Jacob King (born 1590), Lord Eythen; died in Stockholm 1562.

David Drummond (born 1593), Lieutenant-General, and Governor of Stetin.

Thomas Muschamp, Lieutenant-Colonel (born 1580).

Carl Kammel, Captain (born 1593).

William Man, Captain (born 1590). His wapen, a man with two eyes—the captain has only one.

families of Brahe, Wrangel, Königsmark, Bielke, "au grand complet." Herman hangs between his two wives; Carl Gustaf Wrangel galloping on his charger, by Ehrenstrahl; Brahes, from the first beginning; old St. Brita, but not her brother, who refused the crown;* both Peters;† Abraham;‡ Erik, who lost his head at Stockholm; Tycho; Joachim, of the Blood-bath; and Magnus, fair Ebba's father, who died grieving over Gustaf Adolf's fate. Passing Margaret,§ in her eternal hat and feathers, comes Ebba, more lovely than ever —such hands!—painted in Holland, original of the portrait at Gripsholm, from the collection of Axel Oxenstjerna; again—to destroy all sentiment—an ugly old woman, in her "smäck och gravor," seventy-six years old; Elsa, who married Rhine Count Adolf (Charles X.'s brother); her daughter, the Princess of Stegeborg: not one is absent—all the kings and queens, from Gustaf Wasa downwards; Catherine Jagellonica—sole portrait extant in Sweden; Sten Sture.

The guardian, unfolding cabinet after cabinet, displays historic relics—St. Brita's knife, smelling-bottles of Queen Gunil and Gustaf Adolf's widow—not forget-

* When Magnus Smek and his son Hakon were deposed, the Swedish lords wanted to elect the brother of St. Brita, Israel Birgerson Brahe; but refusing to betray his sovereign, he went abroad to be out of the way. The nobles then offered the crown to Albert of Mecklenburg, and appeared before him in ragged garments, with cords round their necks, —a token of submission to his authority.

† A portrait of the second Peter, painted by Cooper, is engraved by Falk; also a splendid engraving after Klocker.

‡ Portrait of Abraham is engraved—a handsome man, with a square beard.

§ Engraved in her hat and feathers by Lars Pfanstedt.

ting a ruby encircled by rose diamonds, once the alliance-ring of his first love. Room follows room, each hung thick with portraits, till, reaching the round tower, we find, to our amazement, a slightly-draped statue of Carl Johan as Mars, by Byström, singularly undignified, —one of those colossi Swedish sculptors had a rage for when Walhalla was in contemplation.

In one cabinet are two specimens of real Swedish china, from Louisa Ulrika's fabric of Mariberg, date 1750, given by Princess Sophia Albertina to Countess Stenbock. The one is a sauceboat, of fine transparent pâte, white, partly gilded, painted with pink etchings; the other a covered sugarbasin, with wreaths of raised pink leaves, from which hang medallion views.

The third story is divided between the Rustkammar and the library.* This latter would be better placed in the splendid knights' hall, which occupies one side of the building—never completed—like all great works in Sweden, put a stop to by the Reduction.

A collection of arms occupies six rooms: nine hundred firearms of various kinds, taken by the Wrangels and Brahes in their campaigns, with many of historic note,—once the possession of Bo Jonsson Grip, Christian the Tyrant, Erik XIV., and others. All interest is, however, swamped by the far-famed shield of the

* Time did not allow me to visit, even in a desultory way, the manuscripts preserved in the library of Sko. They are of great value, especially in relation to the history of Sweden. Among them is found an original letter, signed by Erik XIV., to his tutor Dionysius, giving orders to negotiate his marriage with Mary Stuart—a little arrangement most strenuously denied by the king in his letters to Elizabeth. The correspondence of the Thirty Years' War is most voluminous, as well as that of Charles XII., Christina, and other celebrities.

Emperor Charles V., taken at Prague in 1648—a masterpiece, it is called, of Benvenuto Cellini; though that artist does not mention it among his works.

With wearied eyes, after two long successive visits, we left the castle-gate, and again re-embarked on our journey.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Upsala cathedral — Tomb of Gustaf Wasa and his queens — St. Brita's papa — King John fished up from the Baltic — His queen — How they all looked in their coffins — Gustaf Banér (Linköping) — "Ancient" Swedes' love of truth — St. Erik's shrine and banner — His murder — Great Margaret's whetstone and shift — Coronation of Erik XIV. — The art of flying.

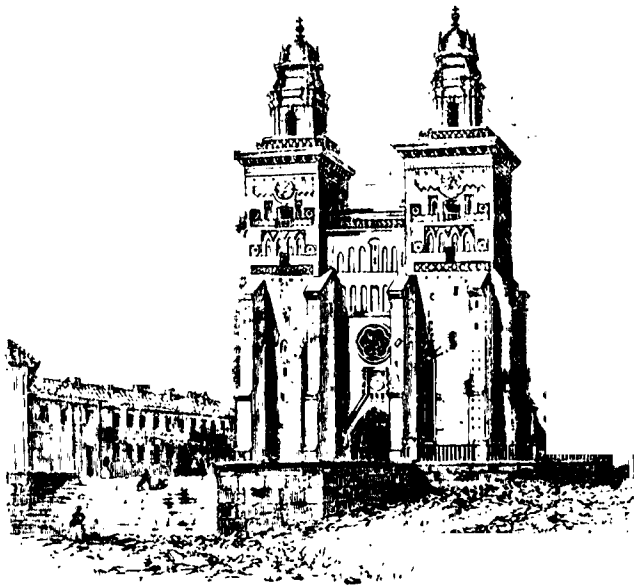
UPSALA.

WE reached Upsala—Östra Aros* once—till in the thirteenth century the kungsgård flitted from the old city—now a seat of learning—maybe, too, of a little drowsiness, for it remains in statu quo, scarcely improved during the last twenty years. From afar, across the wide-extending plain, three buildings—the ancient castle of Gustaf Wasa, the new Library and Domkyrkan—rise conspicuous. The last stands proudly on a hill called "Mons Domini."

When Svea, victorious, gained her archbishopric, Estien de Bonneuil—"tailleur de pierre"—architect of Notre Dame—having furnished a plan, came to Sweden with ten master builders and ten apprentices skilled in the art of stone-cutting.† The Elector of Cologne and Abbot of Corvey—though why they should meddle does not seem clear—ordered the church to

* In contradistinction to Westra Aros (Westerås).

† In 1287, September 8, the contract was signed by Estien de Bonneuil, "Stenhuggaren," for the building of Upsala Domkyrka; for the plan of which he received from the Swedish students then resident in Paris forty livres in silver.



UPSALA CATHEDRAL.

be built after the plan of the French cathedral, with this difference—Upsala, save its portals, is of brick.* Viewed from beneath the organ, in spite of clumsy pewing, whitewash, and columns with blackened capitals, the eye admires the grand simplicity of Estien's craft. A modern altarpiece,† modelled by Richard Precht ‡ from that of Loreto—all seraph, sunbeams, cloud, and flourish—obscures the view of the Lady Chapel, where, within an iron grille, twined with heraldic emblems, stands the fine tomb of Gustaf Wasa.§

* The roses carved above the north door are said to be in honour of the English apostles who christianised Sweden. The lofty spires, blown down (of course), were replaced by De Besche in Gustaf Adolf's time. In 1702 the church suffered greatly from a conflagration, and the towers were again recapped by one Carl Harleman, a man who mistook his calling—he should have been a pewterer. To his handiwork Linköping owes her dreadful tower, and Upsala the service of dishcovers by which her finest buildings are desecrated. The cathedral was placed under the protection of St. Lawrence, St. Erik, and St. Olaf. "What's everybody's business is nobody's business," says the proverb. The patron saints troubled themselves but little, for the burnings of Upsala Domkyrka would fill a chapter in themselves.

† The sepulchral stone of old Archbishop Lars (Laurentius Petrus), first Protestant Archbishop of Upsala, and friend of King Gustaf, lies near the altar, while that of Archbishop Oxenstjerna, whose armour hangs in the Klädskammar, forms a pendant on the opposite side.

‡ Richard Precht, of Bremen (born 1651, died 1738), a pupil of Millich.

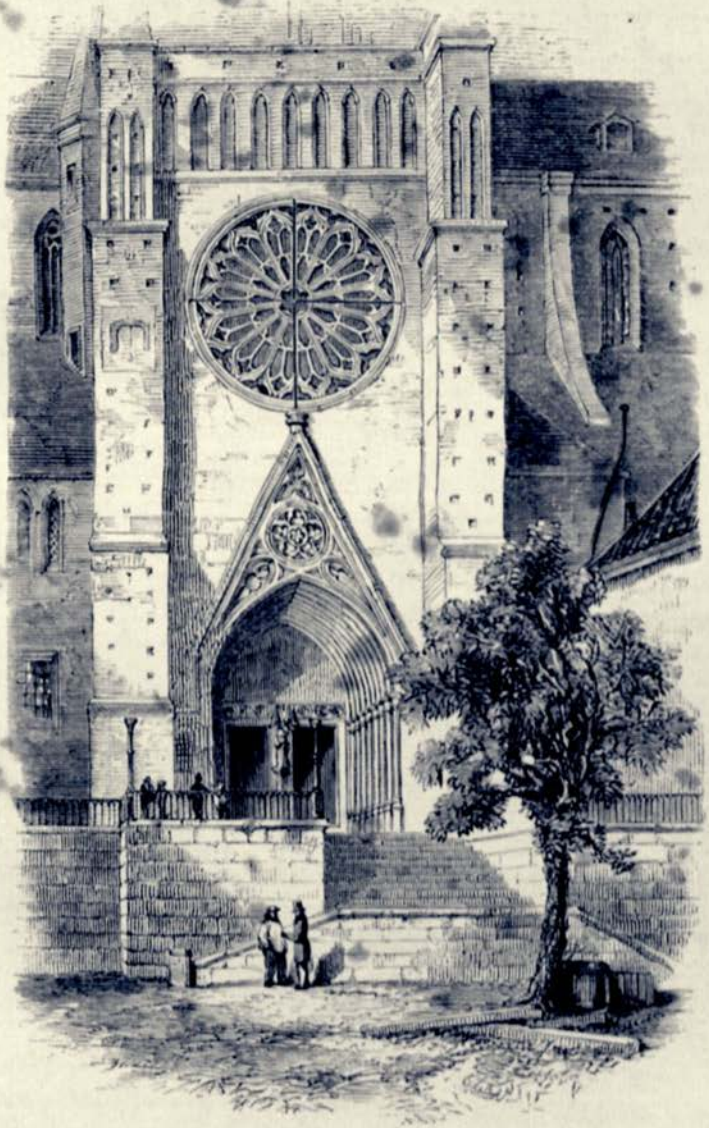
§ This monument, executed in the Netherlands, was erected by King John in 1572. To the delight of the anatomists, the coffin of Gustaf Wasa was some years since unclosed. A regal circlet, surrounding a skull, gives the describer an opportunity of indulging in a long tirade. The unusual length of the cranium, the high retreating forehead, plainly denoted tenacity of character, love of country—all of which the world in general was quite aware of, without disturbing the monarch in his last repose. Gustaf III. frequently expressed a desire to lie by the side of the first Wasa sovereign—a wish no one paid any attention to. This chapel has been restored, the vaulting semé'd with gold stars on a blue ground, the walls painted in well-intentioned frescoes by Sandberg—scenes from the life of the hero.

The crowned king, sceptre and orb in hand, lies on a "castrum doloris," between his two queens—unloved Catherine of Lauenborg, and Margaret, "perle des perles" of womankind, "his heart," the constant intercessor for all who felt his wrath. The head of Gustaf, with long beard flowing over his full chest, well responds to the stern character of that aged king.

Queen Margaret, of sweet and gentle countenance, arrayed like her predecessor, bears the same regalia and powdering of crowns:—the dynasty was too lately established on the throne to adopt the Wasa emblem. Around the tomb are emblazoned the arms of Sweden's provinces. Those of Carelia—two mailed arms fighting for a crown—might have served for the royal brothers, "who," says the historian, "as children, fought for toys—as men, for kingdoms." When the coffin was opened, round Margaret's head was found a crown of pearls; above, the motto "Margaris ætatis gemma nitorque suæ."—Queen Catherine Stenbock sleeps in the same vault.*

The sculptured gravestone of Birger Pehrson, lagman of Upland, father of St. Brita, lies in the adjoining chapel, date 1328—much resembling our English brasses of that period. Birger, in full chain armour, tramples under foot a lion. From beneath the petticoats of lady Ingeborg peeps forth a little monster: around

* The first royal burial which took place in Upsala cathedral—though the learned were at times inclined to dispute the fact—was that of King Magnus Ladulås' eldest son, a boy of fifteen, in 1279. In 1729 a coffin of oak, powdered over with the "three gold crowns," was discovered in a vault beneath where the shrine of St. Erik now stands—a matter of no moment, did it not afford an additional proof of the early adoption of the three crowns in Sweden.



PORTAL, UPSALA CATHEDRAL.

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are small figures of their seven children, among whom appears Brita, with her hair down—a sign of grief.

Next comes the chapel of King John, whose monument, after being shipwrecked,—fished up again, remaining for years forgotten in a Dantzig warehouse,—was set up, crownless and sceptreless, by Gustaf III.* Though the figure by Tuscan Donatelli is worthy of that master, the castrum is of wood, and the ornaments a regular makeshift—cherubims holding helmet and gauntlet, ladies with flowers, David with his harp, Melchisedec with bread and wine—such an incongruous assemblage as never before was seen. John is the first sovereign who bears the crowned shield of Wasa. Queen Catherine Jagellonica lies alone on a fine monument beneath a crown suspended from the ceiling. An archway, supported by marble columns and hung with gilt emblazoned plates of arms, forms the background: the face of the recumbent queen is pleasing. Poor Queen Catherine, on her deathbed, was much disturbed at the idea of approaching purgatory. "Surely," she cried, "after all I have endured of worry and torment in my lifetime, I ought to be exempted." Then her puzzled confessor (says Protestant tradition), not knowing how to console the dying queen, owned to her that the stories of "skärseld" were all lies—invented by the priesthood.

King Sigismund carried his mother off to Cracow, where she now sleeps in peace—so say the people. A pretty story, perfectly untrue, as the coffin was found some years since; and when the royal circlet was lifted

* Wargentin first discovered the monument, June 18, 1777, in the Tyghus at Dantzig. The citizens declared that it had, after its mishap, been given to the city by King Sigismund.

from the queen's head, off it came, scalp and all, with the long flowing hair attached, as to a wig.

In each chapel repose heroes and great men—names well known in history. Gustaf Banér lies under a canopy of limestone, by Aris Claesson, of Haarlem, sadly degraded—Christina Sture beside him; his sons and daughters, fourteen in number, kneeling around —John Skytte,* tutor, and, as scandal says, brother to Gustaf Adolf—a splendid face, with pointed beard in the type of Charles I.:—not a flaw can be found in this monument—"such is the respect and love borne in Sweden to all that pertains to the memory of the great Gustavus"—wrote somebody—all stuff and nonsense: the tomb escaped the fire, added to which there is a fund for keeping it up. Since King John's days there has been no Old Mortality in Sweden, nor has anybody cared for anything save the Sten-folk.—Oxenstjerna,† Sture (last of the race), Magnus Stenbock, Ribbing, Horn, and others of note, follow in succession, till we reach the mural tablet of Linnæus—a tribute of affection raised by his pupils—of Swedish porphyry, with a medallion portrait in bronze, after the design of Sergel.

* The Skytte barony, largest of the lot, was spared at the Reduction —Skytte having lent effectual help in placing Carl Gustaf on the throne. Before the work was completed, it was swept away with the rest.

† Bengt the pilgrim, as he is called, born 1591, set off on his travels in 1613, visiting Jerusalem and the East—a great feat in those days. Attacked by the Arabs and wounded, he was compelled to return, but three years later reached Ispahan, and was well received by King Abbas. After undergoing endless adventures, he returned to Sweden in 1620, and accompanied Gustaf Adolf to Germany, became Governor of Suabia, died in 1643, and was buried in Jäders. He is said to have spoken seven languages fluently. A good-looking fellow he must have been, to judge by his portraits—by A. von Hulle, engraved by Peter de Jode.

To the left of the altar, beneath a crown enriched with gems, stands the silver shrine of St. Erik;* of beautiful workmanship, but so guarded by a grille of gilded roses as to be scarcely visible. Kings are proclaimed "by the grace of God and St. Erik," and the oath most to be relied upon, of sovereign and peasant, was, "So help me God and St. Erik, king and martyr."†

When Danish Prince Magnus sailed secretly to Upsala, King Erik was at church, and refused to move. "Let me hear mass to the end," he answered to the servant who brought the news. The time for action slipped by—he was taken prisoner and beheaded.‡

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* Not that of Queen Margaret's time, for the gilding of which she paid to Lambert the goldsmith 534 English nobles, but one of later date, given by King John to replace the former, which he caused to be melted down when hard up.

† "In days of yore," says an old author, "the Swedes always were true to their word, and this virtue was thought to be the first quality of a good king. In speaking of a sacred oath, they said, 'That is a king's word.' The old vikings would rather die than break even the most foolish promise. Once it happened that Sorle and Atle came to fight together. They had thrown away their swords, and wrestled until Sorle cast Atle upon his back. Standing over him, he exclaimed, 'Oh! if I had my good sword, I should be glad to kill you.' 'Go and fetch it,' said Atle; I promise to remain where I now am lying.' Sorle went, and Atle kept his word."

Another curious case is related. "One Lars Romfarer, a holy man, during long and toilsome wanderings, collected alms to build a church in Swedon. When the church was finished Lars intended to make a fresh pilgrimage to Rome. Before starting the chalice of the church was missed, and the people suspected one of the pilgrims to have stolen it. When Lars heard this, he said, 'That man among us on whom the chalice is found shall be hanged on the nearest tree.' But the thief had hidden the chalice in the knapsack of Lars himself. 'Hang me,' cried Lars, 'for I have sworn it,'—his companions did so without more ado."

‡ 1160. The horsehair shirt worn by the king on the day of his death, stained with the royal blood, was, or is, preserved among the relics of the Chapter-house. The last compliment paid to St. Erik took place in 1699, when the Polish ambassador, causing the shrine to be opened,

In Roman Catholic days this shrine was borne on each Erik's mass in grand procession to Old Upsala to commemorate the transfer of the sainted relics.* Thorlack, last of Erik XIII.'s bishops, when forced to flee Upsala, stole the finger-bone of the holy Erik to secure a favourable wind. A dreadful storm arose—repenting of his sin, he brought back the relic—then, with a breeze, sailed quietly on his way.

St. Erik's banner hung above the tomb: no Swedish chieftain who bore it feared the coming battle—the soldiers, inspired, felt sure of victory. In 1495 Sten Sture gave a receipt, signed by himself and the great Council, "all as one, and one as all, to relieve the archbishop of all blame should mishap befall Sweden from its loss;" for, says the chronicler, "both the people and the clergy held it as the greatest treasure of the country." On it was painted the royal saint bearing a shield, with the three crowns of Scandinavia.

Many are the wonders related of St. Erik. "When the high-born lord and prince King Birger lay sick, and all his flesh was gone—nothing but skin and sinew remaining to keep his bones together—the watcher, fearing a fit might prove his death, vowed a pilgrimage, should the king recover, to some royal and holy shrine." Undecided betwixt Olaf, Knut, and Erik,

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kissed the relics one by one, "and called poor me," writes Rudbeck to Bengt Oxenstjerna, "by such fine titles I hardly know myself. He must have taken me for a cardinal at least, making me a long Latin speech about the 'Atlantica,' so flattering, I was quite abashed; and at dinner he so praised the 'asp,' saying it was a fish unknown in Poland. He never ate fish; but it was so very good—indeed, he had 'eaten a great deal more than he ought to have done.'"—A good diplomatist!

* Anatomists who examined the relics declare Erik to have been a man of small stature.

he tossed up; Erik came down "heads" thrice—it was evident the vow was accepted. The king soon got well again.

The 18th of May was celebrated in Upsala as the death-day of St. Erik; prayers were offered up to him for a productive harvest, as at that time of the spring the spike of the rye usually shows itself. The peasants still say, "When Erik gives spikes, Olaf (July 29) gives cakes."

In the sacristy, together with the regalia of King John and his queen, is a chain, once the property of Gustaf Adolf, to which is suspended the alliance-ring given him by Ebba Brahe. Above hangs the whetstone sent by Albert, in mockery, to great Margaret, for sharpening her scissors, together with the banner unfurled by that indignant queen—her shift—borne in triumph against her rival. These relics were carried off from Roeskilde by Charles X., with a dress of Queen Margaret's embroidered in gold.*

A shift of St. Brita,—her girdle and purse of velvet, show; with all her mortifications, she was a woman, wearing horsehair next her skin—without,—rich pearl embroidery. No wonder these relics are so well preserved, when one canon held the title of "Grand Maître de la Garderobe sacrée."

In Upsala cathedral was celebrated the coronation of all Swedish kings—a crown on the roof marks the spot beneath which the circlet was placed upon the monarch's head.

Erik XIV. first bore the closed crown, as king by

* Charles Philip, in his journal, dated Roeskilde, 1618, mentions, with other sights, "a robe of Queen Margaret, and the recumbent figure of her son Olaf, said to have been poisoned by the Swedes."—He alludes to her brother Christopher.

right of inheritance.* His coronation was a prettier sight than most royal pageants; Queen Catherine Stenbock and the Frökens arriving at Upsala in their state galleys. At the anointing the king was stripped to the waist, and then "smöred" (anointed) by the archbishop, kneeling on one knee beneath the canopy. The prelate first anointed him on the chest, praying "God to grant him a holy heart;" then on each shoulder, next between the blades, "that he might have strength to defend his people." The smöring over, they passed on him a white petticoat; the ceremony ending by a "stateliget panquet," which lasted from five in the afternoon till two in the morning. For the following week there was no end of fun: bear-baiting by dogs, a battle between a bear and a bull, in which the former got tossed. The art of "flying" too was exhibited from an opening in the church-tower down to the Slotsbacken. At the coronation the Chancellor Nils Gyllenstjerna fainted away, letting fall the crown.—Erik's life was made up of omens.

He was the first sovereign who received the key of the Eskil chamber, instead of the ring by which the Roman Catholic kings of Sweden "married the Pope." One conferred on his spiritual bride the treasures of the realm, while the other gave as a settlement "masses and the ceremonies of the Church." Gustaf Wasa exchanged the ring for a key, which became the fourth emblem of the Kings of Sweden.

* He caused to be made a complete regalia by a skilful jeweller of Antwerp. When in 1542 the grand chancellor was sent on an embassy to Paris, the King of France transmitted a crown, sceptre, and orb to the prince as a proof of friendship. Whether Erik ever received it is dubious, for Sten Lejonhufvud, who accompanied the embassy, and got called over the coals for his ill manners, accused the chancellor of pawning it to a Jew at Bremen.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Murder of the Sture — Erik's remorse — The blood-money — Students' choirs — University — Swedish historians — Gustaf Wasa and the last archbishop — English St. Henry — His holy thumb — Library — — Codex Argenteus — Erik's diary — Gustavian papers — His first copybook — Education — First and last Blue-book.

HARD by the library, planted on a height, stands the old Slott, now residence of the governor—commanding the wide plain to Gamla Upsala, Danmark, Waxala,* and elsewhere—imposing from its size and situation. The great hall of Christina has remained dismantled since the fire of 1762—not that the queen left anything to burn. How a Swede's blood must boil on reading the treasures carried off by her to Rome—spoils of the Thirty Years' War, lost for ever to the country. Setting aside monasteries and towns, Christina's gallery comprised the pillage of the Emperor Rodolph's palace at Prague—unheard-of riches, as well as many fine pictures purchased at the sale of King Charles I.†

Of the old Kongshus no one knows much. The

* Waxala, a pagan village, which has the right of bearing on its armorial shield the head of the god Balder.

† These last cost little. On May 23, 1650, "Vandyke, by himself," sold for 15*s.*; Charles V. and his empress for 30*s.*; the mistress of Titian for 100*s.*; seven portraits of Charles and his family, by Vandyke, from 30*s.* to 150*s.*; a Correggio, 50*s.* In 1689 the gallery of Christina was purchased by Odescalchi, from whom it passed into the Orleans collection, itself sold in 1791. Some of these pictures, again finding their way back to England, now hang in Stafford House.

present building dates from Gustaf Wasa, who, pulling down a lot of useless churches and convents—"take care of the tin pots," he writes; "don't let the soldiers get them, they are so very useful"—seized the materials; then, adding insult to injury, baptized one fat round tower "Styrbiskop." Under this turret, to the left of the ruined gateway, lies the now roofless prison of Nils Sture—scene of that bloody murder known to readers of Swedish history.

The trial was over. Erik, worried and annoyed, exclaimed in his half-madness, "I am like a snake in an ant-hill among that pack, and must take care they do not make mincemeat of me;" then, stung by remorse, he acquitted the nobles. "I am convinced," he writes to Svante, "of your innocence; enemies have plotted to cause this breach between us." And Karin consoled the lady Martha, saying, "All will be well again;" but Göran once more got the upper hand.

It was the 24th of May: Erik, arrayed in a black dress of Spanish velvet, and a white plumed toque, entered the prison of Lord Svante Sture, and, falling on his knees, implored his pardon. "Give me," he cried, "your daughter in marriage." "All I possess is yours," answered Svante. At this moment arrived Göran, and whispered, "There are those abroad who wish no good to your Grace,"—then reported how John, no longer a captive, was raising an insurrection. The vision of the "fair man," his destroyer,* rising before his eyes, Erik rushed forth like a madman, and the doors again

* The astrologers Göran and Dionysius declared the stars to foretell that Erik's misfortunes would proceed from a man with fair locks—"ljusa hufvud." This might designate either his brother John, or Nils Sture.

closed upon the nobles. Master Petrus, the royal confessor, to calm his ruffled mind, took the king a walk, conversing the while on religious matters,—but it was of no avail. Nils Sture sat in his prison; it was little better than a dog-kennel: his servant had with difficulty cleared with a broom of leaves space for his master to sit in. Having sung a psalm, the captive lay on his bed reading a prayer-book, when in rushed the king, drawn dagger in hand, and called him Traitor. "I am no traitor," he answered, at which Erik ran the dagger through his arm. Nils, drawing it out, wiped off the blood, and, kissing the handle, returned it, saying, "Good my lord, spare me; I have not deserved your anger." "Hark!" laughed the king, "how the villain begs his life!" Per Williamson, a guard, struck his halbert into the prisoner's eye. Nils fell, gasped out, "Gracious king, spare my young life." "He still speaks," stamped Erik—then the deed was completed, and the corse lay pierced with seven wounds. The blood-stained clothes worn by Nils Sture on the day of his murder are still preserved in the cathedral sacristy; to his hat is fastened the glove of his betrothed.*

* These relics were kept for many years in an iron chest with twelve locks—all opened by one key—together with a parchment, signed by the nobles, bishops, and priests, giving an account of the murder. One hundred years since, for fear of damp, they were removed. The dagger with which this murderous deed was done—a fluted perforated instrument of Italian fashion—hangs, an object of sad interest, in the Rustkammar of Sko kloster—the maker's name, Johan Solis, still visible. Svante Sture and his two sons sleep in the cathedral church; no monument marks their resting-place. Erik himself composed a complimentary epitaph to Sten Sture, brother of the victims, who fell in a naval fight; which, though consumed by the fire, is still preserved to posterity. It commences—

"Lord Sten Sture, thou young and gallant knight."

Frantic with remorse, Erik, rushing to the prison of Svante, on his knees begged pardon for the deed. "If," answered the old man, "you have shed my son's blood, you must answer for it before God." "Ah! you'll not forgive me; then share his fate;" and, tearing through the portal where we stand, he fled to the woods, followed by a few guards. Now his old tutor Dionysius, fearing the worst, pursued him. Finding the king, he begged him to return to Upsala; Erik struck at him with his sword;—Dionysius avoided the blow. "Tame that rogue for me," cried he; the tutor, turning, ran, pursued by Williamson, who sliced off his left calf, then quickly despatched him. A spring gushes from the spot, called to this day Dionysius' Well. "I have slain my tutor; I'm a Nero," screamed the frantic monarch, and flying hid himself. in the forest—during which time the nobles were murdered in their prisons. Then Karin came to the wood in Odensala where Erik, dressed as a peasant, lay, and singing, unseen, a beloved carol,—watched till the king's brow unbent, and, memory returning, she led him by the hand, meek as a child, back to the city. Erik's remorse was fearful. Falling on his knees in the Danske-salle of old Stockholm Slott, he confessed his crime, seeking reconciliation with the injured families; and Martha Lejonhufvud received a thousand marks of pure silver as blood-money for the massacre of her husband and two sons —disgusting woman! So I thought, and wrote, till, by chance one day, struck by the beauty of a diamond-shaped coin bearing a crowned wasa and the fraternal cipher J. C. twined gracefully together, I looked in the 'Dictionary of Coins,' and there found how the lady Martha, object of my wrath, had given these thou-

sand marks, price of her lord's and son's blood, to aid the rebel cause.—From this silver was struck, in 1568, a coin still called Blod-klipping.

Unbelieving Christina caused the holy waters of St. Erik to be pumped up to the Slott, used for dish-washing and vulgar purposes—a sacrilegious proceeding—even Protestants looked askance; and when, on the 13th May, 1702, fire broke out, the waters proved of little use; in an hour's time the whole castle, save the south tower, was down; the flames licked up the school-house, St. Erik's chapel, three towers of the cathedral,—calcining the now whitewashed columns. Gallant old Rüdbeck,* seventy-two years of age, mounting the roof of the Gustavian Academy, himself directed the hose of the fire-engine. News came that his house was in flames, that both the 'Campi Elysici,' a work of forty years' labour, as well as the fourth part of his 'Atlantica,' by which he hoped to obtain this world's immortality,—would soon be in ashes; still he refused to quit his post; nor would he till the library was in safety. Poor old man!—worn out by exertion and disappointment at losing the fruit of his long and severe studies,—he died that very year.

All Upsala was paralysed till, on the third day, Professor Uppmark's 'Ventilerade,' a beautiful disquisition "de tranquillitate animi," reminded people how,

* Olof Rüdbeck, born at Westerås, 1630, was held at the baptismal font by Gustaf Adolf. He was an universal genius: performed the operatio Cæsarea on his wife with success; planned the decorations for Charles XI.'s coronation; composed the music, performing with his own hand—historian, poet, everything. He is best known by his tremendous work called 'Atlantica sive Manhem vera Japheti posterorum sedes ac patria,' in which he encrusted learning and science with an obtuse coating from which they are even now scarcely freed.

"when Hannibal approached Rome, and the townsmen were in despair, men were found courageous enough to bid at a public auction for the land on which the enemy were encamped, showing hope was not lost;"—which reasoning proved most consoling.

In the court stands the bust of Gustaf Wasa, mounted on four cannons, like a river god, with his long beard; below lies the royal garden given to the university by Gustaf III.—once the delight of Linnæus.

Leaving the observatory to folks who know the stars, we stroll to the cemetery, where each "nation" of students has its own burial-place—one large monument, that of the Wermlanders, is most imposing—a vast block of granite, capped by a bronze eagle (arms of the province), on which is cut the name of each youth buried beneath. There sleep Geyer and other learned men renowned in Sweden, but not elsewhere; for no one learns Swedish, and, what's worse, few translate it.

Upsala, on the whole, is a pleasant place. Of an evening white-capped students of all ages flock round the café, by the river's side, and there—neglecting the pure water of St. Erik's Well—quaff Swedish punch, a most insidious beverage—ruining their youthful complexions. Still, singing, as they do, like thrushes, you pardon this weakness. Music is the charm of Upsala. The students each night parade the streets, or adjourn to the Cathedral Square, where they sing in chorus old Swedish melodies. Professor Josephson kindly arranged a concert on the great staircase of the library during our stay: selections from Bellman and other Swedish composers; both voices and execution were exquisite. From this love of music in both Swedish universities comes the pleasant social life of the small country

towns; each of which boasts a society of Old Upsalers, who during the winter hold their weekly meetings. These youths have their grand evenings—strangers are sure to hear them;—should there be ladies of the party not downright ugly, a serenade beneath the hotel windows may be expected.

Long before 1477 (the date mentioned in the guide-book), King Erik Läspe founded* a Collegium of "4 Canonici Seculares," to instruct youth in theology, medicine, and philosophy. In a succeeding century Erik, Queen Philippa's husband, got bulls from Pope Martin to found a "Studium Universale," but never did so. Sten Sture first set matters going, and here small Gustaf Erikson, dressed in a coat of "English red," studied as a boy. Later the University came to grief. King John, during the red rubric fever, called some professors to the Gray Monk School in Stockholm,—while those who would not sign the new liturgy he threw into prison. Soon after, a pest breaking out, all the students died, and the masters, released from their dungeons (we are in Charles IX.'s reign), found no one to teach. The revival of the University is due to Gustaf Adolf, who, in 1613, with his grand chancellor Johan Skytte, placed it on a footing worthy of the nation. The learned men it has sent forth are far too numerous to speak of.†

* In 1249.

† In the seventeenth century Sweden had but one renowned poet, George Stjernhjelm, who dwelt at the court of Queen Christina. He once uttered a rather coarse joke on her bad morals; lost her favour, and was ordered to change his important office for another of small emolument. Stjernhjelm declined serving the queen. One of his friends spoke to him about asking her pardon. "You must fill the chair (office) she offered you; it cannot be derogatory, because it be-

Few modern nations can vie with the Swedes as historians; nowhere are people of all classes so conversant with their country's annals; a fact which may be explained thus:—in Sweden history don't stand on her dignity, pared down to barren facts, but is alike simple and amusing. Lagerbring in the last century wrote as a "bon vieillard" sitting in his easy chair relating tales to young people of a winter's night. Myself but a poor Swedish scholar, I often take his quarto on going to bed, and find it no soporific. Geyer, a greater genius far, well known in England, is the driest of the series. When selected by Government to write the History of Sweden, he answered, "I accept the offer on one condition; there are many anecdotes and legends I cannot note down, which must not, however, be lost to posterity; let another be appointed to undertake that part; there is but one person who can do it, and that's Afzelius." And well Geyer knew his man, for a more charming collection than the Saga Häfder was never yet put together. Fryxell is quaint and legendary till the death of Erik XIV., when his style changes. Lastly we have Stjernholm—most painstaking writer of the century—for a casual reader too much so.

Fryxell and Afzelius, both in a green old age, may live to complete the tasks they have undertaken, but Stjernholm, with his unwearied industry, can scarcely hope, unless he have nine lives, to reach beyond the Danish dynasty.

The fortress, with its four round towers, in which the

longs to her." "Yes, the chair belongs to her," answered Stjernhjelm, "but the body is mine, and I shall only place it where I choose."—Afterwards he got an office at Dorpat.

proud archbishop,* seated under a raised dais, pledged Gustaf Wasa from his vessels of gold—"Our Grace drinks to your Grace; you must drink deep, for such is our Grace's will"—has long since disappeared. To this toast the monarch replied, "There is no room under the same roof for two such Graces as we;" then rising, left the house.—The prelate ere long found it so to his cost.

A most audacious set of churchmen were these early primates, none more so than Bishop Henry, Englishman and Saint. Bold as a lion, a true churchman militant, he raised an army of Upp Swedes, and accompanied St. Erik to the crusade in Finland enjoined by the Pope. When the Finns were defeated, Erik, on seeing the slain, wept, saying, "How many souls have this day been lost!—would they had only become Christians!" A speech not to the Englishman's taste,—he looked on pagans but as vermin. Henry, inconvenienced by the want of inns, established the practice of "lodging by force;"—on a journey his attendants, entering the farm-houses, without more ado laid hands on the larder.† In Wirmo dwelt one Lalli, condemned for some crime to a severe penance; disgusted at which, his wife refused hospitality to the bishop—Henry quietly helped himself. Lalli enraged, pursuing the churchman to Kjulomyr, overtook him on the ice, and killed him at one blow. Setting the bishop's mitre on his head, he returned in triumph to his cottage, saying, "See, I have killed the bear!" This merriment was of short duration, for, lo! on trying to remove the mitre, it stuck, and when his wife would

* Johannes Magnus, last Roman Catholic primate.

† This forced entertainment was put down by King Magnus Ladulås.

fain pull it off—grew red hot, burning her fingers. In vain Lalli howled, swore, stamped; no one could aid him, till the blacksmith tore off the mitre with his tongs, and the scalp with it. The Christians bore Bishop Henry's body to Nousis, but, finding a thumb missing, went back to look for it among the thick snow. In vain they searched till spring, when seeing a raven, with loud cries, flapping his wings above the morass, a peasant rowed to the spot, and there stood the missing thumb upright on a small piece of ice, pointing to heaven.—To this very day Bishop Henry's holy thumb is borne on the consistorium seal of Åbo.*

Upsala boasts a "Konst Museum," containing fair pictures of the small Dutch school, and many portraits of the early Wasas. Here hangs old Erik Wasa, or rather his head, depicted lying on a faggot;—copy from an old fresco in Orkesta church, near Lindholm,†—Swedes give you a lift in history. The gilt frame, like that of Charles I., is capped with an axe, to show the victim's fate; an idea we humbly recommend to Lord Stanhope for our national portrait gallery. One picture, in the costume of Carl Gustaf's time, just a century too late, the guide-book proudly

* His relics would have been there still had not Count Douglas carried them off to Petersburg. The 19th of January—known commonly as Hinder's Mass—is celebrated by a great fair at Örebro—reunion of the iron-trade.

† Lindholm, an ancient seat of the Wasa family in Upland. Here Gustaf Wasa was born, and until the middle of the last century his cradle and nursery were still shown. The old house was destroyed by fire and rebuilt. At Rydbyholm, another mansion of Erik Wasa, now the property of Count Brahe, twelve miles from Stockholm, stands an ancient turret gateway, in which the king first pursued his studies. The chamber is much in the same state as when he dwelt there. Many soi-disant relics, once his property, are here preserved.

styles "the only true and authentic portrait of Gustaf Wasa as a young man, painted at Lubec." *—Erik XIV. looks out of his dungeon-bars;—Karin, in miniature, far more satisfactory than at Gripsholm; Cecilia, with her fair golden hair, in expression wicked; —Count Wasaborg, fair and florid, not unlike gunstling Magnus;—and lastly, dear Aurora Königsmark, by Ehrenstrahl,—most charming. Here, too, stands the toilet cabinet of ebony and cypress, presented in 1632 by the town of Augsburg to Queen Maria Eleanora, a prodigy of art, patience, and uselessness;—a waiting-maid must first serve two years' apprenticeship to know its whereabouts. The queen gave it to her daughter Christina, who, strange to say, left it behind; then in 1692 Charles XI.'s wife, glad to be rid of such richly-wrought lumber, presented it to Upsala. This cabinet, rich in miniatures by Jacob König, in marqueterie and precious stones, serves to contain a world of curiosities—the Chinese slippers in which the Virgin danced at the marriage of Cana—small pistols used by Christina when travelling, for shooting fleas in the bed-clothes.

We now visit the library—"Carolina rediviva" —of which in 1819 Carl Johan laid the first stone. Mounting the turret staircase, you reach a splendid room adorned with fine marble busts of Gustaf Adolf and "the Charmer." Here in a glass case lies the 'Codex Argenteus' with its violet pages and silver

* This portrait, which came from Räfsnäs, was purchased by a saddlemaker's wife of Strengnäs, who sold it, with a paper vouching its authenticity, to a Kammarherr Silfversparre, green enough to buy it. It is wonderful the University can hold to such nonsense, thereby deceiving innocent travellers.

letters of Mœso-Gothic, half Rune, half Latin, of which the twelve missing leaves were restored some time since by a penitent wachtmeister on his deathbed. This manuscript—forming part of the pillage from Prague—was carried off by Christina, lost or sold in Holland, there found by Puffendorf, and purchased for De la Gardie, who, causing it to be richly encased in silver, presented it to the University.

By its side reposes a thick quarto, bound in parchment—diary of unlucky Erik during his war with Denmark, 1566; a page is set apart to each day, enriched with astrological signs and wonders, beautifully printed; each month commencing "January has thirty-one days," and so on, with notices such as "To-day the knights received their pay." Some are of a more domestic character, "Accepi medecinam pro melancholia" (took physic for melancholy); Nov. 30th, "Baptisata est mea filia Sigridis," which notice is scratched out;—it was the next day, Dec. 1st, when the entry reappears; two Latin verses on the fly-leaf leave no doubt of the king's sentiments towards the fair sex.

Charles XI.'s account-book,—long dissertations by Swedenborg,—last journal of the great botanist, saying, "Many strangers called to see Linnæus, but he was sick and could not receive them." In the Celsius collection is found a volume containing the original documents relative to the English marriage of Erik and Elizabeth,—despatches of Gyllenstjerna, gossip of Dionysius, the king's own instructions to Duke John, and Queen Elizabeth's answers, in which the names of Dymock, Edward, and W. Osborne, ancestors of the Duke of Leeds, appear. Passing over manuscripts of note, we come to the correspondence of Gustaf III., the

contents of that celebrated casket left unopened by his own orders for half a century, concerning which such erroneous ideas were prevalent.* That people could ever imagine these letters would throw light on his son's birth—if, indeed, there was any mystery to reveal—is most preposterous: who, not bereft of his senses, after having palmed off a spurious offspring on the country, would upset the succession by afterwards acknowledging the fraud? Gustaf writes as follows:† "In bequeathing my papers to the University of Upsala, I wish to preserve to history certain interesting anecdotes of my reign, which due consideration for persons still living would otherwise oblige me to destroy. After a lapse of fifty years these papers can injure no one." He then gives a list of the writers, commencing with Mesdames d'Egmont, de Boufflers,‡ and De la Marck. The king winds up,—"If any one wishes to make use of the anecdotes relating to my reign, or print what is curious among the documents, I willingly give my consent." This has not been yet done;—more the pity! The series, comprising family letters, foreign correspondence, political despatches, and dramatic pieces,

* June 11, 1771, Gustaf III. writes from Ekolsund, desiring papers may be given over to trustees, but they are not to be looked at by any of the family.

† June 23, 1788, previous to the Russian war.

‡ Madame de Boufflers was an old humbug. "The news of the Revolution in Sweden cured her belle-fille of a maladie de langueur." Intercedes for M. de Staël; emigrates; is in distress; in her last letter, October 29, 1791, writes—"Je me flatte que la guérison de nos malheurs est réservée à votre gloire et que vous préserviez l'Europe de la contagion dont elle est menacée." She talks of the "affaire du collier," and a deal of politics. Necker writes a confidential letter previous to his daughter's marriage, inquiring into M. de Staël's prospects, whether he is to remain Minister for life, or whether it is true he is to be replaced in six years.

numbers upwards of one hundred volumes,* for the most part in the French language. Volume I. commences with the prince's first copy-book, bound in blue watered silk, stamped in gold with the arms of Sweden. The royal strokes are not less straight than those of common mortals. In 1754 our princeling gets into large round-hand; and for six mortal months pens the same eternal saws, "Les hommes ne commencent à vivre que quand ils commencent à connoître la vertu, et ils ne sont hommes en effet que quand ils sont vertueux.—Gustaf, Drottningholm, 17 Décembre, 1755." At first he wrote neatly; later, right royal blots appear on the scribbled paper. Scarce ten years old, he pens "Entretiens sur la pluralité des mondes," dialogues in which Cicero, Marguérite d'Ecosse, Aristotle, and the stars know who besides, take part. Each margin is scrawled over with sketches—wasas, crowns, men with long noses, hearts, houses, stars, and garters—then in a small neat hand, that of Count Tessin, comes, "S. A. R. est prié de,"—with the question, "Le sinus d'un angle étant donné, on en demande le sinus du complément." At ten years old the child is set to design a palace containing a hundred rooms, and, what's more, settles who's to inhabit them. Mingled with these are fragments of dramas, chiefly historic (5th Dec. 1760), a dialogue betwixt Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou.

* Every document is here preserved, even to the bills of the queen's French marchande de modes, Mdlle. Beauland. Ladies accustomed to the extravagant prices of the present day would gnaw their fingers could they see how little the Swedish queen paid for her "pouffes garnies de crêpe, marabout, etc.," and how much she got for her 987 francs. It was the men who spent the money in the last century. Gustaf paid from 80*l.* to 90*l.* for his embroidered coats.

Elizabeth.—"J'en ai bien trompé d'autres qui ne valoient pas mieux que vous. J'ai été la Pénélope de mon siècle (grand idea); vous le Duc d'Anjou, votre frère, l'Archiduc, le Roy de Suéde, vous êtes tous des poursuivans, qui en voulez à une île bien plus considérable que celle d'———. Je vous ai tenus en haleine pendant une longue suite d'années, et à la fin, je me suis moquée de vous."

Those who complain of the king's taste for building and comedies in after times may set it down to his primary education. A journal dating from March 10th, 1767, commences as follows:—"To-day, for the first time, I entered the senate; although for five years I have had a right to do so, still, out of respect to the king's wishes, I have not exercised it; but the king having ordered me yesterday to attend the sitting, and give him an account of all that passed there, I took my place to-day without any form;" whereupon he commences his Blue-book by noting down the minutes of the day, and scribbling the royal arms awry under a heavy shower of rain upon the fly-leaf. The prince attended regularly, accompanying the record of each motion by a drawing—waterfall, urn burning incense, pagan altar in full smoke—winding up the sitting with "Utgot Klockan ofver trequart på twå,"* as the case might be.

From this drawing and listening the royal brain oft went wool-gathering after his theatre, and amidst the debates, hot and fiery, of the Caps and Hats, are entries not belonging to Swedish politics, such as "Cast of the 'Earl of Warwick,'—

"Warwick . . . . . Prince Charles.
King of England . . The Prince Royal."

* Got out at three-quarters past two.

Then, bored, he illustrates the motion by some biting sarcasm of Voltaire or Rabelais, "Il faut choisir d'être dupe ou dupé,"—things at the worst for rough-rode royalty, as though portending evil, he scrawls down, one July day—

> "Le passé m'épouvante, et le présent m'accable ;
> Je lis dans l'avenir un sort épouvantable ;
> Et les malheurs partout s'étendent sur mes pas."

On the 18th January, 1768, he cuts the concern, giving as a reason "domestic as well as public worries, and deranged health, which causes me no longer to feel in 'mon assiette naturelle,' have led me to give up my attendance at the Diet. His "petite santé," however, does not prevent him from dancing in a ballet that night with Prince Charles as "le Dieu des plaisirs.' This—the first and last Blue-book—terminates June 26th, 1777, with the comedy (query, has it been anything else?) of the 'Jeune Indien.' Dramatis personæ :—

"Belton . . Le Prince Royal.
Betti . . La Princesse Sophie Albertine."

CHAPTER XLIX.

Mora stones — Linnæus a baby — Bad boy at college — His sufferings at Upsala — Room in which he died — Old Upsala — Saga of Erik the Victorious — Two English beauties in a strange land — The Venuses of Österby — The De Geer family — Descent of Dannemora — Örbyhus — Erik poisoned in pea-soup — John's letters and the parsons' lies — Borgia of flowers — Falls of Elfkarleby — Reach Gefle.

MORA STONES.

OF course we drove to see the Mora Stones, passing Danmark and nothing else; so, sitting on the box, to while the time away I read a Latin dissertation all about them.

In pagan days the royal succession went by inheritance until the "Ynglingers" died out. With Christianity came election to the throne for virtue, station, or strength. The old Upland law has it (Birger, 1296): "Now, if it be necessary to take a king, the Upland lagman shall first decide who he shall be; and every lagman shall come and invest him with authority to rule the country, maintain the law, and preserve peace; after which he shall ride his eriksgata. They shall follow him, and take the oaths of allegiance from his subjects; then he shall be crowned in Upsala church by the archbishop; and, if he be a good king, God grant him a long life!" Each lagman, accompanied by twelve learned men, arrived at the Mora field—which word, in old parlance, means swamp. The newly-elected king, with book and saintly relics in hand, took the oaths.

Then the lagmen vowed on the part of old and young, born and unborn, friends and enemies, absent and present, to stand by their sovereign till death. The Mora stone* is described as a mass of rock† mounted on several others; round it were ranged twelve smaller ones, like a domaring; on these the lagmen sat. Beneath stood the stone of homage, carved with the image of a king—crown and insignia. A smaller stone, bearing the date and name of the newly-elected sovereign, was placed within the ring, several of which, mutilated, are still extant. In Gustaf Wasa's time the stone of homage had disappeared; for Anders Nilson (1628) said his father, who lived in Danmark, was one of those set to search after it by old King Gösta, but could not find it. The domaring has been long since destroyed; and on the fragments still remaining little is visible.

Not a satisfactory account; but on arriving at a small building, surmounted by a crown, we entered. Stones, ten in number, lay ranged in a horseshoe form upon the ground, the biggest in the centre, bearing the effigy of St. Erik, and a half-effaced inscription, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and in honour of Erik, saint and king, in this place Erik, most illustrious Lord of Norway, was, 29th June, 1396, elected King of

* The kings here elected are given—Stenkil, 1060; Inge, Magnus Ladulås, 1276; Magnus Smek, 1319; Erik XIII., 1396; Christopher, 1441; Carl VIII., 1448; Christian I., 1457; Sten Sture the younger, 1512, as regent. The Uppsvearne from heathen times possessed the right of themselves deciding the choice, which was recognised pro formâ by the tributary provinces. After a time this custom became no longer admitted.

† Saxo writes—"In old times, when a king was chosen, he stood or sat upon a heavy stone, a sign and surety that his intentions were firm and enduring." In Great Britain we have the stone of Scone, preserved in Westminster Abbey, as well as that of Kingston-on-Thames.

Sweden." A second, that of Carl Knutson; a third, that of Knut, 1167, bearing a shield with three crowns. Then they go tapering down smaller and smaller, ormsling with runes on one, cross on another (many inscribed with travellers' autographs), the last stone so small you imagine it that of the Lap king.*

And now you know all about it—take my advice—don't go and see them, unless you care to wander to the right, and, crossing a wooden bridge, visit Hammarby, where dwelt and died the great Linnæus, concerning whom, perchance, you have heard much, and care little.

LINNÆUS.

In my younger days we knew all about Linnæus;† he formed part of our education. I may be wrong; but it seems the more folks learn, the less they know: and that the much-vaunted modern education goes, like the crab—backwards. Well, you know Linnæus had a "favourite flower," for the guide-book says so—that he picked plants to pieces, calling them Polyandria and Monogynia—horrid crackjaw names, not half so nice as Dr. Lindley's "aceæ" tacked on to everything. And now for my story.

In the village of Stenbrohult, in Småland, dwelt a

* In 1667 the regency of young Charles XI. ordered four figures, typical of the estates—representing a noble, priest, burgess, and peasant, bearing on their heads a canopy—to be erected above these relics; but the plan was never carried out. In 1732 some one writes in the 'Stockholm Magazine,' "The Mora stones are so carelessly treated, that a few years since there was no fence round them, though the governor had received orders to place one. In 1770 Crown Prince Gustaf erected the present building."

† The house of Linnæus in Upsala, standing in a garden of old cut limes, still remains intact, as it should do.

bonde named Jöns, by the side of whose gård stood a lofty lime-tree — one of those trees peasants regard as sacred: they love it for the sweet perfume of its flowers, and in early spring deck the graves of their lost relatives with the fresh green boughs. From that aged lime-tree three families, descendants of the bonde Jöns, derive their names—all alike distinguished in their own sphere of life—Tillander, Lindelius, and lastly Linnæus.* It is said that, at the extinction of the Lindelius family, one of the three branches of the old lime-tree withered and died;—with the death of the last daughter of Linnæus a second ceased to put forth its golden leaves; while, when the last of the Tillander family was called away—all vegetation ceased.

The three races of Jöns are now "out;" but the trunk of the lime-tree still stands o'ershadowing with its three sapless branches the old farm-house; nor would the peasant owner for its weight in gold allow one twig to be cut. "It shall remain for ever," say the villagers; "as long as the name of our great Carl is unforgotten, we'll preserve the old lime-tree."

The father of Linnæus from his earliest youth showed a love for botany; and his young wife became so attached to her flowers, that, when she saw them cut off by the October frost, she sank into a deep melancholy, till roused by the first blåsippa in the following spring. In 1707 an early May, old style, adorned her garden with the freshest flowers; on the 13th of that month, in the midst of her joy, Carl Linnæus first saw the

* There are some very charming portraits of Linnæus, by Kraft (1774) and Roslin, engraved by Bervie. In the French engravings the "favourite flower" (Linnæa borealis) has become nearly as large as a convolvulus.

light. No sooner did the northern summer come on than he was taken into the garden. For the first years of his life he had no other toy than a flower. Neighbours wondered to see the child sit contentedly with his lap full of the wild produce of the forest and moor. Every night he slept with a nosegay by his pillow. The romantic mother could not separate the two in her mind;—so the seasons rolled on until Carl was sent to the Gymnasium at Wexiö. Here, neglecting all other studies, he passed his time in seeking specimens. In 1724 his father received what the Swedes call a "Jobs post" (bad-news letter), complaining that his son would learn nothing. The father, in great sorrow, addressed himself to his friend Dr. Rothman, who, taking the boy into his own house, wrote word, though Carl would never become a divine, there was stuff in him for a doctor. With Latin no progress was made as long as Cicero and Livy were the text-books, so Dr. Rothman wisely exchanged them for Pliny and the Georgics. In due course of time Carl was despatched to Lund, with the following "testamur" from the professors of the Wexiö High School: "As youth in schools resemble young trees in a nursery some of which often after the greatest care bestowed upon them grow up straggling and ill formed yet these said saplings when transplanted in a different soil do sometimes change their nature and become bearers of good fruit, so we trust that you in like manner may in the University of Lund also thrive and do credit to your teachers."—One long-winded sentence with scarce a stop in it. Carl looked forward to the patronage of a connexion of his uncle. As he entered Lund the bells tolled mournfully—crowds pressed forward. "Who is

to be buried?" asked Carl. "Dean Humerius," was the reply—his hoped-for protector!

So Carl studied alone, poor and unassisted, till a friendly professor took him in hand, and later advised his migration to Upsala. Nils Linné deeply felt his son's change of profession. When the news reached his excitable mother, she had a fit of apoplexy;—when brought round, sending for her second son, Samuel, she solemnly adjured him "to look on all flowers as prickly thorns and stinging nettles," and from that day took no pleasure in her garden or human nature. Great were the struggles of the young student at Upsala. His father could afford him no aid; he was often without food; his clothes in rags. After battling on, he in despair was about to quit the university, when, standing one morning in the garden he loved so well before a newly-opened flower—one he had never seen bloom before —"I will cut it," said he: "a last specimen for my herbal—a 'minne' of happy days gone by, and then depart." Carl stood not in the garden alone; a voice answered from behind, "You will do no such thing; leave the flower."—It was Dean Celsius. From that moment the sun of our young botanist burst through the mist. In Celsius he found a patron, and all for a time went well; his lectures were crowded while other professors held forth to empty benches. Envy, now excited, grubs up some old academic rule, and Linnæus is ordered to cease his lectures as contrary to the laws of the university. In his first anger he challenged the leader of his opponents, Dr. Rosens.* By the aid of the

* Linnæus always repented this outbreak of passion, and from that day caused the wise saw to be placed over his doorway—"Innocue vivito—numen adest."

dean he escaped expulsion, and retired to Falun, where he practised as physician. After a time, with well-filled purse, he set forth to visit foreign parts. When in Holland, a princely banker of the name of Clifford employed him in arranging his hothouses at Hartecamp, near Leyden. In England he was received with open arms by the botanists of the day, revelling in the riches of the Soane collection, and the now worn-out gardens of Chelsea and Oxford.

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Linnæus lived to a good old age, and died, covered with honours,* in the year 1778. A contemporary, after praising his amiable and social qualities, remarks, "He could not bear a slow man." "Linnæus," he adds, "was pious. With a deep reverence for religion, he never tried to unravel its mysteries; in his works he always gave the glory to God; that God had willed it so was sufficient for him—he sought no further." Linnæus made it a rule not to work when the brain became weary, and in winter never slept less than nine hours.†

Whilst the Swedes were debating about purchasing his manuscripts and herbal, English gold secured the prize. Gustaf III. in anger despatched a frigate to

* When Linnæus was ennobled under the name of Von Linné, he selected as his arms three fields—sable, vert, and gules, indicating the three kingdoms of nature—on these an egg. As a crest the Linnæa. The heralds, however, changed the original design.

† The King of Spain, of all odd people, greatly patronised Linnæus, offering him a large pension, letters of nobility, the free exercise of his religion, and protection against the thumbscrews of the Inquisition, if he would settle at Madrid. When this monarch sent out a botanic expedition to South America, orders were given to collect specimens for the Spanish Court, the King of France, the Queen of Sweden, and Linnæus.

seize the vessel in which the treasures were embarked: but English ships are fast sailers; the captain gave the man-of-war the slip, and got safely into harbour. The herbal and manuscripts repose, like the bones of St. Brita, in a silver shrine in the rooms of the Linnæan Society, Soho-square, London*—so says the Swedish biographer.

But this story has bored you. Who talks of Linnæus now? What knew he of botanic shows and bonnets?—of waspish epiphytes or Californian annuals? —'Tis to be wished the ghost of the great botanist would frighten the learned square-toes of Upsala into keeping the botanic gardens in a less disgraceful condition.

HAMMARBY.

The driver, pointing to a red wooden gård backed by a grove of trees, cries, "Hammarby!" Cows, carts, and farming implements are scattered around; dogs loiter on the steps, lazily rousing themselves to give one bark, then curl to sleep again. In the courtyard stand aged apple-trees; before the chief door a veteran chesnut. A big magpie's-nest perched on the top commands a private view of the great man's study—never was such a nest. A smiling matron welcomes us. As the day is hot, may she offer a glass of milk? Then leading up the rude staircase, opening a door, she announces "Linnæus's study"—an oblong, cheerful room

* It is to be regretted that Linné ever wrote that conceited journal of his. It winds up with a psalm in his own honour. In the first nineteen verses he gives "glory to God" for what He had made him. The sixteen concluding ones commence, "No person ever did this as did Linnæus."

lighted by many casements; walls papered with outline engravings of flowers from his own works, and adorned with crayon likenesses of his wife and three powdered daughters—nice, fresh-looking girls, the two eldest—the third had a pug-nose. On brackets stood shell figures injured by time; above the doorways coloured engravings of seals and monkeys; "the old arm-chair"—and not a comfortable one—standing by the stove side, with some settles, tables, and carved sofas, completed the furniture.

The adjoining chamber, where the old man died, is hung with engravings of a brighter hue—cacti, yuccas, and butterflies from the tropics. The bed in which he lay sick and weary for months; lacquered tables; curiosities, gifts of disciples homeward bound from China; old walking-sticks; the three-cornered hat; his latest botanic notes; and, finally, a small déjeûner of porcelain, on which trail the tendrils of his favourite flower—all his little treasures standing as he left them—awaken pleasant ideas of calm retreat from this world's cares, and old age secluded from all eyes save those of the magpie, who, now returned, sits on the branches, watching us—perchance the spirit of some pupil set to guard the ancient habitation of his master.—Such a bold bird, too!—flying at Vic as we left the courtyard. "You are proud of your gård," we said to the mistress. "Is it not natural?—we are of his blood."

We next make for Danmarks Kyrka,* founded by

* From beneath the whitewash peep forth some ancient frescoes, covering the whole roof, executed by order of Jacob Ulfson Örnefot (old Archbishop Jacob of Marifred kloster), who introduced church-painting into Sweden. He was sent by Sten Sture to obtain the pope's permission to found the university. Up to that time all degrees of

St. Erik's widowed queen, who, grateful for the defeat and death of Magnus, murderer of her lord, raised a church upon the battle-field, and called it—Danmark.

WYK.

One excursion more we made, and that to Wyk—seat of Count Essen—an oblong castle, flanked by four ranging tourelles with high-pitched roof, from which springs a tapering minaret—a place most sketchable, situated on a branch of the fiord,—once a viking's nest. Though separated by the tangling of the waters, the towers of Sko seem near. The house has been lately restored, the great hall hung with rare armour. In 1572, Duke Charles being anxious to dwell at Gripsholm, John begs lady Anna Bjelke to allow him to hire Wikhus, "that King Erik may be kept there a prisoner instead of at Stockholm or any other fortress." The matter, however, fell to the ground. Royal prison or not, Wyk, with its old gardens and wide commanding view, merits a visit.

GAMLA UPSALA.

One mile from Upsala rise three verdant mounds—behind a church-tower—all that remains of Gamla Upsala. Beneath these tumuli sleep, says tradition,

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honour for learning obtained by the Swedes had been conferred in Paris. The archbishop succeeded in his mission, and was himself a great benefactor to the university. He also presented the cathedral church with the celebrated astronomical clock, which showed the changes of the moon, stars, &c., equalled by one or two only in Europe. Many of the Upland churches painted by his order bear the "Örnefot" mark—the yellow claw of an eagle, with white feathers. Bishop Jacob also first introduced the art of printing into Sweden. He resigned his see in 1514, on account of old age.



GAMLA UPSALA.

Vol. II., p. 182.

Odin, Thor, and Freya. Statistic Mr. Laing believes them to be natural formations—a theory upset by recent discoveries.*

From Odin's Hög Gustaf Wasa harangued, in 1526, the peasants. The day was fine and bright; Gustaf rode up the hill, the archbishop on his right hand—the chancellor on his left—and there declaimed against the Roman faith;—at first with small success, for the priests had set the people against the "nya tron" (new belief), and they looked upon the king as an apostate.

We mounted each hög, then visited the stone church,† —sole remains of that grand pagan temple concerning which we read so much—how its images were richly adorned with jewels, its walls plated with gold.

The Sagas of old Upsala tell of royal marriages in pagan days. How when Rolf espoused King Erik's daughter the king and queen held a "drawing-room." On the throne, by their side, sat the newly-married pair; the courtiers one by one passed in procession, offering their marriage gifts—stalled oxen, cows and bulls, swine, sheep, sucking-pigs, geese, and even cats. In the trousseau furnished to the bride appear a shield, sword, and axe, "that she might, in case of need, defend herself against her husband's blows."‡

* The bones discovered within this mound prove to be those of a woman. In an urn were found those of a little dog. A small bone pin in form of a bird, a piece of a gold filigree bracelet richly ornamented in spiral decoration, some dice and a chessman—king or knight—formed the personnel of the occupant of the giant's chamber.

† The church, once decorated with frescoes by the same prelate as Danmark, has been lately restored in all the glory of modern paint and gilding. The ancient altarpiece is set aside; Anscarius and David poked in a corner. The old carved figure of Thor, rude and mutilated, is now pronounced that of our Saviour—as likely one as the other.

‡ Later, among the higher classes, to show that Swedes no longer

Erik the Victorious (Segersäll) sat at Upsala when the Christian faith first dawned in Sweden. He was a great wizard, and had learnt from Odin many things no other man could know. Feeling he would be the last heathen king of Sweden, he sacrificed in old Upsala's temple to know how many Christian kings would fill the northern throne. He dreamed a dream, and straightway broke open the tomb of King Sverker,* where he found a tablet covered with gold and costly gems. On one side was an oblong table encircled by three times nine crowns marked with the names of kings; on the other a three-cornered table with thrice seven crowns. Each crown was painted in colours, marking the country of the respective owner: blue for the native Swede, red for the Dane, green for the Norwegian, yellow for the German. This tablet was preserved with other treasures of the realm, until Archbishop Trolle carried it to Denmark.†

Leaving the highway, we turn to visit Sallsta, an ancient seat of the Bjelke family;—like all Swedish châteaux, partly encircled by a lake, with garden, tall

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beat their wives, a lance adorned with silken ribbon was cast from the window by the bridesman after the ceremony; a custom general in Charles XI.'s days—used for the last time at the nuptials of Count Douglas and Lady Beata Stenbock in the reign of Charles XII.

* Some fabulous King Sverker of the house of Magog.

† He took out the gems and sold them, giving the tablet to the custody of a priest, who went to dwell at Söfde in Skåne, and entered it on the inventory of the church goods. The Archbishop of Lund carried it off, and a clergyman, one Master James, wrote verses accusing him of the theft, which he could not prove, so was tried and beheaded at Copenhagen, according to the old law of libel, which made the accuser suffer as though himself guilty of the crime with which he charged his adversary, when "non proven." His last words before he suffered were, "Though Master James must lose his life before the cock crows, still the archbishop is a thief, for he stole the tablet."

lime avenue,—containing Rustkammar and Riddersal hung with portraits, midst which stand prominent the two queens,* Brita and Gunil, given by that great house to Sweden. In the corridor was a wondrous set of embroidered horsecloths 200 years old;—now serving to cover tables and settles. From above a doorway smiled a charming lady in the dress of Charles II.'s time, a copy, or perhaps—for damp, dirt, and time have done their worst—an original, of Sir Peter Lely, entitled Madame Norton-Berlande, recognisable to frequenters of Hampton Court as Countess of Northumberland. Then, midst many French friends—Condés, Contis, première Madame—a lady, fair to look upon, with a Cupid, named Madame Bosmud—Louise de la Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth.†—What odd folks do turn up in Sweden!

The roads were heavy; towards evening we approach Österby, where we find clean beds, and feed off eggs and bacon.

Österby, an imposing château, with high-pitched roof capped by a flower-pot, boasts one of the best private galleries in Sweden. There are many good pictures of the Italian masters—two Salvator Rosa—Rosa di Tivoli, whose goats and cows always appear too large for the canvas — Vandyke — Ruysdael, a charming Ardennes scene—Snyders—Backhuysen, sea-piece—a small Paul Potter.

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* Brita, queen of Carl Knutson, died 1437; Gunil, second queen of John III., in 1597.

† Probably brought over by Sten Bjelke, who was minister in England. During his youth he travelled through foreign countries and in Bavaria entered an association, founded by the elector, called the "Society of Peace," the members of which had the same aim as the Quakers in England.

In one room meet three Venuses of Swedish birth by Sergel, Fogelberg, and Byström; that of Sergel, a Venus rising from a shell—pretty but maniérée; she would have looked better far "aux Porcherons," in high-heeled shoes, red stockings, and short petticoats,—more like a grisette than a goddess.*

The chisel of Byström has portrayed a fine vulgar piece of flesh and blood sprawling on a mattrass with the child Love—unrefined, un-idealised.

To Fogelberg the apple would be accorded by the boy Paris, spectator of the three beauties—a very pretty Paris, with well-draped mantle hanging from his shoulder, though too chétif for real beauty, in the Canova style.

Leaving Österby, we made for Dannemora: wooden aqueducts, high "tips," strange-looking buildings, denote the entrance to the mineral district. We stop near the opening of the mine, which from above looks awful, like Dante's 'Inferno.'†

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* The Countess Höpken, née Fersen, one of the three beautiful sisters of Gustaf III.'s court, sat for the head (if not more) of Sergel's Venus Kalipigi. "Surely," said an admirer, "the artist must have been inspired in modelling such a form!" "I may affirm without vanity," replied she, "he has not done me more than justice."

† Dannemora was once in the hands of the De Geers, a noble Walloon family, who founded the works of Norrköping. Louis de Geer, first Protestant of this family, to escape from persecution in the Low Countries, fled to Rotterdam with his eldest child concealed in the lining of the carriage-roof. At Maestricht he embarked on board a vessel and sailed down the canal in mortal terror, until the skipper announced, "Rejoice, you are in Holland!" De Geer, falling on his knees, vowed, if Heaven prospered him in commerce, he would devote one-tenth of his gains to God's service. His prayer was heard. On reaching Sweden, Gerard de Besche, also a Liègeois, was engaged in rebuilding the spires of Upsala Domkirk. By his knowledge of iron-smelting, gained at Liège, and by the interest of his fellow-countryman, De Geer got the cession of Nrorköping, and later of most of the

A tub some four feet high is produced for womankind. Miss Teach'em, our accomplished governess, who had looked forward with such pleasure to inspecting "the steel scissors she had purchased at Eskilstuna in their own native bed," had qualms, not of fear,—oh, dear, no! but of conscience.—Was she justified in going down? her life was not her own property;—surely she owed it to the rising generation neither to enter nor—kick the bucket; still, as her pupil would go—with devotion quite sublime and upraised eyes she followed. Down, down they swing; until they appear like Unaman and his brothers—St. Sigfrid's nephews—three heads in a pail alone visible. In eight minutes' time a loud halloo announces their safe arrival. I then embarked with Jacques and Vic in the small bucket. The latter trembled, and on arriving 'paid black mail as the first dog who had been down. Midway the ox which turns the windlass stopped to breathe—then round we twirled like a bottle-jack. Once below there is not much to see; black in all its shades is the colouring till you reach a newly-made chamber, where among blazing fires of charcoal the miners work. Very damp it felt, though open to the air,—some of the men coughed hoarsely; they brought us asbestos and garnets to buy. In one corner stood an iceberg of frozen snow wreathed in fantastic form like some blighted and weird tree; hollowed by the drip into a Jättagryte;—large powder-puffs of mildew a foot high rose above decomposed animal matter;—the whole was grand, slippery, damp,

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iron-works in Sweden. He prospered, gained great possessions, performed his promise of the tithe, and his descendants rank high among the counts of their adopted country. An admirable portrait of Louis de Geer, by Beck, has been engraved by Falk, 1649.

and d... ... inspector kindly sprung a mine for our diversion; shattering our nerves with most demoniac thunder; that pastime over, he informed us how this descent of 600 feet was not the bottom—proposed a second down a dark hole below, where we should find a running stream and make an excursion by boat upon the water.—No fun at all; we might in this land of devilries meet somebody we least expected,—so declined the courtesy. The small bucket at the bottom; we men embarked first, bearing as ballast two lumps of ice. Mounting I watch the vegetation on the rocks: first came the saxifrage—dearest child of damp; then ferns clung to the cliff; higher up the wallflower and mullein; lastly, a pale, straggling white harebell, reaching across the abyss. Then we went bump,—bump,—bump,—against the red wooden landing-place. Vic, jumping out first, runs round and round after her tail,—delighted at being safe out again.

A two hours' drive brings us to a village-hamlet. Passing through a farm-court embosomed in lilacs and red-fruited sorbi, we cross a meadow where peasants were making hay of water-lilies—queer fodder; reach the lake's side, and row to Örbyhus, a large white mansion of sad renown in history.

We left King Erik last at Westerås, a chained prisoner. He did not long remain there. John, fearing succour might reach his brother, removed him to Örbyhus,* where, says the inscription, he remained a prisoner for two years, until released by death,—that death caused by his brother's own secret order.

* In 1574 King John writes to order a new rampart to be built at Örbyhus, as well as the erection of a rail round the walls, new plated iron doors, and gratings.

John was no longer popular. Conspiracy followed conspiracy in favour of Erik.* Scarce three months after De Mornay was executed a new plot was formed by the Upland peasants. Gustaf Banér writes, "His Majesty has been so troubled about this matter, I never yet saw him in such a state. When the news came, there were present the count, the chancellor, and myself, said the dog,† yet we could do nothing to content him. I hope these mad peasants won't burn me up,—'spero meliora.'"—Still John would fain spare his brother, till fear urged on the deed.

January 19th, 1577, John writes from Stockholm, to his head cook, Erik Anderssen, at that time commandant of Örbyhus:—

"We have with our dear council determined as follows: we give you complete power and commission to shorten King Erik's life, by preparing such a draught of opium or mercury that he cannot live many hours; and when done to give it him to drink; and if he refuse to take it, let him be compelled so to do. In case any crowd of ill-disposed persons may come to release him

* January 3, 1574.—An "Upprorsman" confessed to two plans for releasing King Erik. The head of the watch was to be enticed out to drink, when the rebels were to fall on the slott and kill the guards: if not feasible, it was to be attempted when the governor came out to receive the taxes. In 1576 a fresh conspiracy, headed by one Maurice Rasmusson, was discovered in West Götland and Småland. The plan was to destroy King John, the queen, and Count Pehr—all papists—and place Erik, Duke Charles, or Gyllenstjerna, on the throne. Gyllenstjerna denied the story, and Maurice before dying declared it was invented by Satan, himself, and others. King Erik wrote fifty-five letters during his nine years' imprisonment, thirty-two of which, respecting plots for his release, were seized.

† A very queer incomprehensible expression. Constantly in old letters of this epoch is introduced, "said the dog," "said the cat," without any known meaning.

from the castle, as soon as ye know of any such crowd—which God forbid—put an end to him immediately by means of the said draught; and if he will not take it, place him on a stool, and open the veins in both his hands and feet, so that the blood may flow from him till he die; and if he will not submit to this, let him be bound and held by force, or else with a towel, as long as necessary; or else smother him with a bolster or a large pillow; always first allowing him to have a priest to shrive his soul and give him the blessed communion. All these orders you shall not neglect to exercise, if you wish to be thought a useful and honourable man. If there be no danger, it is our will that King Erik may receive princely meat and drink and princely attendance. But if necessary to act otherwise, we will insure our worthy subjects from all responsibility."

The poison was mixed by the valet, Philip Kern;—the warrant signed by John's own hand. No force was requisite. Erik made his confession, but refused to forgive his enemies. He took the fatal dose in a plate of pea-soup, and was soon in dreadful agonies. "Do you forgive your enemies now?" again asked the priest. "I do, with all my heart," replied the king.—Soon he became speechless and expired. In vain John sought to conceal the deed. Duke Charles believed not his tale,* and told him so. A few priests and students

* The testimony of Matts "Lackeij," sent to King John, runs as follows:—"When the king first fell ill, and we asked him what pain he had, he replied, ever since he had been a prisoner he had felt a pain in his heart and stomach. To-day, February 28, he has taken the sacrament and made a good confession. Notwithstanding his illness, he appeared at table for eight days, now he has kept his bed for two." The chaplain of Örby writes—"Called upon to give a statement concerning the king's illness, as to when I first discovered it. It was more

followed the body from Örby to Westerås. The rooms occupied by Erik, three in number, are on the ground floor. The first, a vaulted chamber, served as the guard-room. In the third closet remain the worm-eaten fragments of the poor king's bed, composed of marqueterie; a tablet in the second chamber announces how, by the clandestine counsel of bishops and senate, he met his death, 25th February, 1577.*

Erik, after the manner of all captives, scribbled over the walls with various writings and sentiments. These were preserved for ages by the owners of the castle, until not many years since Count de Geer wrote to the porter, giving orders to prepare the house for the arrival of distinguished strangers. King Erik's prison was to be swept and garnished. The guardian in his zeal caused the walls to be whitewashed, thus destroy-

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than eight days previous to that on which he took the sacrament. He told me it had existed for some years. When I began to exhort him to prepare for heaven, he replied evasively. When I went on speaking, and the illness increased, and he felt death approaching, he answered more gently, and the night between Monday and Tuesday he said, 'I do so willingly.' After repeating 'O Lord, unto Thy hand I commend my spirit,' he became speechless, on 25th February, 1577. Thus this truth we witness, and are ready to repeat to all those who may question us—Johan Petre, Pastor Orbyhus, and Andreas Erici" (perjured liars).

* The document for shortening King Erik's life was signed by the whole Swedish council and eight bishops. "In consequence of his guilt, and the unsettled state of the country, the order was five times given, to be executed in case of necessity—21st June, 1573; 28th October, 1573; 16th June, 1574; 30th June, 1575; and lastly, in 1577, with the proviso that, should those in charge of the monarch have been removed, it was still to hold good for their successors. The orders all concluded with the words, "As long as no danger is at hand it is our will King Erik be treated in a princely and proper manner." During his imprisonment at Örbyhus Erik wrote a dagbok, unluckily consumed in the conflagration of 1697. In the archives of Sweden is found a manuscript entitled—"Remonstrances et offres des conjurés et relégués du royaume de Suède à Henri III., pour avoir justice de l'assassinat commis en la personne d'Eric, Roi de Suède, son frère."

ing one of the most interesting relics of Swedish history. The whitewash is, however, peeling off, thanks to the damp, and with care might be removed.

Again we cross the lake and reach the roadside krog of Skärplinge, where we stay the night. No one greeted our arrival. In the kitchen sat the farmer, his family, and servants, thirty at least in number, discussing their evening meal, around separate tables,—silent and grave as judges. Large carved wooden-ring tankards, of St. Dunstan's pattern, painted red, picked out in colours, deck the board. Along the back of the wooden bench ran a text from Scripture. A bright fire burned on the hearth, so I sat down to warm myself. The farmer rocked the cradle; round the head hung a garland: the floor, too, was strewn with sprigs of Our Lady's bedstraw,*—a flower much loved by the Swedish peasant-mother; for, according to old tradition, upon these golden blossoms was the infant Jesus first laid. The hustru, a woman of great beauty still—one of those faces which, wrapped in a blue mantle, might have served for a Mater Dolorosa at the foot of Calvary—busied herself with household matters. Supper over, the family range themselves in groups upon the settles, the flickering flame lighting up from time to time somewhat tender flirtations among the young folks; but the hustru is far too occupied to pay attention. It was like an interior of the old Dutch school—pity it could not be transferred to canvas. Gästgifware, when he changed

* The Galium verum was really used in former days as a bed-straw. Fitzstephen, writing to St. Thomas of Canterbury, tells of a manor held in Aylesbury on condition of finding straw of this plant for the king's bed three times a year. The beds of Henry VIII. were invariably stuffed with its flowers.

a note, drew his money from a silver tankard. The chairs of our sleeping-rooms were covered with gulskin.

Leaving early next morning, we again drag our way through the never-ending forest. Nature, more than refreshed by last night's torrent, glistened in the sunbeams. The long lichen hung to the trees as though wailing the departed summer: patches of pink heather, a stray pyrola, or seedy parnassia, scattered here and there, the only flowers. Parnassia—in Swedish, slåtterblomma—though pure and fair she looks, is a very Borgia among flowers; her calix a Tour de Nesle. The primrose and violet refuse to visit her; both going to seed at least six weeks before she first blossoms. Examine only her fructification: there she sits in the centre, somewhat given to embonpoint, like a matron of five-and-thirty—a boy's first passion. Around her stand five slender striplings, her stamina. Scarce does the first poor youth stretch forward to her embrace than off goes his head; another follows, till all five lie headless,—victims to her wantonness. Still the juice of this ill-famed plant is said by the peasant girl, not only to cure the eye of a love-lorn maid weakened from excessive weeping, but to render a bright eye, which nothing ails, more dazzling and destructive still.

The berry-bearing bushes are now in their glory. Cranberry, with its silver bell and luxuriant fruit, varying from pale white to ruddiest red; straw, rasp, bil, blea, and juniper; gray lichens and green moss*

* These mosses of the Dalarne woods are all in some way remarkable. Fontinalis antipyretica, the longest of the tribe, is much used by the peasantry as a remedy in chest complaints, also as a preservative against fire. The bonde place it between the stones and wooden walls

nestle together in good fellowship. Each rock is of itself a study in colouring. Hour follows on hour, bringing no variety, till beauty palls upon our senses;—even Vic grows tired of hunting gray crows and squirrels and charging at ants'-nests. The linnæa is no longer our favourite flower: as for the three clubmosses* we so much admired this morning, they are pronounced littering rubbish, and tossed into the road.

At last we reach Elfkarleby. The falls are now in full magnificence. Quitting the carriage at a saw-mill, we walk to the platform beside the river. Workmen are engaged launching fresh-sawn planks into the water, which tumbles over calm and sedate, like brown, foaming Christmas ale. An island divides the falls. The river here is wide, its banks flat, with foreground of emerald green; behind, the dark pine forest. These falls are less picturesque than those of Trollhättan. No Skald of Odin, no youthful Neck would here take up his abode. They are good for sawing wood and turning wheels—as utilitarian as the nineteenth century. On we drive; get peeps from time to time of the broad gulf of Bothnia; then crossing the country in a diagonal direction, reach the small town of Gefle.

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of their houses. Like asbestos, it will neither light nor retain light. Polytrichum commune bears a less enviable reputation, for it is said wherever this plant spreads itself the devil takes up his abode. Jutland peasants call it Loki's oats; and when it first springs up in the summer, say, "Now Loki is sowing his oats."

* Lycopodiums—Swedish, Lys-jimmer.

DALARNE.

CHAPTER L.

Ankarström at Gefle — King Solomon sends for copper to Falun — Descent of the mines — Charles Ogier at Kopparberg — Bergsmen, or master miners — Their power and riches — Gustaf Adolf goes down — Charles XI. sends texts for the miners — King Frederik casts his glove — The "Charmer" descends in a golden basket — Matts and his wife Eva — Bread "the gift of God."

GEFLE.

GEFLE is a rising town, and likely to rise still more when the new rail connects Falun with Siljan's lake, and steamers, plying on that network of never-ending waters, bring to the coast the produce of Dalarne.* The site is made the most of. By the brawling river, teeming with salmon, are large public gardens half a mile in extent. Should Gefle increase there always will be breathing-room for her inhabitants. In a large mansion opposite the Rådhus was held the last diet of Gustaf III.'s reign. Here, in the long saal, at the east door, Ankarström armed with pistols awaited the king's entry, but Gustaf, warned of the danger, absented himself.—'Twas but a short reprieve.

Starting by train, we steam through wide meadow-

* Called Dalecarlia in England and France—a German corruption.

lands till a waving sea of sombre pines announces our entry into Dalarne. The frowning heavens give character to the landscape; at every station piles of sawn planks, ranged crossways like in St. Andrew's martyrdom, await the coming train. On, on we steam—by lakes and fair blue mountains; where'er we stop (save one fabric, which produces the steel of Bessamer) saw—saw—saw, is the order of the day; then suddenly we come on vast heaps of smelted ore still smoking, and among black-faced men and grimy houses—shriek, squirt, and stop—"Your tickets, sir;—we are at Falun."

FALUN.*

Falun is not a place to halt in. The air smells of copper—the water tastes of it; still it forms a pied-à-terre to those who would trace the wanderings—dangers—and triumphs of Gustaf Erikson in Dalarne.

If you believe old Rudbeck, great King Solomon sent to Sweden for copper to roof his temple, and Falun, properly spelt, reads Ophir! In a letter of King Magnus Smek, dated 1347, commencing, "We Magnus, King of Norway, Sweden, and Skåne," by which he grants some privilege to his "Kopparmanne," the mines are spoken of as most ancient. This document hangs framed and glazed in the Museum of the mines, which also contains a large collection of native minerals, and portraits of presidents of the Mineral College.

Many stories are current of the first discovery of these mines. Some say a shepherd-girl found her goat "Kaure" fighting with another of his tribe beneath a tree; while butting with their horns they laid bare a

* Commonly spelled Fahlun. Till the foundation of the town, called Kopparberg, now capital of Stora Kopparbergs-län.

vein of pure copper. In gratitude the Bergsmen named a smelting-house "Kaure's hyttan," and the stump of that old tree still stands—a sacred relic. Charles IX. called Kopparberget "Sweden's fortune;" and from his time the value of the mine increased until the extinction of the Wasa line. Then came a change. Wise folks still shake their heads—look ominous, but say little.

Do not for one moment imagine so simple an origin is accepted by the peasants of the seventeenth century. "Why," say they, "one shaft always bore the name of 'the heathen groove.'" Were not most ancient documents, written in unknown runes, carried off by Prince Henry Skatelar from Upsala, after the murder of St. Erik?—Luckily such stories retain their hold in men's memories. Swedish King Berich, returning from Eastern lands, brought to Upland miners and artificers of metals, whom he settled at Kopparberg *

* Charles Ogier in 1634 made a journey to Kopparberg. The snow was still on the ground. He travelled in sledge-boats stuffed with hay, which proved very comfortable, "only," says he, "it spoilt our pleasure to think of the boy and girl, 'skjuts,' exposed on our account to the intense night cold." The postilion loses the way: at last they come to a clergyman's house lighted up, but are taken for robbers. "My hair now stood on end." Finding no other dwelling, they return to the parsonage. Three men block up the entrance, so he goes round to a back door and promises the maid "many rix dollars" to let him in. She does so. He finds the room full of the clergyman's daughters who look at him like a monster, till, "seeing a gilt sword and chain beneath my cloak," they call the priest, who was supping with the doctor. "We speak in Latin. When I tell my story the parson remarks, 'You were drunk, I suppose, when you lost your way?' This remark would have greatly affronted me had I not been aware that intoxication is no disgrace in Sweden." Charles speaks much of the hospitality he meets with from all classes, but describes the drinking as awful. (St. Brita in 1370 writes to her son, a layman, "to guard against the Swedish custom of never leaving the table—till 'grovelling

1400 years A.C.* King Berich made an alliance with the King of Judah. In after times King Ubbe sent ambassadors to renew the friendship; they arrived at Jerusalem, bearing as presents samples of copper,—the very material King Solomon wanted for the vessels of his new temple. The envoys returned laden with gold—enough to form the plates which lined the great temple of Upsala, as well as the massive chains that surrounded the building; they brought silver, too, from which were fashioned the gates of Sigtuna.

Old Swedish writers declare, "though we had no chroniclers ourselves—still it is proved by foreign

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like a swine;' to hold courteous and godly 'snäck;' and on no account to talk about the devil.") In one town they are dragged out of bed by the authorities, to drink, after a supper which had lasted three hours, to the health of the queen and the French king. He again loses his way, has to pass the night in a cottage, the master of which with his long hair looked like a bandit. "Never did I pass a night so miserably, or ever in all my life did I yet say my prayers with such fervour."

At Falun Charles, after a three hours' dinner, effects his escape by expressing a desire to go to church. One of his companions meets an old acquaintance, a priest whom he had known in the camp of Gustaf Adolf. Outside the town are wolf-traps, and he says the hide of each animal sells for three dollars. All Sunday is spent in drinking. One day he takes to his bed to avoid the never-ceasing carouse; "but," complains he, "I had little peace; the ladies came and placed hot plate after hot plate on my stomach, and plied me with hot brandy and sugar."

On arriving at Tuna he feels better and goes on to say, "Dalecarlia is the most populous province of Sweden—a fine-grown bold race who won't be snubbed by anybody. A peasant, it is said, at a meeting told the king, Gustaf Adolf, 'If my wife were as well dressed as thine, she would be just as handsome.' They will not even humble themselves to their priests. On our way to Sala the bishop passed through a town just as we arrived; the postmaster gave us our horses first, making the prelate wait." At Tuna Charles lived at the parson's where there was no lack of brandy and Spanish wines. The wife entertained him, as her husband was busy preparing his sermon.

* The author is not answerable for the Swedish dates.

writers—that the early inhabitants dealt largely in metals with the East," and that from earliest times the proverb was current in Asia, "He who wishes to grow rich should go to the North—he who would be wise should dwell in the East."

We cross the town midst a vapour which sets us sneezing; then reach a yawning abyss open and wide. Lofty red wooden turrets picked out in white, backed by vast heaps of rubbish, give it an imposing air; entering a building, we don a mining dress like that of a parish beadle, put on a hat—too horrible; then, bearing a torch upon our shoulder, descend the shaft. As long as you traverse the galleries the effect is picturesque; the torch lighting the dark cavities of the rock, from which, in some places, streams forth sulphur; in others a coppery fluid like lobster-sauce. The miners—fine stalwart men—are healthier far than those of Danemora. There is something Rembrandt-like in the shadowing of these passages—down you go—soon reach a chamber—here all delusion ends.* You should come armed with blue and red lights, sky-rockets, and Roman candles, otherwise, when the guide sends his myrmidon with a lighted faggot to some secluded cavern, it is about as effective as a rushlight in a coalhole. Down, down you go—are introduced to Louisa Ulrika's shaft, to Gustaf Tredic's—snuff a smell arising from a third—essence of sulphur—issuing from a fourth, rises a blast cold as grim death itself. Damp falls from the roof; mud covers the floor. You then reach the ladders. In spite of a newly-hewn chamber, glittering and burnished,

* In a lower chamber Gustaf III., with other sovereigns, inscribed their names, marking their autograph with a piece of chalk on the rock, which later was faithfully cut in the stone.

we proceed no further, knowing those ladders of old, with miners running up like squirrels—treading on your fingers; the creeping on hands and knees to see nothing —the dirt, heat, and slosh: so after gazing at the carved autograph of the present king and his young brother Prince Gustaf, we regain the open air, cross the abyss, look at the shaft, now tumbled in, once the property of Måns Nielson of Aspeboda, the rich enemy of Gustaf Erikson *—then clamber up again. To enjoy these mines you must "faire mousser" your enthusiasm to a creaming point. Think upon all things coppery, from Tubal Cain and the Bronzefolk down to the teakettle in which your water boils; or your samovar, if you've got one—on your bains maries, your jelly-moulds, and all the good things the cook turns out of them—on the clothing club and school pennies the children bring each Monday—on the halfpence you, as a child, have spent in lollipops and candy—on Queen Anne's farthing, of which one alone was coined, and nobody knows who's got it;—then you may, perhaps, in spite of heat, stench, cold, damp, vapour, slosh, and mildew, enjoy a torchlight ramble among the passages of Falun's Kopparberg. †

* This orifice is termed Stöten, and was formed by a slip of earth in 1687: the director, foreseeing this event, gave orders to stop the works, but, as for several days no accident occurred, the workmen insisted on recommencing; they were on the point of descending when the slip took place; many fell victims to their rashness.

† Few people visited Kopparberg in the days of Charles Ogier, so he was perfectly safe in drawing the long bow as tight as the string would stretch without snapping.

"In the centre," writes he, "opens a gulf terribly broad and dark, surrounded by palings, down which you look in terror; and when again you raise your eyes to the sky, it appears black (from effect of the fright). At the bottom you see people crawl backwards and forwards

In early times these Bergsmen,* or master-miners, looked upon themselves as equals to the nobles; so

like ants, and wherever your eyes turn see things so wonderful—all put together—heat and ice, light and darkness, like chaos come back again. Copper of all colours, green, red, yellow, blue; and, as we read in Æolia, the arms of the gods were fabricated by Vulcan, so here it seems that the rainbows were first prepared. When our eyes were satiated, we saw with terror and dismay one of the miners cast himself down a long rope to the bottom: on his way down his hat fell; he caught it with his elbow quite composedly."

Charles did not seem to have enjoyed his descent, such awful stories as they related of accidents. The governor told him how a few weeks before the body of a man was discovered in an opening, where it had been interred by some fall of earth. The corpse was fresh and pale as though he had died yesterday: by the clothes and coins found in the pockets he must have lain there full 200 years. "Such," he continues, "is the preserving effect of vitriol."

Again, in 1719 the body of a miner called "Fat Matts" was discovered fresh and soft as the day he died. After exposure to the air he became hard as granite. He was recognised by an ancient sweetheart who related that in 1670 Matts had descended in a basket and never been heard of more. The old woman offered to bury her quondam admirer at her own expense, but the director preferred keeping the body as a curiosity in a glass case, and so he did till it fell to pieces, and people were tired of looking at it, when they caused it to be interred in the churchyard with much ceremony.

* They termed themselves Bergsadel or Bergfrälse. Gustaf Wasa first ennobled a family of Wermland bergsmen, by name of Ekestubbe (Oakstump), in 1544, which patent, very much smeared and dirty, was renewed by Charles IX. Gustaf Adolf, in a document 30th January, 1621, states, "it having been customary from the earliest times to create berg nobles, we grant to Nils Olafson of Nohr a blue bergsman on a yellow field, with a burning lamp on his head, in his left hand a 'hake,' in his right a hammer raised to drive it in;" some other mining utensil for a crest, and the sonorous name of Tornerhjelm. A bergsman, ancestor of the Stjenhöök family, came to the aid of Gustaf Wasa with 5000 men in 1521, and greatly aided in the victory over Archbishop Trolle on Brunsbacke. Again in 1527 he marched with his volunteer force against the Daljunker.

The Dalkarlar marched to Stockholm for the last time in 1744, and six executioner's axes were found among their weapons. It was evident they meditated mischief, and the leaders were well whipped in consequence.

haughty were they, no king dared enter the mining districts without their permission. Gustaf Wasa first humbled this proud population. A foreigner arriving among them was hospitably entertained for a week or more, but, when he came to transact business, woe betide him if he dared haggle with his host: in one second, at the summons of a shrill whistle, the house was surrounded by a band of blackened half-naked savages, armed with axes—rising like demons from the bowels of the earth. They surrounded the unlucky merchant, grinning with their white teeth, chattering with menacing gestures, till, frightened out of his reason, he was too glad to conclude the bargain—be off, and quit the country. No instance of personal injury is recorded, however, as inflicted on strangers.

Every Saturday the miners came up early from below, were sent to a bath and thoroughly scrubbed clean, in preparation for the Sabbath, when they appeared clad in their picturesque costume, girt with a leather belt richly studded with silver ornaments. The bergsman walked first, followed by his armed people, sometimes one hundred in number, ranged in good order, to the village church. At weddings and public festivals each wealthy man arrived with his band of followers, who stood with drawn daggers whilst the toasts were drunk, to protect their master from treachery.

At such festivals the great feats of wrestling and athletic games too often ended in bloodshed. A bergsman, named Bildsting, who dwelt at Silverbergsgård, by Hedemora, is often mentioned by old historians—so rich was he, his horses were shod with silver; and the miners now tell of horseshoes of the precious metal dug up in fields when ploughing in the neighbourhood.

When Gustaf Adolf would descend Kopparberget, the courtiers begged him not to risk his life. "A king," he replied, "is not worth a straw who does not look into his treasury." On arriving at a freshly-hewn chamber, where the copper shone bright and glittering, he exclaimed, "What should not a potentate be who possesses a palace such as this!" The king visited Kopparberg eleven or twelve times, in 1613 remaining for two or three months. Maria Eleanora, who held mountains and holes in horror, oft accompanied him—she, his "malum domesticum," would undergo anything for his sake.

It was not till the reign of madcap Christina, 1641, that Falun was founded. Wise Charles XI. occupied himself in the well-being, both temporal and spiritual, of the miners. Shortly after his death, Charles XII. forwarded, through the mining college, a collection of texts, selected by his late father, as most fit to be preached before the mining population.* Much good advice is added, impressing on the people that "in Kopparberg men are not more subject to danger than elsewhere, but, when 'casualties' do occur, they are generally caused by the rashness of the sufferers; and although courage is a quality worthy of admiration, still a wanton exposure of life is a sin against God." †

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* For the benefit of the clergy in the mining districts we give a list of the texts chosen by King Charles XI.:—Gen. iii. 17-19; Deut. viii. 7-9; Deut. xxxiii. 19; Gen. xlix. 25; Deut. xxxiii. 25; Job xxii. 23, 24, 25; Job xxii. 26, 27, 28; Job xxviii. 1, 2, 3, 9, 10; Psalm xxiii. 4; Psalm lxvii. 6, 7, 8; Psalm xc. 17; Psalm xci. 11, 12; Psalm cvii. 21, 22; Sir. xxxiv. 19. Charles also composes an admirable prayer especially adapted to the circumstances of the mining population.

† The church books record few accidents in Kopparberg; people attain great age in this mining district; each year occur entries of men

With the exception of a Scotch rebel, elsewhere alluded to, one solitary instance occurs of a man condemned (1698) to work for life in the mines of Kopparberg. Charles XII. had grown accustomed to the idea, many of his own heroes having already expiated the mad freaks of their ruler in the dark mines of Siberia. The punishment did not take—the miners were too respectable a body to associate with condemned criminals.

When King Frederik stood at the mouth of the pit, he cast his glove into the abyss, curious to see how long it would take to reach the bottom: a miner, slinging himself to a rope, cried, "I will be down before it," but he received a rebuke—"The rules of the mining college allow of no such folly." The director caused the royal gauntlet to be sought for, framed, glazed, and hung up in the hall of the Mineral College, with an inscription to commemorate the event, 1720. The Charmer went down in a gilded basket, midst coloured lamps and feux-de-joie. Poets spouted impromptus—the journals rang with the king's praise—never was such loyalty.

Among the portraits which hung in the wapenhus of Falun church, previous to the restoration, was that of Matts Pehrson, of Efriksgård (date 1624). One night, writes the chronicler, Matts said to his wife Eva, "I wish I only knew how to serve out that fellow Olaf Gefle-bo; he is always making game of me." "Oh,"

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dying at the ages of 125, 118, 162, 115, 104. The births are more wonderful still: several children are described as being treated by Dame Nature to a double crop of teeth. You read, with amazement, in 1675 a child was born not only with ears and head exactly similar to the bows and flap of the new-fashioned head-dress, of which one specimen only had arrived at Falun, but moreover with a pair of trousers on!! There are several more horned infants, but the lusus more usually refers to some ungetatable new fashion.

replied she, "give him a blow with the axe, and make an end of it." Matts, like our father Adam, followed the bad counsel of Eva his wife, and struck his enemy dead when next he jeered him. Manslaughter in those days was a matter of fine, so Matts, having paid down his 100 rix, lived on in peace and quiet, until, two years later, an ordinance came out not only constituting manslaughter a capital offence for the future, but dating back for four previous years. Matts was much disturbed, and his friends were anxious to procure his pardon. "No," remonstrated Eva, "that will never do—you have done the deed, and must not be too fine to bear the punishment." So Matts went out and purchased a new sword, the best and sharpest to be had for money, and a large piece of fine red cloth to stand upon, which last he ordered to be given to a poor widow after his execution. He bent his head to the block, and the old woman came to ask for her cloth. "Never!" cried Eva; "the red cloth my poor dear husband lost his head upon; I'll keep it myself." So she took it home, washed out the blood, made it up into a winter-petticoat, and wore it at church the next Sunday.

As we started for the Ruun Sjön, I by chance let fall a piece of bread; the burgomaster and two peasants rushed forward, and, raising the fragment, placed it upon the window-sill—"You have let fall the gift of God," said they—an act here looked on as sacrilege.

We drive by the lake, passing a forge where smoke blackens the sky,—reach Strand, a small posting-house; thence to Rankhytta, so famed in Sweden's story.

CHAPTER LI.

Gustaf Erikson at Rankhytta — The barn where he threshed — Skjuts' opinion thereon — Subdivision of land — Örnäs — Gustaf let down by a towel — Refuses to make the sausage-sticks — Reaches Svartsjö — Swen i Isala.

RANKHYTTA.

WE left young Gustaf Erikson at Kolsundferry,—he crossed in safety; then, fleeing to Dalarne, reached Kopparberg. He had cropped his hair short, wore the round peasant's jacket, and trudged along, axe on shoulder, like a country lad seeking work. In this guise, he gained Rankhytta, where dwelt the bergsman Anders Pehrson. The wanderer dared not address his old schoolfellow of Upsala, but for some days worked as a labourer in his barn, until a servant-girl observed to her master that "the new farm-boy can be no peasant, for," said she, "his linen is far too fine; and I saw a silken collar wrought with gold beneath his kirtle." Then Anders, recognising Gustaf, asked why he had so disguised himself. Gustaf, weeping, told of his father's and kinsmen's fate, how he was an outlaw pursued by his enemies. Yet most he grieved for his fatherland, saying, if the Swedes would place him at the head of a small force, he would stake life and blood to save it; but Anders in terror begged him to journey on, advising him never to tarry long in one place.—So Gustaf, finding no rest in his old friend's house, took staff and went his way.

The barn in which "Konig Gösta tröskat" (threshed) is formed of logs, and painted red, like buildings in the present day. The servant-girl brought the key—a moderate-sized poker. "The ladder is new," she said, "since Gösta's time;"—a piece of information scarcely needed, for it was of fresh deal. We enter, find some sheaves of straw,—look at the ceiling and the threshing-floor, when in comes floundering Skjuts,* a rude country boy. "Is this all there is to see?" cried he; "is it for this you've paid post-horses and 'Bro penge'?† My father's barn at home is bigger far, and there's more straw in it."—Degenerate Skjuts! The Dalkarlar, for three centuries, have kept this edifice as sacred; and you—but such are the rising generation—they respect nothing.

Passing a world of water in a tangle, we reach Thorsang, whose church of mingled stone and brickwork stands well on the river's side—within—a strange piece of vaulting, for in the transept giants wearing helmets form with their outstretched legs and arms the shafts which divide the ceiling. An old scaled belfry, like a clock-case, stands in the churchyard.

'Twas here in his flight from Rankhytta, one dark night three weeks before Christmas, Gustaf endeavoured to cross the freshly frozen waters of the Lillelf; the ice broke, and he plunged in the stream; but, active, gained the bank, passing the night in the ferry-house,—then again set forth for Örnäs.

We make for Tuna,‡ where we dine; the inn is good, for Tuna is, or was, the seat of a Ting.

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* Postboy. † Bridge money.

‡ Charles Ogier was pleased with Tuna: he writes,—"From our windows there is a fine view, and it is wondrous to see the crowds of

In no province are lands so subdivided as in Dalarne; the peasant never sells, even to a member of his own family, the heritage derived from his forefathers. Hence the traveller beholds long narrow strips of land from six to ten ells in length, and ofttimes but one ell wide, divided off by a slight wooden fence; So infatuated is the peasant, that, should a man at his death leave six plots and six children, instead of each taking one piece whole and entire, they carefully divide them into six lozenges, share and share alike. A bonde seeking a wife prefers a helpmate with a plot adjoining his own; so the villagers marry and are given in marriage among their own plots and people. Woe betide the venturesome gallant who comes over the border a-courting! indignantly expelled with clubs and staves by the young men of the district, he is requested to be off, and pay his attentions elsewhere.

ÖRNÄS.

Crossing a floating bridge, we reach an old manor, where on a promontory stands a Swedish dwelling-house of bygone centuries—this is Örnäs. Here Gustaf hoped to find succour, for he and Arendt Pehrson* had served in the same troop. But Arendt's thoughts turned at once to the great price set on the head of his old comrade. He feigned great pleasure on seeing Gustaf and entertained him well; then ushering him up stairs, showed him a bed—bade him lie down

people coming to church, men, women, and children, in sledges." The hustru's good things warmed his heart, for he exclaims, "People are neither so cringing nor so starved here as with us. Is then Sweden more fruitful and pleasant in its character than our own France?"

* Of the family of Örnflykt.



ÖRNÄS.

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and take the rest he so much needed. Gustaf soon slept soundly. Then Arendt went hastily to Måns Nielson of Aspaboda, told him how young Erikson was in his house, and proposed they should divide the "blood-money." Måns answered, "Let him escape if he can; I will be no partaker in this deed." Arendt went angrily away, and passing by his own gate proceeded to Satra, in search of his brother-in-law Brun Bengtsson, bailiff to King Christian. The wife of Arendt, lady Barbro,* seeing her husband drive by, guessed his intentions, and resolved to save the wanderer. Hastily she ordered her servant-boy Jacob to have the sledge ready at the back door; then awakening Gustaf, bade him go to Master Jöen of Svartsjö, for she could hide him no longer. From the still projecting gallery of the building she hoisted him down by long towels. At that very moment Arendt arrived, with twenty men, to seize him; Gustaf sprang into the sledge, and, whirring over the frozen Ruun Sjön, reached some cottages in the forest. Jacob no longer knew his way—entering Sandwikshytte, an iron-worker pointed out the road. Gustaf gave him a silver coin, saying, "If God helps me we shall meet again; I may then be able to reward you." As night drew on, Gustaf sought shelter in a farmhouse by Åkersjön. The housewife was busy with her sausage-meat. "Wanderer," said she, "as you've nothing to do, cut me some sticks;" —but, less polite than King Alfred—though he, after promising to look to the cakes, forgot all about them—Gustaf refused, answering, "I cannot make your sausage-sticks, I know not how."

Örnäs is a long red building, with basement of rough

* Stigsdotter, of the house of Svinshufvud.

logs, the upper part shingled; a turret staircase, cased in the same fashion, leads to two open galleries; the woodwork below is pierced in rosaces; long narrow casements light the chambers. Take Örnäs with its surrounding scenery, blue lake, green pasture, and trees, few historic buildings are more satisfactory. The chamber Gustaf slept in is still shown, but the wooden bedstead,* now decked out in purple furniture powdered with crowns, forms part of a museum of relics, removed to a larger room. One figure is clad in the costume Gustaf wore when disguised; the armour he bore in war against the Danes is there—his bow, spurs of plate, portrait, old watch in brass case, with sledges and various utensils once his property;—last, the portrait of lady Barbro, his protectress—such a hideous old creature! no romance about her. But Gustaf, unlike Prince Charlie, to whom folks compare him, was always being saved by ugly old women. Gustaf was beautiful, but cold as the Apollo Belvedere—a man to be admired, not loved; Charlie, a petit mauvais sujet, won the hearts of all womankind, drawing men to his standard as by enchantment. The one ended his long and successful career—a hard-hearted miser; the other closed his romantic adventures—a drivelling drunkard. From the day she rescued Gustaf, Barbro never saw her husband's face again; he could not forgive her cheating him of his prize; they slept in a bed placed in an opening between two rooms, so arranged each could enter it from a separate chamber without seeing the other.

After an hour's drive we again reach Falun.

One evening I set off alone on the high road to

* Beds of this form were henceforth called Gustavian beds.

Svartsjö. The way was muddy, ruts two feet deep; and though the moon rose bright, lighting the cracks between the dense pine-trees in manner most mysterious —kissing the birch-bark till it shone like silver—before long we'd had enough of it. The horse would scarce advance, and frightened Skjuts looked back from time to time as though he feared some "gäst" or "pysling" was holding the car back, for "the souls of murdered babes flit about wailing as many years as they should have spent on earth. When nightfaring travellers pass by, they hang on to the carriage; then the strongest horses, as though dragging a millstone, sweat, and can go no further."

We skirt lake Toftan and the Liljan Sjön;—water on all sides, mingled with smiling valley, until we reach Borggärde, where we sleep. The moon shone so bright, bed was impossible: sitting under the open porch I listened to the murmurings of the stream, talking the while with hållkarl—Anglicè ostler. He told me tales of Gustaf's life and wanderings, such as the peasants cherish.

SVARTSJÖ.

Next morning off betimes, passing by Svartsjö church, a quaint old building. Here Gustaf arrived safe, heart-sick and trusting no man. Jöen, Catholic priest of Svartsjö, had been his schoolfellow, yet the wanderer durst not show himself. Entering the barn, he helped the farming boys to thresh, till satisfied Jöen was an honest man and would serve the good cause. Then Gustaf took up his abode there, and they often talked over his plans for the country's weal. When it became known he lay hid in Dalarne, the country swarmed

with spies. Master Jöen's housekeeper, entering the room one morning, saw the foreign peasant washing himself, while her master respectfully held the towel. She asked what it meant. "That's no business of yours," replied Jöen; but he dared not lodge Gustaf any longer, so the wanderer set forth to the homestead of Swen in Isala.

We cross a floating bridge, then gain a fertile valley backed by dark mountains. Dalarne is now in full harvest—cart after cart laden with corn-sheaves block the way, till we reach a red barn, before which a monument of porphyry, raised by third Gustaf, tells the tale how "Gustaf Erikson, pursued by his enemies, here 'troscade.'"

A young farmer accosted me. "Would I not come in and see his parchments and silver medal?" He was the descendant of that Swen Elfson who befriended the youthful wanderer on his flight from Svartsjö. Entering the house, he proudly displayed a medal, gift of the "Charmer," dated 1787, bearing the effigy of Gustaf Wasa, suspended to a blue ribbon—a decoration reserved for great fêtes and holidays. The farmer's wife stood by; they were a comely couple, both under thirty. "How many children have you?" Their faces fell. "None,"—a great misfortune in peasant life; he had brothers in plenty, so the property may still remain for centuries in this time-honoured family.

Gustaf reached Swen's house, and stood warming himself by the oven, where the housewife was at work, —when the servants of the bailiff entered. Our wanderer gave himself for lost, but woman's wit once more came to the rescue. Seizing the lad by the shoulder, the hustru gave him a sharp blow on the back with her

peël, crying, "Pakke, be off; why stand you staring there? have you never before seen strangers? Get you gone to your work in the barn!" Gustaf, assuming a stupid look, slunk off sulkily to the threshing-floor, and plied the flail. The servants of the bailiff, satisfied he was not there, left the house. Swen in Isala was "djurkäl" to the crown lands—a royal keeper. He dared not retain Gustaf in his house; so, hiding him in a load of straw, he drove him to the brothers Matts and Pehr Olofson in Marnås. They had not gone far before a body of troopers, surrounding the waggon, began pricking the straw with their spears, to see if Gustaf was hid beneath. One lance pierced his leg; —with beating heart he lay still, neither crying nor moving till the soldiers went their way. Then Swen, seeing blood trickle through the straw along the road, cut his horse deep in the leg (in that part called in the Swedish language kråkan), in order to allay suspicion. For this reason the villagers of Svartsjö, where Swen was born, are still called "kråkor." Two large gilt crowns hang from the church-roof of Svartsjö—one given by King Gustaf Wasa to reward the fidelity of the peasants; a second, the gift of Queen Christina.

A cross country road leads to a sort of hog's back, along which runs the highway, with lake or river—for which be which is quite a mystery—rippling on either side. Large divers float on the wavelets—then reach Marnås, which remote hamlet provides a giant race equal to the heroes of pagan times. Every man we met, shouldering his scythe, measured far above six feet.

Swen safely gained Marnås; the brothers would fain help "Gösta Errson," yet durst not, for their own sakes, lodge him—he remained three days near the Ljunga,

in the wild forest, where a fir-tree, felled by the tempest, was his only shelter against the winter's cold; then onwards he went, cross lakes, through deep pine-woods, till he reached the parish of Rättwik, where friends hid him in a cellar till the next Sunday.

That fallen tree still exists. We wandered east—west—north—south—scrambling through bushes—sinking into bogs—wishing young Gustaf had only left some note of his sylvan hiding-place. Each woodcutter gave a different tale; one said "'twas by the lake side;" another, "up the hill;" a third, "how it long long ago had rotted." At last we came to a tree, prostrate and hollow, which hope deferred jumped at and quick accepted. Could I define the road, this tree should at once be dubbed "young Gustaf's pine," even as the Empress Helena settled the holy sepulchre out of her own head; but, alas! the way is a maze.—'Twould be a mere waste of time and patience to look for it.

On leaving Borggärde the whole family came out to wish us good bye, shake hands, and hope some summer we might return; there were so many villages to visit, so many lakes, such fishing in the river. "Come for the Majstång," they said; "then you will see the Dal-karl and Dalkulla in their glory—such garlands of flowers, and dancing all the night! 'Tis our great festival after Christmas. You'll visit Dalarne again?" "I trust we may."—Then off to Falun.

CHAPTER LII.

Sunday on lake Siljan — Arrival of the church boat — Lutheran service — Communion in Rättvik church — Gustaf addresses the people — Mora in full contre-danse — Gustaf concealed in a cellar — He flees to Norway — The enchanted herd — David and the blunderbuss — Porphyry-works of Elfdal — Descent of the lemmings — Gustaf recalled to Mora — First army of revolt — Battle of Brunbäcks ferry — Gustaf crowned King of Sweden — Return to Stockholm.

LAKE SILJAN.

'TWAS Saturday afternoon. Again we start, to sleep at Lecksand, on the Siljan lake. Peasant mothers, clad in sheepskin jackets fringed with goat's hair, work by the roadside, bearing infants done up in bundles on their backs. Driving past the small In Sjön, lighted up by the full moon, we cross a floating bridge, and enter Lecksand, of which we can only see the church cross, capped by the crowned cipher of King Charles XII.

Next morning by seven we are at the landing-place, to watch the long boats bearing the peasant tribe to church. Before eight o'clock the sacred building was thronged; it was the day of preparation for the sacrament. First came a boat pulled by eight rowers, male and female, containing three generations—from an aged man with silver locks and his hustru, to a small golden-clad baby with ruddy cheeks, like a Holbein portrait. The women wear red bodices and white sleeves, petticoats of a dingy blue, yellow aprons, red caps with yellow hoods; the men, a long dark coat, yellow leather vest and breeches, the latter cut down very low in front; long lambswool

stockings with the fluff outside; buckles to their shoes, of which the heel is placed in the centre; blue ribbons with red bobs dangle jauntily from their knees. Next comes a village omnibus, rowed by twenty girls and boys, holding some fifty souls, distinguished by their red striped aprons. More communicative than the last, they at once assail us—"What are we there for? where from?" and if they didn't know all about us, it wasn't for want of asking.

Boat after boat discharges its cargo, now of blue aprons, now of green; each village has its own variety. We then regain the inn. During our absence the plot thickens: down the long avenue approaching the church peasants congregate by hundreds—men ranged on one side, women on the other, till the road looks like a field of charlock.

On taking the Dalkulla en biais, it seemed as though the population of lake Siljan was largely on the increase. Still it could not be,—some were too old, others so very young. Stepping forward to examine a leather girdle studded with silver stars, like those of the ancient bergsmen, the cause was made evident. Every woman bore beneath her apron an embroidered pouch containing bread and cheese; and by a fair arrangement, that member which was to profit by the contents was made to bear the burden.

The weather, unsettled and chilly, caused many to don their winter clothes, exchanging white sleeves and skirt for a dark jacket and black knitted petticoat clinging too near the form. Each peasant carries in her hand a nosegay of strong-smelling herbs—southernwood, rosemary, chamomile, or marigold—her prayer-book rolled in a kerchief, with long ends hanging down.

Next came eight stalwart youths bearing a bier, on which repose three coffins of various sizes—death's weekly harvest in the united villages. All follow to the cemetery, where, among much singing, the bodies are laid in one grave. We enter the church—not a single eye wandered from its book; and when the preacher held forth, not a sound was heard save the crowing of the golden babies, of whom some dozens, if not hundreds, were present. Each mother brought her child; and where we stood a triple row of infants were employed eating, or rather drinking, their breakfasts. The Dalkarlar have been from earliest times deeply religious—of that simple piety one sees among our country villagers in England, whose religion is the Bible and what they read therein—not one of subtle doctrines, or "my way of thinking."

We drove by farms and cottages, mounted a hill, and, stopping under an arch of withered green, paused to admire lake Siljan in all its beauty—calm and serene—with blue hills in the distance, a pavé of turquoise mixed with amethyst. This view is called "the King's Heights," for somewhere nigh young Gustaf again slept under a lofty fir.

Before each farm stands the maypole, hung with hearts and darts; by the school-house one twined of birch twigs—appropriate handiwork of some village pedagogue. Pause for one moment—in that majstång you may read the history of centuries. This village festival was held in pagan days in honour of Balder, youngest and most beautiful of Scandinavian deities—mild and gentle. When Balder and his worship passed away, his garlands were handed over to young St. John—the disciple whom Jesus loved—whose nature accorded

best with the tradition of his predecessor. Then with the Reformation the majstång became the village fête of midsummer.

Yet the old leaven still oozes out, and in those decorations you may discern the symbols of our Lord's passion; that garland of weeping lichen, under the cock which crew, is but the crown of thorns; those long arrows set up on two spikes crossways,* the spear and nails; that heart, the sacré cœur; while the pennon denotes the napkin of St. Veronica;—and thus it will always be. The lonely menhir on the Breton coast is still an object of superstition; healing-wells have passed through three changing creeds;—that which was venerated a thousand years ago is still an object of affection.

Onwards we pursue our course, pass log châlets, protected by heavy stones on the roof; hop-gardens, sleek cows, black sheep, white goats by dozens; then at the lake's end bursts dazzling upon our view the church of Rättvik; we cross a bridge spanning a gurgling stream, and drive to the lychgate. By its side stands a poorbox, above which a carved mendicant friar, spotted over, does duty as Lazarus. Along the road are ranged low wooden huts for the horses of those who come by land, while moored at the lake-side lay full thirty long boats.

The church was crowded for the Holy Communion—old and young were present; the women, as usual on such occasions, clad in sober colours; no yellow aprons or red petticoats; a black kerchief pinned beneath the chin.

An equal number of each sex approach the altar;

* Now the arms of Dalarne.

having partaken the bread and wine, they rise, and, bowing with reverence, file off in double rank to their seats. During the service, which lasted for hours—since all received the Communion—psalms and hymns were sung, a wiser ordinance than that of our own Church—it keeps the mind from wandering. An aged woman offered me her prayer-book, bound in vellum, with bleeding hearts, and symbols not quite in accordance with our Anglican ideas. The psalm was that composed by King Erik when in Örbyhus, No. 180, commencing, "From my heart's core I deplore my transgression with a sorrow like David's; I am mentally dead."

Nothing could be more impressive than the sight of a whole peasant community engaged in this solemn rite: old and young left the table with radiant faces, as though they had really derived comfort from the Lord's Supper.

This church of Rättvik * again furnishes a scene in Gustaf's eventful story.

The Sunday after his arrival he here first addressed the peasants of Dalarne, telling them of the cruel doings of the tyrant Christian. The people listened with surprise and sadness; but when he bade them rise to free the land, they replied, "We deplore the state of the country, we wish to punish the malice of the enemy, but we cannot decide on action until we have consulted our neighbours."—'Twas the old story: the chivalric

* According to old writers, the peasants of Rättvik were remarkable for their talent in "Hugra," a species of witchcraft answering to our modern Electro-Biology: not only could they render human beings and animals powerless by the fixed gaze of their eye; they could stop watches, and prevent water from running out of a bottle. One writer says, "This power is not a modern discovery, but mentioned by Pliny as practised by the ancient Bithynians, from whom the Swedes derive their origin."

Gustaf, beautiful in form and face, had none of that persuasive eloquence he needed—the voice of the charmer was wanting—sad and disheartened he turned his steps towards Mora.

Service over, some took to boats, others to carts, all homeward bound. We passed crowds of returning peasants—small children, who could scarcely walk, mounted on horses. At what age the infant Dalkarl begins to ride and drive 'tis difficult to say; our drivers grow smaller and smaller. Two children, one holding the reins, the other the whip, do duty as coachman. Had we gone farther we might, ere long, have been driven by a golden baby.

In the wooden porch of the last posthouse were hung out the winter wardrobes of the family: stout woollen stockings, shirts and smocks of linen, jackets of lamb-skin with white goat's-hair fringes, coats lined with common fur—all of home manufacture.

The moon rose bright and tawny—a real harvest moon, gilding the lake—the sun, sinking behind the violet mountains, had only just time to wink her "a good twilight." We are now on well-known ground, where Gustaf's fortunes first took a favourable turn—the village of Mora.

The northern Sunday at an end,* from every barn issued the strains of music; all Mora was en contre-danse, valsing, and polkaing; round, round they go, never stopping till the music ceases—then run to a neighbouring house where the dance has again commenced;—so on till midnight.

To see Dalarne in its true character you must attend

* The Lutheran (Swedish) Sunday ends at 6 o'clock P.M., till which hour it is strictly kept.

service in the various churches of the Siljan lake. Some may object to driving on a Sabbath; but put all prejudice aside—the end justifies the means; for, be he good or bad, no man can witness what we have to-day seen, without feeling the better for it.

When Gustaf arrived at Mora, Master Jacob, the priest, received him kindly. Meanwhile the bailiffs of Christian, tracking his steps, came to Rättvik; Rasmus Jyde, a Dane, who had settled in the country, slew Nils, their leader—first victim in the war of deliverance. This proved the signal for revolt. From those very bells the crowned Wasa, in later days, ungratefully confiscated,*—now sounded forth the tocsin of war: the peasantry, rising, killed many of the troop, some few took refuge in the church tower.† All would have perished had they not consented to quit the country, and leave our young wanderer in peace.

Gustaf now dwelt at Utmelands By, where the wife of Matts Larson hid him in a cellar; when the enemy arrived, the housewife, who was brewing her Julebeer, placed a vat over the entrance—again was Gustaf saved by a woman. One morning before Christmas he appeared among the Mora Karlar, and addressed them from a hill called Klockgropen. Some wept, while others

* In the Bell War the Dalkarlar were most bitter against Gustaf Wasa. To touch the bells they had bought by a thousand little savings was to wound the apple of their eye. They rose to defend "their darlings" against the bailiffs of the king, who escaped with "but little life"—then carried them back across the lake before the ice thawed, later to give them up. It did seem hard, for those chimes had summoned them not only to prayer, but to battle for "freedom and fatherland," and had done good service to the wandering fugitive—no longer "Gösta Errson," but "Adelskung," king of the nobles.

† Until the restoration of Rättvik church the arrows of the Dalkarlar still remained sticking in the scalework.

grew angry, saying, "Such massacres of the great don't hurt us peasants; we shall never want salt or herrings while we obey King Christian." Then his own adherents lost heart; they bade him go hide himself elsewhere; and Gustaf, heartbroken, again set forth to seek a refuge in Norway.

The sun rose from the mists as we crossed the ferry: we land on a sandy waste,* planted with stunted pines. A Dalkarl returning home bore in his hand two tracts—last numbers of the 'Bible Mission,' printed in Lund; a mixture of religious matter with natural history. Once off, we plunge into a deep forest, occasionally gaining from the heights an exquisite view of the Dalelf, whose dark waters trail like a serpent gliding through the valley. No boulders here: all sand till we reach Garberg, a settlement of long wooden huts. Midst pine-clad hills women sit knitting, and herds of white goats, with tinkling bells, wait the morning milking-time.

In Risberg, behind this calm village of Mora, dwell herds of enchanted deer, jealous of the cow-herds, and even of the cows themselves. A Kulla tending cattle passed the summer on these mountains—the leader of the herd would fain marry her, but could not, seeing she was a Christian. One Julotta (Christmas morn) the bonde set off early for church, leaving his daughter at home. She had not yet found time to sing her Christmas carol, when the herd of enchanted

* This same plain is the site of a village called Tebberebo, which in 1658 was destroyed by an inundation of the Dalelf forcing itself through a new channel into lake Siljan. The inhabitants slept soundly that night; on the following morning they, their hamlet and church, all had disappeared—a vast plain of sand alone marking the site of the catastrophe.

deer came to the house, and straightway began to array her in bridal clothing. The father had not gone far before Ratcjen, the dog, ran before the horse, barking for him to stop. "All is not right," said the farmer; so turning about he drove home quickly. On approaching the house, the rooms were lighted up and full of people. On the bride's stool sat his daughter, with a golden crown upon her brow. Seizing his axe, he cast it over the bride's head—it stuck deep in the wall; —then the deer fled, head-over-heels, in confusion. Taking the girl in his arms, he drove her off in his sledge, pursued by the whole herd. The horse fell exhausted near the low fire of torches which burned at the churchyard gate. Great was the surprise of the neighbours to see the Kulla arrayed in bridal attire; the father led her forward, related the story, and, laying the gorgeous crown upon the altar, presented it to the church.—Risberg is still deserted—no Dalkulla dare to this day lead her flocks to the mountain.

ELFDAL.

Silver-winged fritillaries and dragon-flies flit gaily along, seeking in vain a flower uncharged with dew. The valley now opens, in all the rich glories of the harvest—the banks of the river thickly studded with villages. At length we reach Elfdal.* Above each grave of the cemetery, Scandinavian in its simplicity,

* Elfdal in 1698 piqued itself on its high state of morals. We read of a parish vestry calling one Jöns over the coals for not attending church, though he dwelt more than three miles (Swedish) distant across the lake; next instituting a general inquiry as to the connubial felicity of the village: this proved satisfactory, everybody declaring themselves contented with their lot. One Henrik, however, receives orders to marry instanter, his conduct not meeting with parochial approbation.

was raised a heap of stones like the ätterhög of early ages—in time to become a verdant mound. A director of the porphyry-works, here interred, styles himself, of all queer Latinised appellations,—Sandstenius. It was long before the northern part of Elfdal looked upon itself as Swedish territory. This state of disaffection was inconvenient, so in 1664 orders came from Stockholm to march against the inhabitants of Sårna parish, and compel them to subjection. The Governor commanded the people of Mora to prepare for the expedition. "We have no leader," replied they; "but if our David will go, that is all we want." David Buschorus, the parson, was sent for. He excused himself, saying, "he was a man of peace, had a wife and children—that warfare was opposed to his profession;" but it was of no use. In the name of the bishop and the queen he was ordered to start forthwith at the head of four hundred peasants. Very ill at ease, he marched on, supported by two men; one bearing an antique blunderbuss—the very sight of which gave him the creeps; the other, his clerk, laden with the church books and sacramental plate. His followers were armed with bows and spears. At early dawn the little band reached the scene of warfare. "But," thought David, "fight I never can." (Oh! how he envied the mice in their holes, the squirrels on the high branches!) "Still I may preach, and perhaps arouse—oh, that horrid blunderbuss!"—So, girding up his loins, he commenced exhorting the people of Sårna to become subjects of Sweden and true Lutherans. Moved by the eloquence of fear, the bonde yielded and allowed him to baptize and enrol them without bloodshed as subjects of the Queen of Sweden.—There was a triumph for David! He received an annual pension of twelve tons

of corn and a good rich living in reward of his services. But even to his dying day, whenever he had the nightmare, the fruits of over-eating and indigestion, it was always in form of "that horrid blunderbuss."

We reached the works prettily situated among the hills. To say they are interesting would be telling fibs. Multitude of wheels turn among water and mire; instruments cut away at begrimed stone, or rub some object indistinguishable to human eye:—all is mud and water, and that water muddy. The porphyry itself lies in masses by the road-side; thirteen varieties—red, green, and shot. When the fabric belonged to Carl Johan the works were far more considerable: you might then find a tazza of good design; now nothing but the chess-tables are tolerable.

It is wearisome to travel through forests day after day and meet nothing more exciting than a crow, when every book is filled with tales of bears, wolves, elks, and lynxes. In Elfdal, says the chronicler, on the 2nd of August, 1635, "there rained from the sky a fall of lemmings,—vermin with protruding teeth, spotted, the size of a mole. At Mora they arrived in bands, scouring the valleys like locusts or landcrabs, accompanied by smaller mice more wicked than themselves, carrying their young on their backs, destroying the crops. The fields they passed over seemed as though burned by fire. All well-thinking men could see these creatures formed a part of God's armies employed to punish the wickedness of mankind." No one knew how to exterminate them. Many tried the old Latin cure of the Roman clergy, commencing "Exorciso vos, pestiferos vermes;"—but the charm had lost its force.*

* Pontoppidan makes the same assertion as to the lemmings falling from the air. Vormius and Scaliger pretend these animals, when

Up this valley Gustaf followed the course of the Dalelf, passing his nights in sheds and under trees, till he saw in the distance the range of Norwegian mountains, and rested in Lima. Next morn he reached Salensby—frontier village of Sweden—prepared to bid adieu to his fatherland for ever.

We had meant to extend our wanderings to Lima and the Norwegian frontier, returning to Falun by the Dalelf's banks; but the dark turbid river, swollen by heavy rains, had burst its bounds, carrying away the bridges and laying the country under water.* Stopped in our progress, we rebent our steps to Mora;† there visited the cellar of Utmeland, where Gustaf lay concealed—now covered by a shrine enriched with historic paintings,—one by the hand of Charles XV. himself.

A change now comes o'er the fortunes of our wanderer. One Lars Olofson, a veteran soldier, arrived

young, are sucked up like frogs into the clouds. The lemmings made a descent upon Jemtland in the years '30 and '40, and last autumn did considerable damage.

* Floods in these parts are not to be trifled with. In 1743 we read of a woman named Brita who, while crossing the Dalelf, was carried away on part of the floating bridge. In vain she screamed, no one could aid; over she went down the falls, and was soon out of sight. "My poor wife!" cried Matts, her husband; "I shall never see her again!" —and he sobbed bitterly. He had just recovered his spirits, when, lo and behold, Brita turns up,—not a whit the worse for her ducking; madly had the torrent in its course dashed her along, until, at a spot fifty miles lower down, the raft had come against another bridge, and Brita, clinging to the railing, landed there in safety. Forty years afterwards she was still living, the mother of fourteen children (before this adventure she had never had the shadow of one).

† The Dalkarls still recollect with pride how Charles XI., and his son the crown prince (Charles XII.), danced the Dalpolka with a Dalkulla in the parsonage of Mora. Perhaps it was on this occasion the young prince received that memorable box on the ear which made him take womankind in distaste ever after. If this dance be like one I have seen represented at Stockholm, it answers to the promenade à la Ture of the poodle-dogs in the Champs Elysées at Paris.

at Mora just after Gustaf left, with tidings of the king's Eriksgata, saying, "The sun alone was wont to be the forerunner of the Swedish monarch on his state progress through the country. Now the hangman will mark the road of this foreign tyrant with gallows and stake; the peasant will have to give up all weapons—a stick will be his sole defence—if permitted to keep his limbs.—Yes, and maybe each man must lose a hand and a foot—for he can plough with one hand, though he can raise no uproar with a wooden leg."—A cry of indignation burst from the multitude. Where is Gustaf Erikson?—"No one paid attention to me," croaked an old man; "but I always said each time young Gustaf spoke a fresh north wind blew." *

The north wind settled the matter—Engelbrekt and Lars, the two best skaters of Mora, started on their snow-shoes to bring back Gustaf—for the peasants were now ready to rise. They found him at Sälensby. His return was the signal for other outlawed nobles and yeomen to leave their hiding-places and join the Dalkarlar, who formed the first army of Gustaf.†

Next morn, again en route, we follow the south bank of Siljan. The marshy forest one carpet of wild fruits—raspberries, cranberries, bilberries, and andromeda.‡ The linnæa loads the air with its perfume; while the large red toadstool—flugswamp§—glistens with dew.

* A superstition still prevails that good luck follows an expedition commenced while the north wind is blowing; indeed, good luck of every description enters the house from the north.

† He taught them many warlike arts, made them use longer spears, and add sharper points to their renowned dalpilar (arrows). Gustaf was a practical man—in his early youth had learnt to use his hands, and did so to the profit of those who served under his banner.

‡ Andromeda polifolia. § Agaricus muscaria.

After playing at hide and seek with Siljan for some miles we reach the iron-works* of Limån, where a gushing stream runs into the lake.

We gain Falun once more—and here ends my tale of Gustaf Erikson and his wanderings. On entering Falun, with a thousand Dalmen, he seized the king's treasure: from the bales of silk found midst the spoil were made his first standards—embroidered by the women of the country. Then came the battle of Brunbäcks ferry, still sung by the peasants of the valleys—

"Brunbäcks stream is deep and broad—
Fa-li-wi-lom.
There sank so many Jutes therein—
Fa-li-wi-li-wi-li-wom.
Thus we drove the Danes out of Sweden—
Faliwilom."

Victory followed on victory, and the young wanderer, whose footsteps we have traced in this our journey by Kopparberg and fair Siljan's lake, next appears as Gustaf Wasa, crowned King of Sweden—founder of a long and glorious dynasty.

In later years "gamle Kong Gösta" became hard and unfeeling, as is oft the case with those who in early youth have struggled with adversity. In such the milk of human kindness is dried up: they have borne their cross jauntily—have fought the good fight, wrestled and conquered; hence they say to others "Go and do thou likewise."—Still Sweden gratefully recognises the merits

* The fuel employed is charcoal—large provisions lay in store—not an expensive article; a sack costs sixpence. A building was in course of erection for the fabrication of Bessamer steel, at present only made in two places. A young Swede has been lately engaged by an English company for five years, at an annual salary of 700*l.*, to introduce this method into our Indian colonies.

of this her first Wasa king, the greatest sovereign who ever wore her crown.

His grandson Gustaf Adolf tells well in history as champion of a cause dear to most English hearts. That contest lasted thirty years, and, though it destroyed the power of Romanism in the German empire—half ruined Sweden. Charles X. drove out the Danes. His unlettered son finished his father's work, and by unjust policy restored the finances—leaving well-filled coffers, to be drained by that great sky-rocket King Charles XII., who spluttered in the heavens, making all Europe gape —then came tumbling down, leaving his country a charred ruin. Passing over all others, we may safely say that Gustaf Erikson was, is, and shall be the true hero of Swedish history.

'Sten Sture' left for Stockholm, and we on board glide midst bays and fishing villages, vessels laden with timber, till we reach Waxholm fortress—once prison of Duke John, now favourite bathing quarter of Stockholmites. As we pass by, a sentinel challenges us from his trumpet: "Where are you from?" "Gefle."— "Your name?" "Sten Sture." —Later the dome of St. Catherine's appears above the height—tea-gardens on islands of emerald green. Three Dal boys, drawing from their pockets small looking-glasses, comb out their long locks, for on the jetty they expect to find their betrothed, in golden aprons—awaiting the boat's arrival. On we steam—churches, the new museum, royal palace —in succession greet the eye. While gazing, the steamer veers round and stops.—We land, and seek our old quarters in the hotel at Stockholm.

GÖTLAND.

CHAPTER LIII.

Early history of Götland — The floating island — "White Star" and the Trillinge — Isle of Robbers — Miss Wisby's bones — Fall of the city — The Charmer and his brandy monopoly — Calfskin house — The sister churches — The golden goose — Carbuncles of Waldemar — The Maiden's Tower.

VOYAGE TO WISBY.

THREE days' rest, and we are again under weigh; a storm arose in the night, the rain pattered down, the waves dashed over the deck—so, quietly reposing in my berth—while other folks are more actively engaged—Strelow in hand, I study the first Chronicle of Götland.

In early times a fair island floated on the sea by night, mariners beheld it as they sailed by—but each morning it sank beneath the waves and was no more seen. Wise men declared it would never become fast till a fire had been lighted thereon; but no one dared to land, and each morn with the rising sun the island again sank into the Östersjön—that island was Götland.

A famine raged in the old kingdom of Jutland—no man had bread to eat: then Tjällver, son of Guti the king, sailed forth with his companions in his long ship to seek home in a foreign land. A raven led the way

* Poetic name, Östersjöns Öga—the Eye of the Baltic.

—they steered their course towards the east, landed in a small bay of the floating isle—there lighted a fire of wood.—From that night the land became fast. Tjällver* named it Gutiland in his father's honour. Haffder, Tjällver's son, had brought with him his young wife, who for her beauty was styled "White Star," a daughter of the true house of Amelon; that night she dreamt a dream about three serpents—a very long dream indeed, which Tjällver, to whom she told it, explained so lengthily, it must have sent her to sleep again. Some months later "White Star" bore to her lord Trillinge,† by whom the island was peopled.

After a time there was no longer land to support all men. Lots were cast, and every third male had to quit the isle. Those doomed to exile entrenched themselves at Thorsborg, but the natives drove them out. After wandering for some years they arrived in Greece, and demanded permission of the king to dwell there "whilst the moon decreased from its full and increased again." The king gave his consent, but when the month was out bade them go. "Not yet," answered the Götlanders; "the moon is now on the increase; soon again will she decrease, and thus wax and wane to all eternity—so long must we stay, for such, O king, was thy promise." So the Götlanders remained, retaining, says the chronicler, their native "Sprok." ‡ But all this happened a long time ago—in the year of

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* In the parish of Boge is a place called Tjällver, and a bay named Tjällvervik, near which a heap of stones passes for Tjällver's grave.

† Triplets.

‡ In a village of Southern Russia a colony of men still preserve the old Gothic tongue their forefathers brought with them from Sweden, as well as many songs of early northern history.

the world's creation 2300, which makes one half fancy "White Star" to have been old Mrs. Noah, and her Trillinge no others than Shem, Ham, and Japhet.

Götland bore as her arms the white lamb of Amelon on a red ground, with one lily—in more modern days exchanged for the Agnus Dei. The people, continues the Chronicle, had faith in groves and hills, holy places, rune stones, and idols, to whom they sacrificed their sons and daughters—but this was a "privilege of the aristocracy;" common folks offered goats and the produce of the soil. Many kings made war against Götland, called by Adam of Bremen "Insula Latronum"—isle of robbers—"which is," says the chronicler, "all a mistake, and never meant us—Öland or Bornholm perhaps, one of our neighbours—we Götlanders were most peaceable, sent ambassadors to Erik the Victorious at Upsala,* bearing as presents twelve white horses, and as many oxen, with tastefully-gilded horns." Be that as it may, her näs (nose) konge bore a bad name, and are described as "Mycket langt folk," —unpleasant to meet with on the high seas. The first native who built a church of trä in Götland was Botiar of Ackobeck, in the parish of Wald; the heathen rose

* Iwar Sträbon of Alva was chosen by the Götlanders as envoy to the Swedish king. Before starting he insisted on receiving the ransom of three men paid down in hard cash; for he knew well that Erik was ill disposed towards his countrymen. When Iwar arrived at Upsala the king sat at meat; the attendants announced the arrival of Götland's ambassador. "Let him come in," said the king. Iwar stood at the door, and waited. The king did not ask him to join the board, but at last said, "What news from Götland?" Iwar replied, "Nothing remarkable, save that a mare has borne three foals at a birth." "Well," said the king, "when the two colts suck, what does the third do?" "It does as I am doing—stands and looks on," answered the Götlander. The king, admiring the bold answer, bade Iwar go forward and partake of the best.

and burnt it to the ground.* The following year Botiar founded a second church, that of St. Peter's in Wi;† the heathen, assembling in great numbers, would have destroyed it also, but Botiar, mounting the tower, cried out, "Burn God's house and my building you may, but, if so, you shall burn me with it." Botiar was a man of wealth; his daughter Lickersmella was married to Tyssi, a great lord; he came to his father-in-law's rescue, declaring they should neither burn church nor man—so the building remained uninjured. Then Tyssi, his wife, his children, and all their house were baptised. He built on his own property ‡ a church called Stenkyrka, which still stands, the oldest in the island—for St. Peter's has passed away. From that time a building mania seized the islanders, and of the hundred churches now existing all were built within two hundred years.

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From some unknown cause an old Pomeranian city called Vineta sank beneath the waves. The inhabitants, gathering their valuables together, gates of copper, and silver vessels, sailed for Götland, where, on a place of sacrifice called Wi, they founded the city of Wisby.§ Tradition gives another origin, talks of an amazon, a Jomfru Wisby (sous-lieutenante in the army of Sigurd Ring), whose arm was struck off in battle at the Bråvalla Slag,‖ by Sterk Odder,

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* The manor on which it stood still bears the name of Kullsted (coal).

† Pronounced Wee. ‡ 1032.

§ About the year 800 A.D.

‖ When Harald Hiltetand was 150 years old, he became so weak his friends determined to suffocate him in his bath, by laying wood and stones over it. "I will not die in a bathing-tub," cried Harald when he heard of it, "but as a king." He sent to Sigurd Ring to collect an

one of those early heroes whose history we never stir up. For many centuries Miss Wisby's bones hung in the church of Our Lady, throwing into the shade all grandes dames of these degenerate days by their weight and magnitude, till, in 1741, Linnæus, coming to Götland, records in his journal, June 23rd—"The Jätte bones preserved in the church I find, on inspection, to be those of a whale."—Disagreeable man! upsetting by his science the faith of ages. In course of time foreign bishops bound for the Holy Land found Wisby a convenient resting-place; but greatly shocked were they to see an island so full of churches with no prelates to supply their spiritual wants. After much entreaty the natives agreed to receive the Bishop of Linköping as lord spiritual; still he came by invitation, not by right—was allowed but ten attendants, for whom the peasants furnished horses and three meals. If the bishop remained longer, he and his people might go to bed supperless or pay for it. In the twelfth century the commerce with the East, by way of Novgorod, became exceedingly great, and Wisby, forming a good stepping-stone, was in 1158 declared a free city by the Emperor Lothair. Long before this, however, Lubec and Ros-

army and fight it out. They were seven years about it. Harald's army assembled in the Öresund—the fleet formed a bridge from Zealand to Skåne. Ursina, the amazon, bore his banner. The armies met on Brávalla Heath. After a fearful battle, in which the Danes were worsted, Harald threw himself on his knees, and with a short sword laid to right and left, till his own General Brun, thinking he had done enough, cracked his skull. King Ring had the body of Harald washed, and gave him a grand funeral. He was buried with his horse, and all heroes present cast rich gold bracelets into the grave;—over which the mound was heaped; but where that mound be, or Brávalla either, no one exactly knows. The author has twice visited Harald's reported högg, and might have done so a dozen times over, had he not declined any further investigation.

tock, Holland, England,* France, Russia, and the Levant, all had here their warehouses, and the town numbered "12,000 burghers, without counting artisans and small craftsmen." Her wealth became quite fabulous. She suffered from sieges and sackings, but rose up again, till the new route to the East by Genoa and Venice became frequented—safer far for merchants than that through Russia. Later came the opening of the Cape line. Wisby sank, not like Kongelf, destroyed by a grand plundering, but by slow yet sure decay. Of late years steam has brought Wisby into notice as a bathing-place. Our rough passage at an end, we land, mount to the Hôtel Götland, glad, after a night's tossing, to defer till next day all lionising of Wisby.

WISBY.

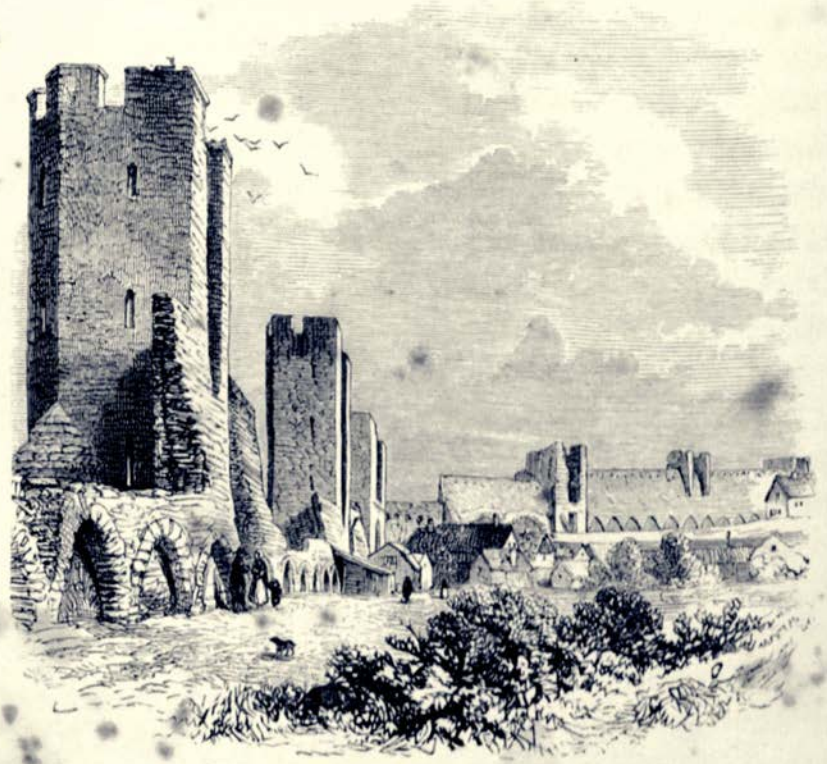
Leaving the hotel, before you stands an old gabled mansion, shutting out all view of the blue sea—once residence of Danish governors—Thotts, Rosenkrantzs, and others. Across the "Place" appears one wooden house, o'errun with verdant ivy—the growth of centuries. Of an evening folks loiter outside their dwellings, sitting on the balustrades beside the doorsteps—formed of huge slabs of Götland marble set up on end — tombstones once, incised with monograms, and scrolls framed in a border of monkish characters. Here and there stand quaint Hanseatic buildings, of staircase-gable, with windows to the very point; pack-

* King Henry III. of England, by a letter dated 1237, granted the merchants of Götland liberty to traffic and purchase all over England, entirely free from duty (both with the goods they fetched from England, and those they brought from Götland).—Jur. pub. Lubensis. The Maritime Code (Sö Ratt) of Wisby has served as model for all the navigation laws of Europe.

husets (warehouses)—once the property of the seventy-seven cities, who here ruled the roast. Some are fresh painted, yellow or white, topped by a vane—still cockey; others, dark and grim, look sad, as though conscious of good times gone by and present ruin. As for the apotek, it looks so gloomy; all medicine sold from such a tenement must tell of henbane or nightshade. A distillery, of the third Gustaf's time, is in itself a warning—sad remains of that royal monopoly which hastened the monarch's fall. He would take no advice;—in vain the archbishop preached, "Sire, there are two things a wise King of Sweden never meddles with—religion and brandy." *

An ancient gateway of stone leads without the walls; hard by lies a garden, once the site of Wisby's Ex-

*. When Gustaf III. made brandy a royal monopoly the crown agents received orders to press the sale. Small krogs were established outside the churchyard, and the peasants encouraged to purchase the liquor, "by order of the king." It is useless to talk of the evils which ensued. The sovereign himself knew not the extent to which his orders were carried out; for it was not in his nature to injure any one. After the death of Gustaf the royal monopoly ceased. Then followed competition between the large establishments and the private stills. It was a lamentable state of affairs; the peasant often converted into spirits his whole year's produce. Sweden, a land which now exports grain so largely, could not then suffice for the wants of her own people. Brandy was the coin of the realm; horses and cattle were purchased and paid for by measure, servants received it as payment in lieu of wages. Then arose a conflict in each succeeding diet. For upwards of twenty years the learned Dean Wieselgren of Göteborg—most eloquent preacher of the day—travelled through Sweden, preaching in the different churches against drunkenness; and no doubt did much towards the suppression of the evil. In the last diet but one a bill passed the Fourth Estate, by which a tax was imposed on liquor. From that day dates the regeneration of the land. Two-and-twenty years ago, when the author first visited Sweden, each village on a Sunday presented a fearful scene of intoxication; now, during a year's sojourn, he has never once come across a drunken peasant when travelling.



NORTH AND EAST WALLS, WISBY.

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change. The Hanseatikers, ever jealous of royal interference, said to the sovereigns, "Keep to your castles and palaces; we stick to our cities, and want none of you." Still King Birger begged so hard for just a resting-place at Wisby, merely as large as a calf-skin would cover, the burghers—to whom the Æneid was a closed book—granted his demands. The king came Queen Dido over them—cutting his hide into long strips—and the palace for ever bore the name of "Kalfskinnhuset."

Gardens with walnuts, mulberries, and limes, crumbling stone walls, and fences of pine-stakes placed cross-ways, hovels and cottages of better class, with ivy treillages across the windows, mingle in graceful confusion, till you reach a second portal, through which appears the sea. Here fishers moor their boats and hang their nets on a forest of rough poles;—then, by a wicket-gate, you enter the new botanic garden and promenade of the city. This walk runs beneath the town walls, in stormy weather sheltered from the blast, save where a loophole or a breach lets in the Baltic. The gardens are laid out with taste—turf planted with flowering shrubs; here and there a ruined column, or stone carvings arranged in groups.—From no site can you gain a better view over the north quarter of Wisby.

On the heights above rise in succession her jaunty towers and ruined churches, grouped with trees and houses. Within the garden stands a fine round-arched portal—all that remains of old St. Olaf's—foundation of Erik the Lovely, who, with Queen Bothilde, driven by stress of weather, put into Wisby, on that pilgrimage to Jorsala from which he never returned.* "He

* Erik died at Cyprus. Queen Bothilde reached her long journey's end, and quietly sleeps in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

affected," says the chronicler, "no dominion over Götland, was received as a guest, and left most friendly."* Grandly the ruins rise in the background; first the dark square towers—St. Lars and St. Drotten—termed the "sister churches." 'Twas the old story† of two maidens who could not agree about their seats at mass —one building would not hold their consequence—good came out of evil, for each sister built a church at her own expense. St. Lars‡ is a simple round-arch pile, of lofty nave, transepts, and apse; a fine portal leads to the tower, of which the upper windows merge into the Pointed style.§ St. Lars (Lawrence) was the Diana of the Romish Church—patron saint of chastity. Often on old bells are odd inscriptions in Latin verse to that effect—not fit to quote.

St. Clemens, a larger building‖ of the same style, stands near, concerning which they tell a curious story. Salts Vedel, a shoemaker's apprentice, of German birth, was working at his stall in Italy: several old monks sat basking in the sun, talking of old times and distant lands whence they had emigrated after the Reformation. Each told his tale of plunder and hidden treasure. "There lies concealed," says one, "behind a large stone near the altar of St. Clemens church in

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* A.D. 1097.

† The same story is told at Falster; and the Götland chronicler talks of two "Sisterkyrka" founded under similar circumstances at Overthorne and Witherensey, in Yorkshire.

‡ St. Drotten of later date (1086) is much in the same style—a nave chancel, and apse. In these buildings the Rundsbåg and First Pointed styles are employed together. Concerning the word Drotten the learned disagree; but as in the Latin tongue it is translated as Trinity, such most likely is its significance. Dublin cathedral formerly bore this name.

§ Date 1046. ‖ Date 1097.

Wisby, a goose of solid gold, with twenty-four little ones; I wonder if 'twill ever be discovered." The boy pricked up his ears, and, marking well the monk's words, straightway left Italy, working his way to Dantzic; thence passed to Götland, where he found the concealed treasure, which the laws awarded him as his own.—Later he became merchant, town councillor, and died burgomaster of Wisby.

In the rosaces of St. Clemens were embedded the two carbuncles (carried off by Waldemar) whose light shone so brightly as to be discerned by the mariner far out at sea when no stars were visible. "Their equals," says the chronicler, "were not to be found in the whole earth; they lighted the night as the sun does the day, and greatly the people mourned their loss."

Further to the left rises the lofty gable of St. Nicholas,* pierced with long lancet windows—a glorious ruin! To one column hangs a shield, with the builder's name and monogram—Jacob Krabbar. It is beautiful of a moonlight night to see the beams play through the shattered tracery of the choir. The buildings of earlier date look dark and grim, but here the proportions are so light you could gaze for ever.

Near the plantations of white mulberry-trees for silkworms—special hobby of Queen Josephine—two towers meet the eye; the higher Long Henry, the second called "The Maiden's Tower."—There dwelt in Wisby a rich artificer of precious metals. At Lubec as well as Rostock men spoke of Nils the goldsmith. Nils had a daughter proud as fair, who clad herself in gold and silk attire, and disdainfully refused the

* Date 1097.

hands of all who wooed her. The people nicknamed her "the coalblower's daughter," which so enraged her father, he set out for Denmark and invited Waldemar to seize the riches of the men of Wisby. The old lay runs—

"To the king comes Nils the goldsmith, and much he lies; the loathsome traitor, the hideous thief. Says he to Waldemar, 'The people of Götland have much gold; 'twould be well for you if you had it; the hogs are eating out of silver troughs, and the housewives use golden spindles.' Then Waldemar clad himself as a seafaring merchant, and, coming to Götland, dwelt during the winter at the gård of Ung Hans, near Öja. Ung Hans had a daughter. When he found she had been betrayed, he, in his first anger, boxed the king's ears. At the return of spring Waldemar joyfully went back to Denmark to prepare for the enterprise, and next summer, coming with a fleet, took the town of Wisby. He then caused three large beer-vats to be set on the market-place, saying to the citizens, 'Either fill them with silver before three days, or I give over the city to plunder.' The burghers accepted the first condition, and when the vats were full Waldemar took the church ornaments and bells and laded a large ship, which, borne down by the weight of the treasure, foundered off Carlsö."

Sad was the fate of Ung Hans' daughter. Blinded by her guilty love, she had ventured, disguised as a man, into the city, and by her tidings insured the taking of Wisby. Waldemar rewarded her ill. On sailing for Denmark he, in spite of his promises, left her behind in Götland. The angry townsmen then immured her alive in that square tower before which we now stand, called ever since Jungfru Tornet, or the Maiden's Tower.

CHAPTER LIV.

Holy Anders — Wisby domkyrka — Slab of Duke Erik — Hero of the "træ smeck" — Plunder of the church — Gymnasium — Seals of the Guilds — Wisborg slott — Anglo-Saxon coins — The cross of Waldemar — Stone labyrinth.

WE pass by gutted towers, four stories high, with machicolations fresh as yesterday—gaillard and daring; —Wisby is but a quarry, feeding, as it were, on her own vitals. Beyond the walls rise isolated the three gables of St. George's,* extra muros, an hospital or lazaret once—its churchyard a burial-place in time of plague or cholera; large marble gravestones of bishops and great folks lie scattered within its roofless walls. On the cliff's height behind stand three lofty columns of hewn stone, encircled by a low wall—the gallows of Wisby—where, in former years, coiners and utterers of base money were hanged in chains—the only class of criminals not decapitated.†

From this height the view extends wide over St. Göran's roofless church, and the long line of battlements ‡ of a sombre gray, so varied in form, cutting their

* 1218.

† In the churchyard of Roma kloster lies a slab with the following inscription, removed from St. George's:—"Hic est sepultus Eyko Carnifex, cum uxore sua. Anno 1343. 11 Kalendis Augusti." Why such care should be taken of the public executioner is a mystery.—Roma being a mother church, her parson went by the nickname of the Pope.

‡ These walls were built at the cost of Gotland's peasantry in 1288, by order of Magnus Ladulås, who ordained that each Ting should construct a tower, in all thirty-six in number, to preserve the citizens

outlines on the blue sea. Some are square, others merely hanging, with narrow slits prepared for pouring boiling oil and molten lead on the besiegers.

Re-entering the northern gate, to the left stand the ruins of Wisby's mint, in which were coined those "penningar blå" * spoken of elsewhere.

Following the street, from a garden embosomed in walnut-trees and chesnuts peeps forth the church of Holy Anders—most remarkable of Wisby's ruins—now an hospital for lunatics. Holy Anders consists of one large octagonal tower and a chancel of small dimensions. Within this tower is a double church, not a crypt, for both are above ground; the round arches of the lower one are supported by four octagonal columns, and lighted by two Norman windows and three of quatrefoil tracery; a double staircase leads to the upper church, whose First Pointed arches rest on round pillars. An archway allows those above to see and hear the service in the church below, while an octagon aperture in the roof of the lower church communicates with the upper story. This arrangement may be seen in the convent churches of Italy, where the nuns attend the service concealed from view.† A

against the inroads of the Boors, by whom they had been worsted. Strelow, after alluding to this story, writes—"Then in 1289 stood Wisby in her first flower and bloom, surrounded by three ditches, and a wall within them."

* These pennies, valued twelve skillings Danish, were stamped on one side with a flag bearing a lamb. Some coins have five lilies, a cross, and the words "Moneta civitatis Wisbicensis;" others of later date the name of "Severin Norbi" and his arms. The series ends with Frederik II. of Denmark.

† Holy Ands was built 1046, long before the separation of monks and nuns, which took place by orden of the pope in the fourteenth century.



HOLY ANDERS CHURCH, WISBY.

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second staircase leads to the roof above—wild sloes grow among the ruined stonework, and shaking seats are placed for those who love to jog while gazing over the distant klints. The ruins come out grander from on high, where Wisby, in all her desolation, lies before you.

Five minutes' walk brings you to Wisby's domkyrka * church of Our Lady. Passing beneath a wapenhus of stone, you cross a lattice of iron, such as is placed at churchyard gates to keep out cattle. St. Mary's stands in her own quarry—the ground behind, rising abruptly, is planted with trees—interior light and airy, in the true Lubec style. On the south side a fine pinnacled portal leads to an oblong chapel. Before this entrance lies a huge slab of Götland marble, which, says tradition, once covered the remains of Duke Erik, only son of Albert of Mecklenburg, who, when his father was loosed from prison, begged permission to erect a small fortress in Wisby. The burghers refused: in revenge he besieged the town, and by treachery got possession of two small towers; but died the same year.† Erik was first buried in St. Hans's church; —when that building was destroyed his body was brought to Our Lady's—the stone was so large it could not pass the doorway. Many people of note repose within these walls—Sir Olaf Åxelson (Thott),‡ hero of the "træ smeck" given to fair Cecilia,§ who turned out Erik and his pirate band from Wisborg Castle.‖ According to the Rhyming Chronicle, this siege was foretold by divers miracles. "At the sacrament, attended by 300 men and women, within St. Mary's church, the holy wafer became

* 1190. Once a round-arch structure, restored in a later taste.
† 1397.
‡ Died 1454.
§ See 'Jutland,' vol. ii. p. 362.
‖ 1449.

damp and sodden, dripping with perspiration: the church-bells rang of themselves; the images of the saints turned pale, and their fair countenances became as those of dead men." When the city took fire, a storm of wind blew the flames inwards; then all men fell on their knees and prayed the Virgin for succour. A white pigeon flew against the fire where it burnt strongest, and the flames were extinguished. The sepulchral slab of Sir Olaf lies in the aisle to the right of the choir, near that of Christopher Mogenson, the nobleman whose funeral proved so costly to Denmark in Frederik II.'s time, "causing 6000 men to get wet that one man might lie dry."*

In the sacristy lie the now rejected bones of Jomfru Wisby and the Doomsday fish,† whose vertebræ, suspended to the roof, would have remained there till the world's end, when "it was doomed to fall down," had it not been for the Reformation. Never was church so robbed as that of Our Lady of Wisby: the inventory of valuables carried off by Waldemar fills several pages. He left nothing—from statues of solid gold "big as a five years' old child," down to "sex par apostle aff Thinn"—matters of no great value. Then Hans Brask, carrying off the archives of Wisby,‡ embarked with all he could lay hands on for Oliva kloster, where he died.

* July 27, 1566. See 'Jutland,' vol. i. p. 37.

† "On the 28th February, 1232, was a fish caught in the harbour like a lion, and hung up in the church of Our Lady, where it may be seen to this day; it cried and screamed as though it were a man, and all who heard it marvelled, for it betided the great misfortune which happened afterwards."—*Strelow's Chronicle.*

‡ It is generally supposed they are hidden away in the Vatican, where the Norwegian historian Munck is at present occupied in searching out all documents connected with early Scandinavian history, and report says his efforts have not been unsuccessful.

In 1530 came the Reformation. "And now," says the chronicler, after mourning over the robbery of silver images and vessels under Henrik Rosenkrantz, governor of the island, "on the ground in which so many famous men are buried, run cattle and sheep, making God's house both bare and desolate; the swine with their snouts even tear up useful books and letters, collected and written with diligence—treading under foot pictures and images of saints." Seven years later Henrik Rosenkrantz, on the eve of St. Nicholas, met with an untimely death, killed by a fall from his horse while riding with his courtiers outside the walls of Wisby.—The people regarded his death as a judgment for the desecration of the churches they loved so well.

Wandering down narrow streets, through an archway spanning the road, you gain the market-place, where, in a yard crammed with peasants' carts, rise the majestic ruins of St. Catherine*—a pointed structure, roofless, with nave and aisle supported by twelve octagon columns. The arches still remain, fragile and tottering; lancet windows of quatrefoil tracery pierce the side walls. A short round apse, with sedilia and tabernacle, terminate this building—most beautiful in its ruined state. In the adjoining lane, above a doorway once pertaining to the old church of St. Gertrude, runs a monkish inscription no man can read—all the more interesting to antiquaries.†

* 1160.

† St. Gertrude of Brabant is a favourite patroness of the peasants; for on her day, March 17, begins the meal called Atendag, which continues till Michaelmas. This Ätendag, the repast eaten between dinner and supper, answers to the maids' "teas" in England, only they go on all the year round. A song is sung, commencing—

"St. Gertrude, good old woman,
Who gives the people Ätendag."

On

Hard by stands the new Gymnasium—a modern Gothic building—where for 9 rix yearly (10s. English) some 160 boys are prepared for the universities.* Education in these cold climes becomes a necessity—the nights are so long and weary. In every cottage you'll meet with books on history and other matters. Still, during the winter evenings the peasant does much out-of-door work. Hence the old Swedish proverb, "Much bread grows during the winter night." On the upper story of the Gymnasium are a public library, and a museum yet in its infancy. Here are treasured the seals—sole traces of Wisby's once powerful guilds—St. Knud, "omnium Teutonicorum"—united Germans—St. Nicholas, St. James, All Saints, and others—large round or oval signets, each bearing the image of its

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On the eve of this saint folks go to bed in a hurry without taking off their clothes, for then the cows will return home early to be milked, and the harvest ripen in good time. The milkmaid puts cheese under her pillow for good luck. No candle is lighted between St. Gertrude's day and Michaelmas.

In this church of St. Gertrude was celebrated, in 1466, the marriage of Sir Iver Thott, brother of Olaf Axelson, with Fröken Madalena, King Carl Knutson's daughter—a marriage not at all approved of by Christian I. of Denmark, with whom, says the chronicler, the knight fell into great suspicion. The arms of Thott and Bonde are sculptured above the sole remaining portal. This "bröllop" still forms the subject of a favourite song among the peasants of Götland:—

"It was Sir Iver Axelson, he sat on Götland's shore."

* The instruction comprises Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, English, French, German, history, geometry, botany, chemistry, music, singing, drawing, gymnastics, drilling. The professors are first-rate men, who understand teaching, and are trained to it. This is as it should be, for in cases of defective education the fault lies with the teacher, who does not understand his art—not with the boy, whom he pronounces idle or stupid. Children of poor parents receive their education gratis. These gymnasiums are government institutions, and exist in all cathedral and chief towns of Sweden. There is also a grammar-school, attendance at which is compulsory.

patron saint; also the silver seals of the three ridings of Götland, more modern by far.* In the bearings of the northern division the goldsmith has transformed the Good Shepherd into a monk with a tithe-pig on his shoulders—signs of the times. One small seal, bearing the name "Gerhardi de Gotlandiâ"—subject, an "Adoration"—was picked up some years since by a sea-captain in Candia.

The guild of sea-captains possesses a fine pocale—used on their grand meeting, 1st of March—hung round with votive medals, thankofferings of crews preserved from shipwreck.

Down by the harbour, near the southern gate, is the new bathing establishment, honoured this year by the presence of H.R.H. Princess Eugénie, who is building herself a villa on the sea-coast; for Wisby boasts a climate milder far than that of Sweden. Grapes here ripen—mulberries thrive—all planted by the old monks. Sometimes they planted too much; for St. Brita's onion found so great favour in their sight, the milk and butter to the present day suffer from its flavour. During the spring season, do what they can, the cows will eat it.

Behind us rise the ruins of Wisborg's slott, founded by Erik the Pomeranian. He laid the first stone on "Petre fangelse's" day,† and here passed nine years with Cecilia and his pirate band. In vain the united Danes and Swedes remonstrated with his nephew King Christopher; he only laughed, replying, "My uncle must gain his living somehow;" so Erik continued his depredations till, hunted out by Sir Olaf, he took refuge in Pomerania, and there died.‡

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* 1578.

† August 1, 1411. Peter's imprisonment.

‡ In 1676 Wisborg was utterly destroyed by the Danes.

In the long street adjoining are many small silversmiths, where you may perchance find old apostle spoons, still used by the peasants; coins, too, of silver —Wisby's mint as well as Anglo-Saxon—of which last as fine a collection has been turned up in Götland as that preserved in the cabinets of the British Museum. These coins are found mixed with Cufic, proving how great must have been in early centuries the commerce 'twixt Götland and the East.*

The autumn fair began this morning; crowds of peasants arrive, driving ponies of the small island-breed, cows, and oxen for sale. Each animal bears a wisp of straw between its ears—the customary advertisement. There are tables set out with coffee and smörbrod, much chaffering, much talking,—a fair's a fair all the world over.

It is held outside the southern gate, hard by the site where Waldemar, after a hard-fought battle, broke into the town of Wisby. He entered with thirteen men abreast—thirteen machicolations mark where the breach was made. The sun was setting when the battle was won. Waldemar founded a chapel on the spot, and

* A good collection of coins dug up in the island is preserved in the museum at the gymnasium. Some years since the whole unaccountably disappeared; no clue to the thief could be obtained, till the following year a boy, searching for birds' eggs, pulled out from a hole in the city walls a leathern sack containing the lost treasure. Anglo-Saxon coins are discovered in great quantities, in hoards of two and three hundred. A dog, scratching in the earth at Stenkumla, laid bare two beakers filled with the money of Canute the Great and Ethelred. Cufic coins in virgin silver, struck at Bagdad, Bokhara, Samarkand, as well as Persian, Roman, and German of the Cologne mint, Byzantine also, of gold as well as silver, are constantly disinterred. Thousands have already passed through the melting-pot, and many do so still.



WALDEMAR'S CROSS, WISBY.

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called it Solberg. Of this building no vestige remains. Behind lies the town cemetery, where every Saturday afternoon crowds of women decorate with fresh wreaths and crosses the grassy mounds. They kneel, cropping the turf with scissors, twining the flowers into initials and other tasteful devices. Hard by, isolated, erect as though chiselled yesterday, stands the stone cross set up by Waldemar, with the inscription in Latin:—"In the year of our Lord 1361, the third day after the festivity of St. James, the Götlanders fell before the gates of Wisby by the swords of the Danes. They lie buried here. Pray for their souls."

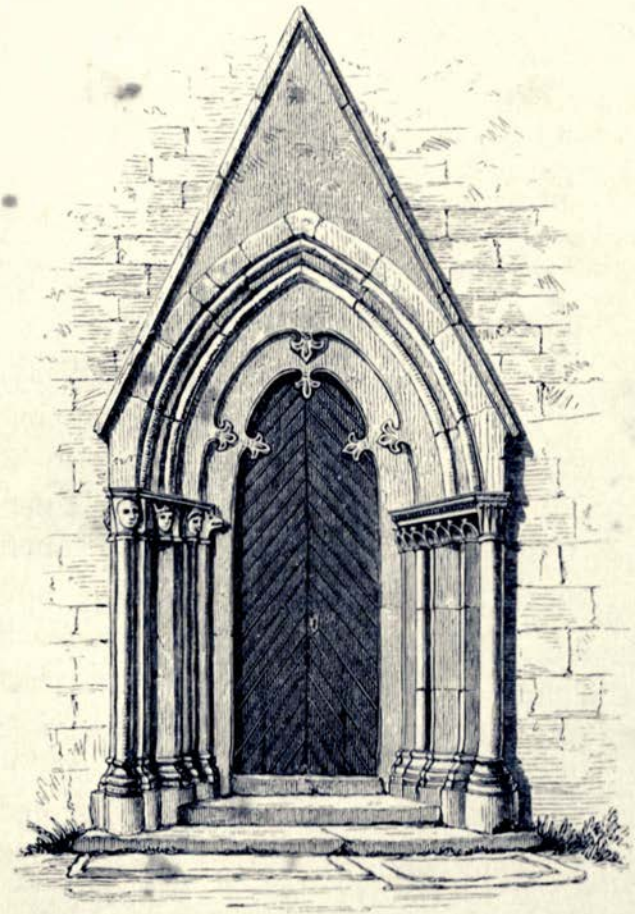
The immediate environs of Wisby are bare; the coast alone affords a pleasant stroll in fine weather. Leaving the north gate by St. George's ruins, you reach the sea-shore. Götland, true to its old tradition, keeps rising above the waters:* the limestone cliffs —wild and romantic as the winds and waves can fashion them—have now retired from buffeting life: green meadows, studded with pine and oxel-tree, protect them from the surge. You pass a gate, mount the green turf-side, to a narrow aperture called "the Jomfru's hole" or cave, extending two English miles, perhaps further. As for the Jomfru, she sold herself to the devil; and old chroniclers declare she sits with a silver tankard by her side, and a Trolle's head on her lap—warning all who approach to abstain from necromancy. Before her doom was come, she at stated times revisited the meadow below, where, placing one stone at each visit,

* On the north coast of the island as many as fifty tiers of shingle may be counted, one above the other, proving the gradual rising of the island.

she laid out a labyrinth called Trõjeborg.*—Go which way you will, you never get out unless you overstep the barriers.

Beyond lies a mill turned by David's Aa, a streamlet named after a Scotch herald, in the pay of tyrant Christian, to whom he gave this gård in reward for his services in Russia. Then on to Snackgårdet, a pretty sheltered bay, once harbour of some great viking. Above rises the Raven's Cliff (Korpe Klinte) —well named, for these huge black birds, rusty with age, fly among the rocks and trees, crying their rough-toned "brahs." Sea-eagles frequent this spot. A high road, cut through a young pine-forest, leads back to Wisby.

* These labyrinths of stone are not uncommon throughout Scandinavia, though the origin of the name Trõjeborg (fortress of Troy) is a myth. One formerly existed near the church of Fardhem, another on the little island of Fiauen, near the north coast.



PORTAL, TOFTA CHURCH, GÖTLAND.

ANNO 1166.

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CHAPTER LV.

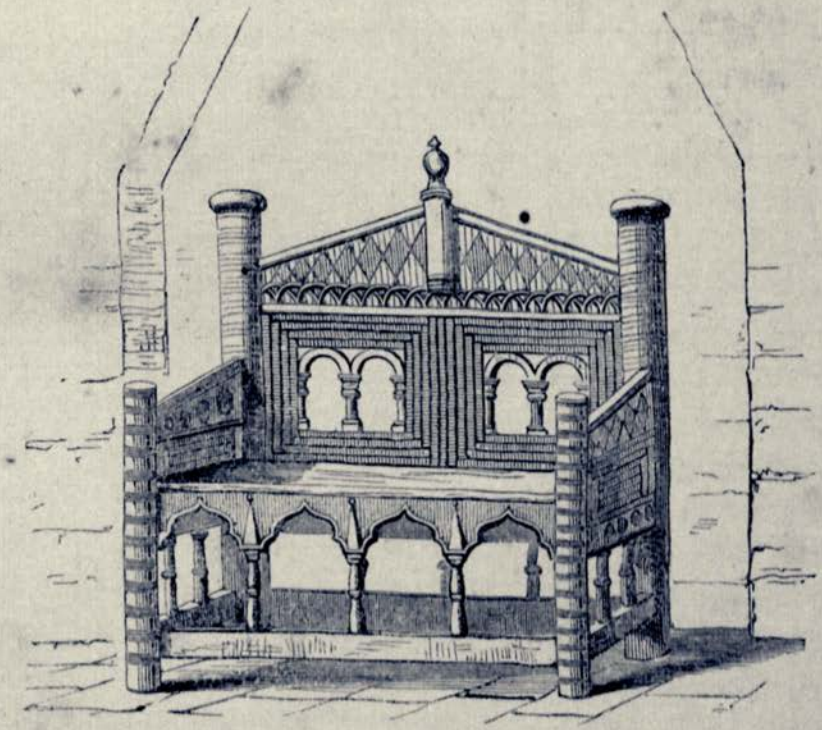
Castle of pirate Erik — Church of Tofta and its bride-stool — Starling the sacred bird of Götland — Runic corona — Seal-hunting — Perilous escape — Three hunters turned to stone — Legend of the treasure of Carlsö — St. Karin and her hart — Mystery of the parsley-bed — Wheel-rood of Öja — Ung Hans' gård — The devil's bit — Götland's sandstone — Hoburg's Gubbe (old man).

ROUND THE ISLAND.

MR. PETERSEN, a Danish artist, met me in Wisby. Together we bent our steps southward, first stopping at Stor Klinte, where once stood Allehage—castle of pirate Erik. A wooden staircase leads to a limestone cave, open, like an arched ruin, resting upon the grassy sward: here Wisby cockneys picnic and gaze at the blue sea. Regaining the highway, we reach the church of Tofta—a huge barn* tacked on to a lofty tower, with black spire, of the form peculiar to Götland. On entering the churchyard we stood amazed at the beauty of three Early English doorways, surmounted by peaked canopies. The columns, capitals, and carvings are of white Götland marble: on one appear the images of the three kings, to whom maybe the church is dedicated, as all ornaments, and we counted seven different varieties, are trifoliated—ivy, vine, lily. The church consists of nave and choir, the former of splendid proportions, bivaulted, supported by one column. This

* Date 1166. This barn-like appearance is caused by the entire absence of windows on one side: very few churches are here lighted on both sides.

building must have been the work of a Lubecker—they alone introduced the proportions of our great cathedrals into small parish churches. At the entrance of the chancel stands an octagonal font, well be-monstered—barbaric in its carvings. By the altar-side was the "brudstol," on which the bride takes her seat when first she enters the church—an ancient piece of furniture composed of small pieces of wood, like an abbot's chair,



Bride's Stool, Tofta Church, Götland.

ranged bamboo fashion—when used, decorated with flowers, paper hearts, and ribbons. A Götland wedding is a most awful ceremony, judging from the description, full fifty pages long, now before me. In every parish there dwells a hereditary "keeper of etiquettes;" the bridesmen play a great part in the ceremonial, sitting



PORTAL, SANDEO CHURCH, GÖTLAND.

ANNO 1058.

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up the night before, and putting the bridegroom's hair into curl-papers. Riding on in front, they announce his coming to the bride, the best man addressing her with a set speech: "You rose in Lebanon—you lily in a green vale—here comes your bridegroom riding full of vigour." All is laid down by precedent—feast, dancing, drinking, till one wonders they ever get through the ceremony.

Passing Eskelhem,* Mästerby,† and Gerum, all remarkable in their way, we reach Sande, boasting the loftiest doorway in the island: without, on the walls, are queer carvings of serpent decoration, mixed with Thor's cross, such as one sees on rune stones.‡

The country now becomes cultivated: before each cottage, mounted on a pole, or sometimes in the trees, are placed small wooden boxes, topped by a cross, called "Star stunke,"§—dwellings prepared for the starling—sacred bird of Götland. In early spring the islanders await the bird's arrival, and when he comes there's joy in every house, for winter's at an end; "and, sir," said a peasant, "the little creature seems to know us, comes to the window, and, if not open, taps with his beak to announce his return."

We reached the church of Wätö,‖ one of the finest in the island. On the walls without is de-

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* Date of Eskelhem church, 1049—of Mästerby, 1109.

† When Waldemar landed at Kronewall, in Masterby, the first battle between his forces and the Götlanders took place by Fjale moor, in which Ung Hans was slain by a shot through the middle. The islanders were routed, and a stone cross marks the event.

‡ 1058. The interior, bivaulted, is supported by two columns.

§ One stands above the breach of Waldemar, on a machicolation of the walls of Wisby.

‖ 1050.

picted a bear-hunt—not a strictly ecclesiastical subject; but as Jacob and Esau, the dove from the Ark, and other scriptural personages look on, it must be all right. By the doorway stands the scarlet lady of Babylon, suckling her serpents. The sacristan drew from a cupboard the remains of an iron corona—two simple bands, between them a wreath of roses; round the bottom runs a runic inscription, telling how one "John in Gräne gave this ljuskrona to the church in Hväte, to gain God's and Jomfru Maria's favour for his soul's redemption." These runes are supposed to be of the fourteenth century.

The rain fell in torrents, so we made for Klinte—a port and village of some note—backed by a limestone cliff, perforated with caves—once, say the chroniclers, the residence of old näskings. This coast is noted for its seal fishery; the animals bask in shoals among the rocks which rise above the water. The fisher spreads his nets around, first attaching them to poles on shore. When the seals arrive he suddenly draws the nets up, and, sailing in his boat, slays his prey. As many as ninety-five have been taken at one haul. This sport is more dangerous when they hunt the animals on the ice. In the church of Färö hangs an old picture* — a votive offering from grateful seal-hunters. The ice divided, and they, fifteen in number, floated out to sea: when nearly frozen to death, and well-nigh starved—the iceberg began to thaw by slow degrees. They were luckily picked up on the fourteenth day by a home-bound vessel.

On this road, says the chronicler, in 1411, between

* A.D. 1609.

Sande and Klinte, "five men, on Easter eve, set forth to hunt and net roe deer. When the bell rang for evensong, two went to church; the other three refused to leave their chase, and were, together with their hounds and nets, turned into stone, on a spot still called Diurgarden—where you may see them now." * Gaining Klinte, we took up our quarters at the small inn; supped off eggs and bacon, corn brandy, and fresh milk; sleeping like tops till morning.

We rose in time to see the day break from Klinte's height o'er Carlsö, off whose coast, beneath the waves, still lies hidden the plunder of Wisby. Of a fine day you may see the ship imbedded in the sea's bottom; —a black dog sits guarding the treasure! Attempts have been made to reach it, but in vain—the sea, folks say, will never render up the fruits of sacrilege. It will, however, be recovered and drawn to land by twin calves, fed on milk, who have never tasted water. A rich peasant reared twin calves, "according to recipe," but, when he thought to have secured the vessel, a voice murmured from the sea, "One of the calves has tasted water,"—down again sank the treasure of Waldemar.

Sheep browse on Carlsö, three or four hundred at a time—their enemies the fox and sea eagle. A few winters since great ravage was committed: the owner watched till he saw something white in the crevice of a rock, hunted it down, and killed a snow-white fox,

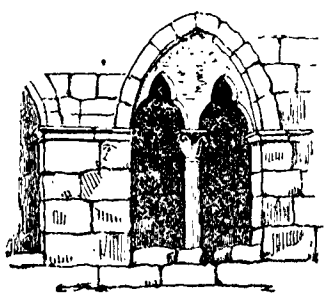
* The laws against hunting on Sunday, as well as against Sabbath-breaking in general, were very severe in Götland. No man was allowed to pass by a church during service time without entering to hear the sermon. Iron bars were placed across the road to prevent travellers driving by. In Bro parish the posts to which the bars were fixed still remain.

who had crossed the ice from the northern regions—first ever seen in Götland.

Carlsö, in early days, harboured within its caves a body of German pirates, who, jealous of the commerce carried on by Vambling, ruler of South Götland, endeavoured to destroy it, but were driven out and routed by his seven sons. These rocks of Carlsö in the month of June afford good harvest to the sportsman. The guillemot, great auk, and others of the webfooted tribe, who build their nests there, rise like a cloud as boats approach the island.*

LOJSTA.

We make for Lojsta,† a church picturesquely situated under a sandstone hill planted with pines, with lofty



Window of Lojsta Church Tower.

tower and rows of Early English windows. Some ceremony was about to take place—the wapenhus crowded

* Götland is rich in birds; many visit her shores not found on the coast of Sweden. The woodcock, the roller, and the Bohemian chatterer (sidensvans), build their nests here. The sea and brown eagle—almost all the falcon tribe natives of Scandinavia—as well as others from milder climates, here hold rendezvous.

† In this church, date A.D. 1109, are ancient frescoes (1192). Early carved wooden seats of bamboo make are still ranged along the wall's



TOWER OF LOJSTA CHURCH.

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with women, seated in recesses where weapons once reposed.* On the altarpiece stood regiments of northern saints—Olaf with hatchet, David with gloves, Karin (St. Brita's daughter) with her hart—a great favourite in Götland. St. Karin was the wife of Sir Eggert of Eggert's Näs; and though they loved each other more than life, they lived together chastely as brother and sister. Ne'er-do-good Sir Charles, hearing of this, broke into their chamber, and found each in a different corner sleeping on stones. Karin accompanied her mother to Rome, leaving Sir Eggert in Sweden, who, pining for her absence, languished and died. Many young Romans asked her hand in marriage, but the holy virgin refused them all. Once a knight had planned to carry her off when on her way to church, but, as she passed by, a stately hart sprung out: Yo-i-cks—Tal-ly-ho—cried the ravisher and his friends, and off they sprang after the deer across country as hard as their horses would carry them.—For this reason St. Karin is represented bearing in her arms a hart.

Zigzagging about the country, we at length reached Gröttlingbo,† where, on the outer wall, appears a stag-hunt in full chevy, archers and centaurs. As you travel southwards the island becomes less wooded; farm-

side. Here once stood a crucifix, to which long after the Reformation the islanders brought offerings. In vain the parson forbade it. At last he ordered the sexton to hew down the cross; the man refused. The priest took a hatchet himself, and, accompanied by the clerk and others, proceeded to hack it to pieces. On his way home a voice called him to stop; he fell from his horse, and never spoke again!

* Near Lojsta stands the church of Hemse, from whose doorway is suspended an iron rod—the old Götland ell, referred to in former times to prevent and decide disputes in cases of measurement. The village Fardhem was once an old heathen burial-place, and derives its name from the words Fara hem, Go home (to Odin).

† 1090.

houses and cottages are built of stone, a cheaper material than wood, but less warm—tenements such as one sees in England, with fruit and vegetable gardens; the parsley-bed never wanting—a plant in Götland endowed with the same mysterious charm as in England.*

Large flocks of sheep browse on the wayside; sheep of a half-caste breed. Here the black rams and ewes mingle with the white kind, producing a clouded offspring —black wool, with a silvery "reflet," or iron gray.

By Fide church stand three lychgates of stone, with trefoil arch and staircase gable.

ÖJA.

Then we reach Öja; stopping to visit Ung Hans's gård, which has remained in the same family since the

* In this very neighbourhood a midwife, observing a large frog nibbling at her favourite vegetable, caught it up on her spade, and tossed it over the hedge, crying, "Off with you! my parsley is not for such as you." That very night a man knocked at the casement, begging her to come to his wife instanter; so, putting on her black bonnet, she with bundle under arm followed her conductor to a turnpike, where the earth opened, and down they went below ground. Without entering into details, matters went on cheerily—a finer baby never had been seen. "Take care," said the man, "not to touch your eyes with the water from the child's bath, it ain't wholesome;" but the midwife, feeling sleepy, rubbed both eyes with her wet fingers. Then with terror she beheld a heavy millstone suspended by two fine threads above the head of the sick mother. "Dear me, how very dangerous!" she cried, "the child might be crushed to atoms." "Not more alarming," answered the mother, "than when you chucked me over the hedge merely because I took a little parsley for the christening" The husband gave the midwife some shavings as a present. "They'll do to light the fire," thought she. On arriving at home she tried to kindle them: lo! a heap of silver spoons lay among the ashes. Some time after, meeting the man from below the earth, she dropped a curtsy and thanked him. "Did you touch your eyes with the water?" asked he. "Yes." "Nothing, then, will go well with you." The prophecy turned out true, for the midwife went blind and died soon after.



LYCHGATE, FIDE CHURCH, GÖTLAND.

ANNO 1166.

Vol II., p. 268.

time of Waldemar; a building described sixty years ago as a network of secret passages and oubliettes above wells of water. Nothing now remains save two cellars of the tower. The "castellets" of Götland were destroyed by the gold-seekers in the last century.

The tower of Öja church,* perhaps the finest in Götland, is pierced on each side with small lancet windows, divided by a column. Here, above the chancel arch, hung a wheel-rood of exceeding beauty. The Saviour is represented as crowned with fleurs-de-lis; the Passion is over; He has sent forth his last cry, and given up the ghost—hence the absence of the crown of thorns. Square medallions, bearing the symbols of the Evangelists at the crosses' points, connect the wreath of roses by which it is surrounded; the intervening spaces filled up by scenes from the Old and New Testament. These roods are common in Götland, but that of Öja surpasses all—a mediæval jewel. On the capitals of the doorway a huge monk lay sprawling his long length, pincers and hammer in hand. The klokker called it Thor,† for whom the peasants still have a weakness, in thundery weather placing at their open windows, to ward off lightning, small crosses,—truly Thor's hammer, not the symbol of the Christian faith. Still Thor has no business on a church doorway, so the figure may, after all, be St. Dunstan, or perchance some old friar, prepared with tongs to gather a plant,

* Date, 1086.

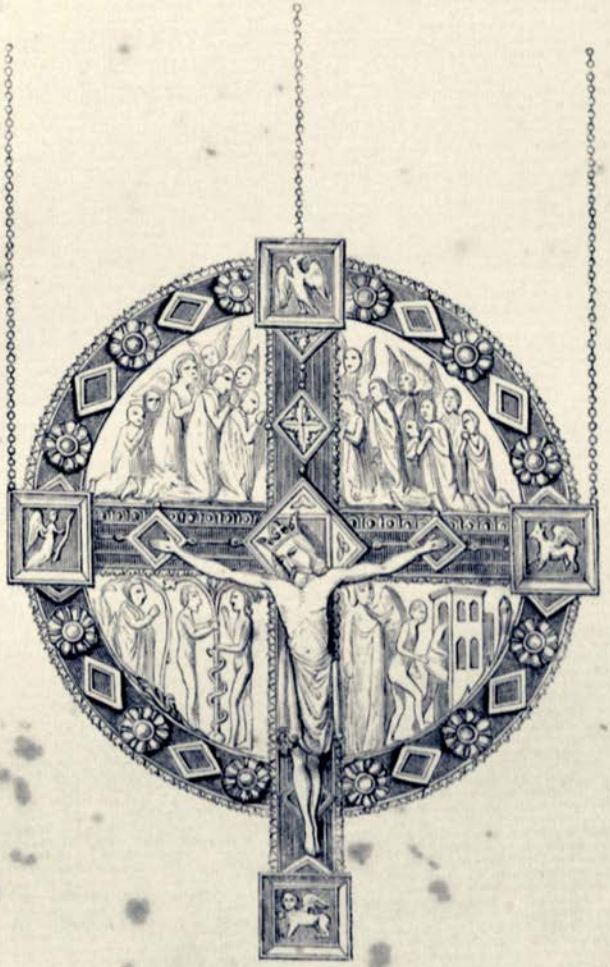
† Many plants still bear the name of Thor. The common houseleek is called in many parts Thor's skagg (beard). The peasant imagines it to bring good luck to the dwelling on which it grows, and, with its fleshy leaves, to protect the roof from fire. The stinging-nettle (Urtica urens) is called Thor's nettle, from its fiery sting; barley (Hordeum vulgare), Thor's walhall; Asplenium ruta muraria, Thor's house.

mentioned by Linnæus as found here, called "Morsus diaboli," * or to take certain "grasshopperna," who, he says, stalk about "caudâ ensiferâ erectâ"—with sword-bearing tail erect—most alarming animals, but useful for curing warts. The peasant, catching the "wårtbitera," applies its mouth to the place; the animal bites and sucks at the wart, which disappears a few days afterwards.—When will this world grow better? Some idle boy had carved his initials on the pew-desk of Öja church last Sunday, side by side with a monogram of 1639! A merchant of Borsvik kindly procured us lodgings in a farmhouse. We strolled to the small port, which sends forth oats, corn, planks, marble, lime, and sandstone to foreign parts. This island has been celebrated for its lime from the earliest ages. When, in 1168, the great Waldemar repaired the Danevirke with burnt bricks, he had over "kalk" from Götland.

The sandstone-quarries by the harbour have furnished materials for the palaces of Stockholm, Copenhagen, Berlin, Dresden, and Petersburg—stone is now being shipped for the rebuilding of Frederiksborg.† On the

* Devil's bit (scabiosa præmorsa). The root of this plant appears as though broken off. The monks told the people that the devil, finding it used as a preservative against his own presence, bit off the root in a passion. This legend is general throughout Europe. "The devil," says an old English author, "for the envie he beareth to mankind, bit it off, because that otherwise it would be good for manie uses." "This herbe," says another, "all the devile left of it, is very powerful against the plague." More charitable than his brother herbalist, he wonders why the devil did so? "for sure he was not troubled with any disease for which it is proper." Linnæus says the dried leaves are used to dye wool yellow and green.

† Götland sandstone has, from the earliest ages, been held in high repute, and, according to existing records, was exported not only to Denmark, but to Poland, Germany, and even Amsterdam. Between the years 1615 and 1624, in the Wisby "Copia Bok" are notices of pay-



CARVED ROOD IN ÖJA CHURCH, GÖTLAND.

Vol. II., p. 260.

jetty lay grindstones of all sizes, like cheeses in a dairy. Borsvik is often mentioned in the old Sagas. They tell of eighty sneckar lying there at anchor, prepared to resist the Jutic fleet or the Wends from Rugen. We got to bed early, and so finished our second day's wandering in Götland.

Our first stoppage next morning was at Wamlingbo,* called after a grandson of White Star; indeed, if tradition speaks true, half the parishes of Gotland bear the name of some old Noseking. The church-font was decked with flowers—relics of last Sunday's christening. In the churchyard lay slabs of marble, inscribed with runes—not serpent devilries, but common tombstones; for runes remained in fashion here later than

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ments received from Dantzig, Christianstad (church), the Dukes of Mecklenburg, Duke Ulrik, Königsberg castle, Dukes of Pomerania and Slesvig, King of Poland, the castles of Kalø, Kolding, Kallundborg, as well as the owners of half the castles in Jutland.

Götland belongs to the upper silurian formation, and may, from the distribution of its fossils and the superposition of the strata, be divided into three groups. The oldest is called the Wisby group, and is well developed in the neighbourhood of Wisby, along the steep cliffs of the coast. It consists of beds of marl and limestone, containing a great quantity of corals and shells. The stratum next in age, called the middle Götland stratum, is spread over the north of the island and Faro, and composed of marl and limestone. Good sections are to be found in the west coast of Carlsö and by Klinte. The west shore near Klinte is rich in well-preserved trilobites, shells, and corals. From the youngest limestone are derived the beautiful and varied forms of crinoidea or fossil sea-lilies. The most recent group of silurian strata is called South Götland, and expands over the south part of the island, as well as in a narrow stripe along the east coast to Östergarn. It consists of various strata of sandstone, pisolitic oolite, conglomerate, limestone, marl, and a red limestone filled with the stems of crinoidea, known as Götland marble; the best portion is obtained at the farthermost point, Hoburg. The highest point duly measured is Little Carlsö, 259 Swedish feet. The silurian strata are covered by a vast accumulation of beds of recent origin.

* 1072.

elsewhere. To every peasant gård is attached a small park dotted with groups of hazel—birch too, with foliage in large weeping tufts from green to golden hue, varying like bright laburnums when a late-flowering branch appears among the green leaves.

SUNDRE.

We next reach Sundre, southernmost parish-church of Götland;* picturesque with its three lychgates; by it stands a round tower of stone, such as by royal ordinance were once erected in all seaside villages of Götland—refuge for women, valuables, and children in time of invasion. A modern vestry has been contrived out of the old organ-case, painted in fresco, date 1313.† The aged klokker pointed out two holes—only red spots in the whitewashed walls—from which the carbuncles were extracted and carried to Wisby. "Better have left them here," said he; "King Waldemar would have never taken them, and they'd not now be at the sea's bottom." A breezy moor, yellow with cistus-flowers, leads to the "Phare." To the right rises Hoburg, a vast sandstone fungus, fit site for a feudal castle; then the land tapers, like a bullock's tongue, into a point, round which the waves foam—white and creamy. Here is a small "fiskelage," or settlement of wooden buildings, where fishermen keep their nets, tackle, oars, and such like.‡ We drove to Hoburg, and, walking along

* 1218.

† These frescoes are curious. Many armorial shields are introduced, and an inscription, "In the year 1313 this work (the organ) was made by Vernerum, born in Brandenburg, skilful in his art. It was ordered by Pastor Evidius, whose spirit has gone to the celestial stars."

‡ One night, as some fishers from the farm of Kinnare slept in these small wooden huts, the door opened gently; they saw a woman's hand, and nothing more. "Why did you not take hold of it?" asked a reck-

the cliffs, admired the wild sandstone rocks, pierced with caves innumerable. In one dwelt Hoburg's Gubbe (old man)—a mysterious hermit, who performed cures among the peasantry—perchance an early apostle, for when Bishop Unno, in Anscarius's time, first preached the faith in Götland, he dwelt in a cave by Klinte:—'twas the fashion of the day to be uncomfortable.*

Around the Gubbe's cave grow ferns and hepaticas; within hang fossil madrepores, sea-anemones, shells, spars, and crystals. Further on giants must have been at work pelting each other, or else Dame Nature, in a tantrum, have sent jättekasts a-flying;—such weird rocks, standing alone, as though in torment, cowering beneath the blast;—no wonder folks believe the tales of hunters turned to stone.†

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less young man—"afraid? I'll watch this evening myself." He did so, and, when the hand appeared, he seized it, was drawn through the door, disappeared, and was forgotten. Some years after, his wife remarried. Kinnare now turned up again, and related how the hand of the mermaid had drawn him into the sea, and how he lived with her under water ever since, until one day she said, "To-night they dance at Kinnare." Then he thought to himself his wife must be remarried; and the lady, telling him it was true, added, "Go and see your wife in her bridal wreath, but enter not beneath the roof." He went ashore and stood some time looking at the festival, but could resist no longer. That night the hafsfrun carried away the roof of the farm buildings, and three days afterwards the fisherman died.

* A certain Dr. Hort, a clever physician, chose to dwell in hermit fashion at Hoburg, towards the end of the last century, in a small stone chamber, with nothing but a bed, stool, table, and bookshelf. He, as well as his housekeeper, who lodged in a hole hard by, lived to an advanced age. He passed his time in curing the sick, and his reputation has now become mixed up with the Gubbe of the cliff.

† In the stony places grows the woad (Isatis tinctoria). Götland is rich in the orchis tribe. Serapias rubra and ensifolia grow in great abundance; Asplenium scolopendrum (unknown in the North), Euphrasia saliburgensis—only found at Saltzburg, and others.

CHAPTER LVI.

Holy Isle and its Silver Chamber — Anabaptists — Götland cricket —Waldemar's bull in the ring — Wise and foolish virgins — Götland apples — Church majstångs — The "day-biters" of Lau — Seven sages of Greece and the devil — The window feast — Nineveh carvings of Alskog — The Viking Thore — Knut Posse and the Crack of Wiborg — The golden waggon — Holy oak — The Papist of Ekeby — Peasants' heraldry — Bomark of Queen Karin — King Birger's rescue — St. Olaf in Götland.

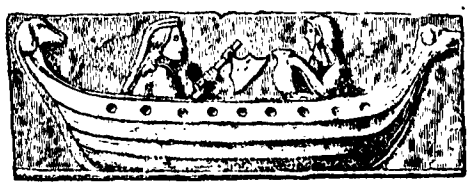
HOLY ISLE.

RETRACING our steps, we take boat for "Holy Isle," a half-hour's sail. The western coast is perforated with rocks and caves. Off this isle, in the last century, was wrecked a vessel bearing barrels of silver coin from Sweden to the army of Charles XII. in Pomerania. All hands were lost, and the treasure too. Now, after every storm, the sea, as though troubled by remorse, casts up conscience-money on the rocks—a harvest to fisher-boys, who seek it in the "Silver Chamber."

On shore again.—Near Hamra rises a hälsobrun (mineral spring) of great celebrity, and nasty taste, like ink. We dined at a farmhouse, of Dutch cleanliness, the property of Anabaptists, a sect most numerous in Götland. There's no mistaking the women by their downcast looks and black poke-bonnets. The Anabaptists have their schools apart; for their children are not admitted into the government gymnasia—a Jew, Turk, Papist, or Calvinist, may attend, but not a dissenter from Lutheranism. That dissent should be so rife in this island of churches seems strange; the sole reason

that can be assigned for it is the low standard of education among the clergy. In a land where all men are well informed, a pastor, to be respected, must be looked up to for his intellectual as well as moral attainments.

The farmer's wife treated us well and cheaply, giving us smörgäs, good soup, and roast turkey. We bid adieu, next changing horses at Ung Hans' gård. Ung Hans himself, a florid, stout young farmer, drove us. His nags were excellent, and he didn't spare them. We soon reached Hafdhem, and then Rone, whose church* boasts four doorways and much painted glass; the interior, supported by one column, is the loftiest we have yet seen. Above the chief doorway is sculptured a karve, with lady seated therein, and knight with feathered



Karve, marble north porch, Rone Church, Götland. Anno 1090.

toque, war-hatchet in hand. Upon the village green the peasants are playing their favourite game of "park"—a sort of cricket. The Götlanders are great lovers of manly sports. Learned Professor Save, who has collected whole volumes of manuscript on the island customs, showed me an illustrated list of 330 games played by the natives. Each has its turn and season:—"hot cockles" comes in with haymaking.

One, a ring-dance, is of historic interest. When Waldemar threatened to besiege Wisby, King Magnus

* 1090.

wrote to the burgesses bidding them fortify the sea-shore. The haughty burghers, believing Magnus had given the Danish king leave to attack the city, laughed at the warning, and invented, in mockery of Waldemar, a ring-dance, performed in every farmhouse at Christmas-time, and Waldemar himself, in disguise, danced with the rest.*

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* This dance answers to our "bull in the ring." The refrain of the song, which is repeated between each line, alludes to the permission given by King Magnus :—

Waldemar, med varum luff, [Waldemar, by our leave]
You may stand without the ring.
Waldemar, &c.
You'd better have stayed at home,
Waldemar, &c.
Than against the Götlanders come.
Waldemar, &c.
You'd better make your hay,
Waldemar, &c.
Than come here to toy and play
With our maidens.

Waldemar, med varum luff,
Spur your boot, spur your boot,
Waldemar, &c.
Riding armed from head to foot
Against the Götlanders.

Waldemar, med varum luff,
Ride at the ring, ride at the ring,
Waldemar, &c.
And let your horse come headlong spring
If he be able.

Waldemar, med varum luff,
You can better touch the lute,
Waldemar, &c.
Than from your land again come out.
Med varum luff oc moydum, &c.

This dance is now almost forgotten, though fifty years since it had its turn with the rest at Christmas-time.



WHITE MARBLE SEDILIA, BURS CHURCH, GÖTLAND.

ANNO 1096.

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BURS.

We now reach the village-church of Burs,* whose round-arched nave, supported by one centre column, is unique,—lighted, too, on both sides. By the altar stands a richly-carved sedilia; below the wooden altarpiece an exquisitely-painted frieze of the wise and foolish virgins, on a deep red ground. To the right are the wise; with proud step and lamps burning brightly, they advance to meet the bridegroom, their leader pennon in hand. On the left stand the foolish, with drooping flag, their crowns falling off, and lamps upturned—in attitude of mute despair;—they have slumbered too long; the stars already shine in the firmament. A very charming painting of the early school; and no country could produce twelve prettier virgins. It was dark when we arrived at the posthouse. Being harvest time, the house was heaped with peas, corn, and apples—a fruit abundant in Götland. Much has been done of late years to encourage the growth of fruit-trees; every village schoolmaster learns to graft, and imparts the knowledge to the boys under his charge. The climate is peculiarly adapted for the growing of apples and pears, which equal (especially those of Stenkyrka) the produce of England and Normandy. A considerable traffic in the fruit-line is at present carried on between North Germany and Russia; and there's no reason why Götland, with such advantages of local position and climate, should not become the fruit-garden not only of Stockholm, but of St. Petersburg.

Off betimes next morning. The farmer told us of

* 1096.

stone crosses, and ship's forms seventy-two ells long, with a hundred stones on each side; but we'd had enough of such matters in Bohuslän, so made for the church of Närs*—within, a forest of majstångs, placed before the women's pews, altar, pulpit, everywhere: — a custom peculiar to Götland. They are fashioned like the crooks of a Dresden shepherdess, lyre-shaped, and fastened to a wand covered with ribbons, hearts, darts, and flowers. In some churches they raise archways over the pew-doors.



Majstång in Närs Church, Götland.

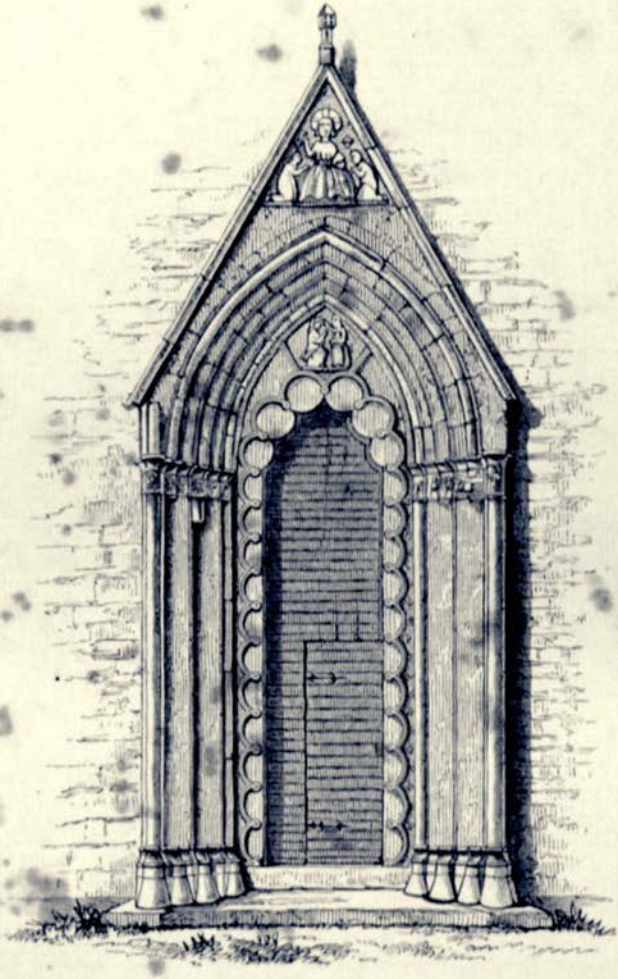
On Midsummer's day the village girls and boys, majstång in hand, march in procession to the sound of music, and place them in the village church, where they remain till Christmas.

Then on to Lau,† concerning whose erection there runs a legend:—

A father built the church of Närs, his son that of Lau. When both were completed, the father, angry at the superior beauty of Lau, pushed his son off the tower-top; — then, in an agony of remorse, cast himself after him.—Both were buried in one grave.

In the parish of Lau is a cavern termed "the good oven;" for in it time out of mind have been fabricated the sickles called "Dags-bitare,"—"day-biters,"—which cut for a livelong day without sharpening.—Who makes them none can tell.—A black ram is the price. The animal is cast

* 1122. † 1132.



PORTAL, GERUM CHURCH, GÖTLAND.

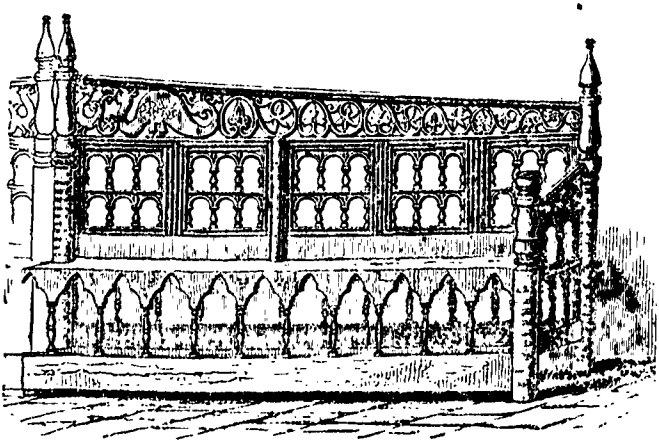
ANNO 1050.

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down the hole—no questions asked, and up comes the sickle.

ALSKOG.

Some churches—Alskog* among the number—are singularly ungraceful when viewed from a distance. A Norman apse, with lofty nave, is well enough; but when a high vaulted chancel is added to a low round-arched roof, the effect is bad, giving the whole a broken-backed appearance. Here, on the altar, stood an old papistic monstrance, placed for ornament, not use:—the images of the saints are often set up in the windows like mandarins on a chimney-piece. In Gerum church-



Church seat, Gerum, Götland.

yard lay rotting a fine old seat of bamboo-work coëval with the building.

In another church St. Peter and the other eleven

* 1160.

apostles were crouching in a corner, while the reading and writing Cupids of the Italian boys adorned the altar. Decoration the Götlanders must have. They wash, paint, and daub—depict about the pews and pulpits every known Bible subject, and, when these are exhausted, bring in the seven wise men of Greece, not scrupling to fill up the remaining vacancies with—the devil. Though at first it may provoke a smile, this can only be looked on as a proof of their desire to do honour to "the beautiful house in which their fathers prayed."

Much fine stained glass is still found in the old farm-houses—relics of the "window feast." It was an ancient custom, when a house was completed, all save the windows, for the owner to give a festival to his friends and neighbours, who brought him as offerings squares of stained glass, inscribed with the date, name, and village of the giver.

Beneath the font of Alskog lies an ancient stone, covered over with quaint carvings—like those of Nineveh. Above is a battle-scene, below a chariot drawn by horses and followed by men walking in procession, birds and camels. In the adjoining forest stands another stone, called the Tjanvide, quite as curious in its way, on which is represented a glorious viking snecka in full sail. Pages have been written about these stones, without the world being the wiser. This part of Götland is most rich in pagan remains. At Thoroborg, hard by, lived the youthful viking Thore, in a castle with nine gates, from which, by natural passages through the cliffs, he could reach his fleet moored in the harbour. Thore was slain in fight: his father buried him under a heap of stones, with the inscription carved in runes:—"Long as a pair of reins

and broad as a yoke was my treasure;" signifying his son was six ells high and six feet broad—a fine strapping fellow!

Among the ruins grows the scorpion senna.* The country is richly wooded; limes, horse-chesnuts, oxels, ash, abound; and by every parsonage walnut-trees of colossal size, hazels and apples, weighed down with nuts and fruit.

LYE.

We drive through Garde, where Gripper, one of the Trillinge, held his court, died, and lies buried: then reach Lye, on the portal of whose church † is carved a most lovely Murder of the Innocents; a soldier in vizored helmet saws a baby in two with a blunt sword, while others bear in their arms a fresh supply of mites in swaddling-clothes.‡

* Coronilla emerus: the only place throughout the whole island.

† Not far from Lye church are shown in the limestone rock footmarks six inches deep. Two peasants, says the legend, went to law about the possession of some forest land. The night before the trial the man who was in the wrong carefully soiled his boots with mud, ordering his wife on no account to clean them. The woman waited till her husband was safe in bed, then quietly removed his boots, saying to herself, "If he fancies I shall let him go in that dirty state he's mistaken; what would my lord judge think?—a nice opinion, truly, a jury would have of his hustru!" So she cleaned them, carefully shaking out all mud from the inside. Next morning the husband started on his journey before break of day. When he came to the place in litigation he swore a fearful oath that "the earth in which he stood was his own property," praying, were he speaking falsely, he might sink beneath the sandstone rock for ever. Scarcely had the words escaped his lips than the rock gave way beneath his feet. He tried to flee, made two steps forwards, then sank and disappeared for ever. His ghost long haunted Bosandegård, but at last was conjured down into Lauemuir, and a large wooden cross set up on the spot.

‡ A.D. 1058. The ancient altarpiece (date 1443) is by Jon of Manegård, who "completed it before the eve of St. John the Baptist," —so says the inscription.

Within is a rune stone of historic interest, telling,—"This stone the housewife Ruthvi raised to her husband Jacob i Manegård,* who was killed by a stone shot through a gun from Wisborg, when King Erik was besieged in that castle; and there was gone of the birth of God 1400 and one year less than 50 years. Pray that God may be merciful to his soul, and all Christian souls as well. Amen."

It is generally supposed that cannon were first used in Sweden by Carl Knutson in his expedition against Skåne, 1452. This inscription proves them to have been in existence three years previous.

The introduction of gunpowder in Sweden is attributed to Knut Posse, a Swedish noble, who, when in Paris, acquired, says tradition, "the knowledge of many secret things by that royal road to learning of the middle ages—selling his soul to the devil." Knut gave the Evil One the slip, however, when he came to fetch him. "Wait," said he, "till I have pulled off my left boot." "With pleasure," said the devil. "Then you'll wait long enough," answered Posse, "for I'll never take it off day or night."—Nor did he, but was buried in it. In old pictures Knut is depicted with one boot on, that the story may not be forgotten. Well, he hired of the devil a tiger called Crack. A very useful boy he was; taught his master not only to draw ships on the sand, which became full-rigged vessels and sailed where he pleased, but also to make gunpowder. When the Swedes warred against the Russians, Knut was obliged to retire behind

* In 1289 was the first bell hung up in Götland by Haldan of Manegård in his parish church of Lye. Many folks travelled to see and hear it ring, says the Chronicle.



FONT, WANG CHURCH, GÖTLAND.

ANNO 1058.

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the walls of Wiborg, there to await the arrival of Sten Sture. The enemy made a breach in the wall, and tried to storm the fortress; then Knut, by the aid of Crack, made a kettleful of powder, and concealed it beneath the largest tower, giving orders to his men to stuff their ears with wax, and not to stir till they heard a noise like thunder. No sooner had the Russians scaled the walls and gained this tower than Crack threw fire into the kettle. Suddenly was heard a loud explosion; the great tower trembled like a reed—then down it came, burying the Russians in the ruins. Those in the camp fled, leaving rich spoil behind them. This blowing up is called the "Crack" of Wiborg, for which Knut Posse was rewarded by extensive fiefs in Finland. The Russians for long after were afraid to attack the Swedes, and added to their litany, "From the Crack of Wiborg and Knut Posse good Lord deliver us."

We passed not far from Guldrup,* which derives its name from a gold nugget found there—one of poor Freia's tears.

WANG.

Then on to Wang, whose font is so becarved with monsters—one would imagine it designed for frightening

* Here in old times a rich man possessed a golden waggon. When Götland was invaded he sank it in a pond and died. After seven years the devil set a dragon to guard it, for all hidden treasure, after that period, becomes the right of his Satanic Majesty. He often comes up to clean it and rub it bright, frightening away with spectral sights and noises those who come near the hiding-place. This waggon can only be raised by two white bulls who have never tasted milk, and have no one black hair in their bodies: if found wanting, they are turned to stone. Many have tried, but always failed. The last peasant had taken the bulls from their birth—still they stumbled and fell, and, as they lifted up their tails in the last spasmodic agony of petrifaction, he beheld underneath one black hair, which had escaped him—you may see it now—a thin, dark streak marked upon the granite stone.

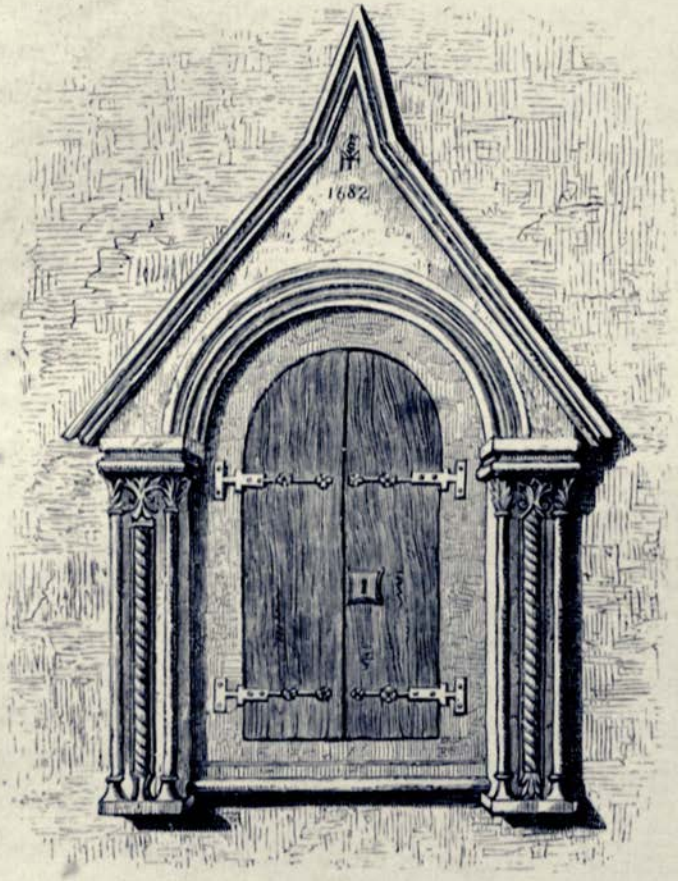
babies into fits, rather than for baptism. That night we slept at Dalhem, whose church boasts nave and aisle of the same height, each supported by four columns, with sacramental safe of Götland marble. In the priest's garden stands an ancient oak,* looked on as holy. Bishop Walin mentions how, in the last century, old men still went out to pray beneath these aged trees—why they knew not—'twas a custom of their forefathers. Even now the priest of Dalhem finds small copper coins placed as offerings within the hollow trunk of this decaying oak—relics of pagan superstition. Not long ago a playing-card was found nailed against the bark, placed there by some village gamester to bring him good luck.

The Götlanders still sign the cross—the maid before she lights or covers the fire—before she puts her pot to boil, or begins to knead her dough; the sailor before he launches his boat into the sea. Even the butter sent into market is inscribed with a small cross. The butcher before he kills his beast first plucks some hairs from the animal's forehead, and casts them into the fire—a relic of paganism. A thousand years have rolled by, yet superstition, though disguised, is rife as ever.

There is no rest from church-seeing.—Scarcely released from one, a fresh spire rises through the trees;—then a second and a third. Petersen sketched away till his head became as muddled from constant drawing as mine from taking notes. On we drive to the church of Stånga,† of which the exterior carvings are well known to ecclesiologists—another oll here hangs to the doorway. The rooks cawed quite in English fashion

* By the new laws no one may destroy an oak-tree under a certain size, as the government requires them for the dockyards.

† 1160 A.D.



SACRAMENTAL SAFE, OF MARBLE, DALHEM CHURCH, GÖTLAND.

ANNO 1696.

Vol. II., p. 274.

before the village schoolhouse; folks were busy hop-picking, carting hay and corn; all seemed flourishing, save the blighted potatoes. The peasants, a well-to-do race, are clad in dark sober colours; the men in gray, fluffy homespun—the women in the fields work barefoot. To-day's journey reminds me of the Channel Isles: homesteads with gardens, orchards, and meadows; each man tilling his own land, and wanting for nothing but money—an article scarce among the peasant tribe. Still they are not behind the rest of the world. In my bedroom last night was placed upon the drawers Prince Albert in pink soap, with a Swedish translation of 'Amelia Wyndham.'

Near Barling-bo and Folling-bo * we first meet with village-crosses and bad grammar, or rather misplaced aspirates. The Jutlanders talk of their "orses" —here inscriptions tell of Queen "Hulrica."

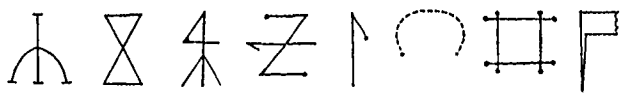
We pass by Ekeby, where, after the Reformation, lived a man who, despising the Lutheran doctrine, performed his devotions at a large stone outside the churchyard. When he died, people doubted whether to bury him in holy ground or not. So they harnessed two untrained colts to the bier, and agreed to inter the corpse where the animals stopped. The horses made straight through the lychgate, and would even have entered the church had the doors been open. Then folks knew it was the will of Providence the dead man should have his grave in consecrated ground. †

* Both round-arched churches, of low proportions, with a soupçon of Transition. Dates, A.D. 1058 and 1052.

† Talking of this makes me call to mind the splendid iron hinges and ornaments of the church-gates in this island, as yet intact, save where the parson has cut a square window in the woodwork. The

In Folö church, above the vestry-door, two pigs, turned back to back, entwine their tails in love and amity. If the island marble boasts no other excellence, it can vie with all known quarries in the size of the slabs cut from it without splitting. When ten people possess tombstones in a church, later comers have either to go without or beg a corner of those already there.*

In Götland exists a sort of peasant's heraldry, called Bo-mårken, or house-marks. You see them above the doorways of most small gårds. Each family has had its own from the earliest times, stamping with it carts, farming implements, boats, fishing-nets, and all articles of furniture. If by chance an oar is found floating out at sea, or stolen vessel recovered, it is first recognised by the bo-mårk of the parish; then by that of the gård. Some bear a horseshoe; others a buckle, crow's-foot, or house-gable—an endless variety. Folks

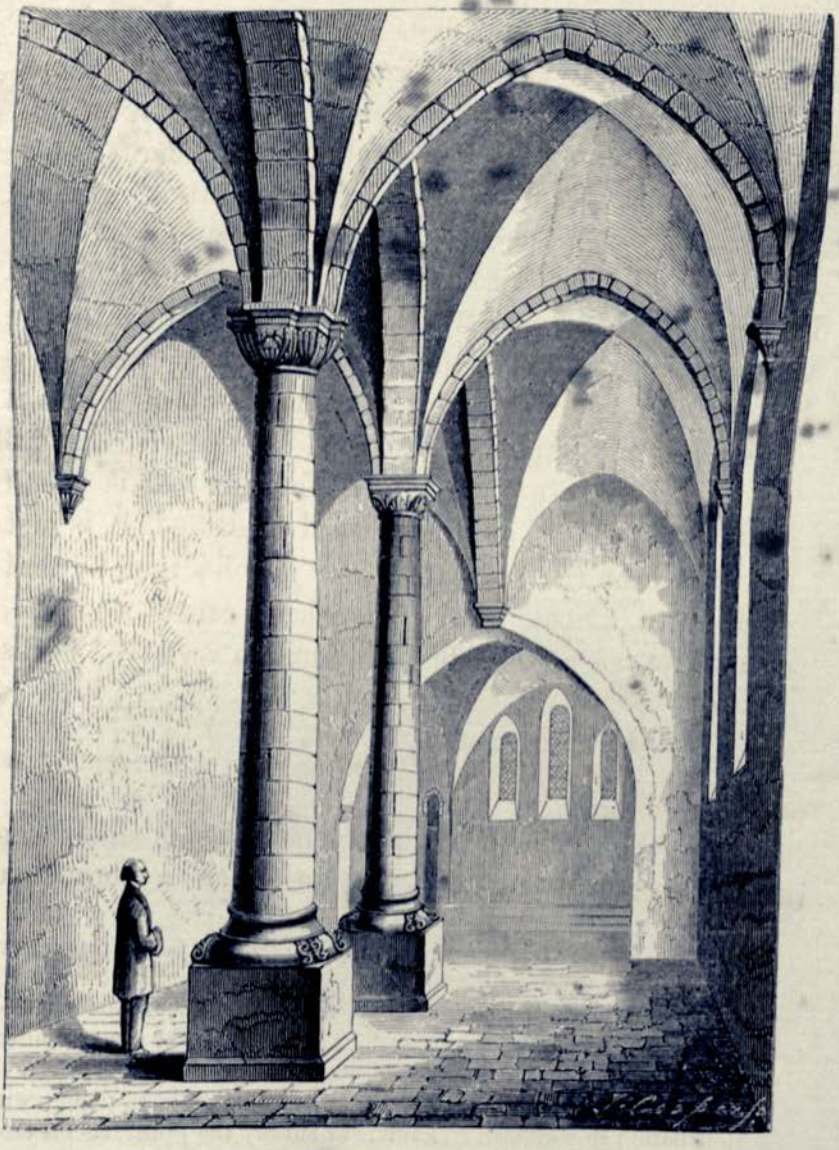


thought as much of their bo-mårks as of their signatures; and in an old inscription on a corona in

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tabernacles too are covered with a grille, each crossing fastened by a rose, once gilt. At Folö (1096 A.D.) round the Early English doorway of the choir runs a runic scroll, "Lafvans, Botwida's son, master mason from Eskelhem, made this church." The name of the same architect reappears on the stone poor-box of Bunge.

* The noble engraves his coat of arms slung jauntily en pignon with a rich border in monkish characters or runes; the priest has his cross and chalice, while common mortals who neither read nor write content themselves with monograms and symbols of their callings, which sometimes appear to be various. For instance, you find on the same stone a birch rod and a pair of tongs; either the village schoolmaster and the blacksmith were one, or else they halved a slab between them.

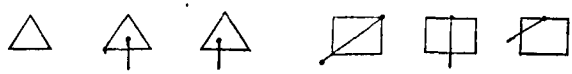


FOLÖ CHURCH, GÖTLAND.

ANNO 1096.

Vol II., p. 276.

the church of Stenkyrka the marks are inserted, together with the names. When, as sometimes happens, three branches of one family occupied the same farm, the eldest brother retained the bo-mårk pure, each younger one adopting some addition, as in former days founders of fresh lines in a new county added to their shields a bend or canton of pretence.



The same practice exists with regard to sheep; books are published yearly in Wisby, giving the distinctive marks. On one ear is stamped the bo-mårk of the parish; on the other that of the gård.

In early times great people as well as small used their bo-mårks. We read how Queen Karin, "because she was of low and humble birth, had given to her publicly, in the hearing of all persons," a crescent to be used by her after King Erik's death, as seal or bo-mårk. People in those days marked everything—now it is no longer good taste to put the family crest on the water-pots.*

Not far from Folö lies the manor of Riddars, "the knight," which boasts, by way of distinction, a stone wapenhus at its entry. When King Birger unsuccessfully attacked the Götlanders in 1315, he was found after his defeat concealed under a nut-tree—still called

* The Götlanders sign their names like other people, finishing with the family patronymic; in Dalarne the peasants place the cart before the horse, as "Rud Per Lars-son."

the king's hazel—and taken prisoner. Then the laird of Angelbo camè with twelve horsemen, and rescued the king from the peasants who were about to slay him. When times improved, Birger dubbed his deliverer a knight, in memory of which story the gård has ever since borne the name of Riddars. Five crosses of oak stood in the last century, marking the battle-field.

Passing through Bäl, where lived and died Guthi, another of the Trillinge, we enter Slite, chief seaport of the north, a nest of seafaring people. On the hill above, nature, again demented, has cast up wild limestone rocks, stuck up on end in every form—termed by the wise monoliths.

Near Wägume, where we change horses, stand the crumbling walls of the castle where dwelt Severin Norby, faithful servant of tyrant Christian. During the siege of Wisborg, Severin had a son born to him by some nameless mother. This child spent his life in Götland. Not many years since an aged man, a miller by trade, came to Wisby every market-day: he wore his money in a leathern belt—could not write, but when he transacted business made a cross as his mark, under which some one signed for him, "Sören Norby." This miller was lineal descendant of Admiral "Sören;" his children possess their pedigree unbroken from that great captain; and the gård they dwell in is called Norbys.*

The scenery now becomes Swedish in its character, alternately forest and sea. Before reaching Helvig, a signpost points "To St. Olafsholm."

* Severin, after Christian's imprisonment, became somewhat piratical. When hunted out from his castle of Solvitsborg, he took service under the emperor, and fell in the siege of Florence, killed by a ball which struck him in the hip.

St. Olaf, driven from Norway, heard with sorrow how the Götlanders were still heathen; so he came with his ships to the east cost, and, landing in disguise, lodged in the inn of Kirkeby. The maidservant, being of a curious disposition, peeped through the keyhole, and watched the saint undress. When he came to his under garment she saw at once he was "somebody," and ran and told her master. St. Olaf declared himself; and great was the joy of the husbond, for he was himself a Christian. St. Olaf now returned to his vessels, and again landed, accompanied by his warriors. Captain Dacker, who commanded the North Götlanders, called together his forces, and the armies met on Lacker heath—"the heathens spread terrible as a dark sky across the plain"—then St. Olaf and his Christian soldiers fell on their knees and prayed to Heaven for victory. The marks of his knees and elbows remain impressed on the stone—you may see them still. After a hard battle the pagans took flight. St. Olaf gave no quarter, save to those who consented to receive baptism and pay him a ransom of gold. Then spoke Sir Ulmer, of Manegård, in Lye, captain of the South Götlanders, saying it was better far to be baptized than be slain, like their neighbours—advice to which they gave heed. St. Olaf remained that winter, and built the chapel on the island which bears his name. He wanted for nothing; Ormica of Heinhem brought him as presents twelve oxen, twelve four-horned rams (breed extinct), twelve wethers, and much treasure. He accompanied St. Olaf to Kirkeby, where he built him a stone house, in which are still (1633) shown the saint's bedstead and stool, with his washing-place in the wall. His double axe and silver basin were carried off by the Lubeckers.—Such is the legend of St. Olaf's doings in Götland.

CHAPTER LVII.

The spectre cross — The priests' steeple-chase — Legend of the aurora borealis — Idiot songster — Färösund harbour — Sufferings of Götland — Her Danish governors — Pawned by Christina — Parson's journal—English fleet — Ankarström's treachery—"Robin's cushions" — Lime-burners — Thor's thunder — The Jule-bock — Terror of Easter-day — The elves underground — Psalm cccxvii — Legend of Tuxten and the wizard — Rhyming Chronicle and the pirates in Bro church — Return to Wisby.

RUTE.

THE sun had set, and the evening closed in, when we reached the church of Rute, round whose lofty tower runs an open arcade of small lancet-arches—very attractive on the whole; but 'twas too dark to sketch. The wind whistled through the shingle roof in a most mysterious manner; clouds flitted across the moon—it was quite a night for ghosts and spectres; and by the time the klokker arrived, armed with lantern and keys, we were glad to see him. Our way ran through a forest: the stars shone bright,—moonbeams lighting up the boulders and old trunks of trees—when suddenly a tall white figure, with outstretched arms and glaring eyes, appears by the wayside. "Here's the ghost at last!" I inwardly ejaculate, and think how to lay him. "Adjuro te, Diabole!"—off spring the horses in a fright, nearly upsetting the vehicle.—When righted, we discover our phantom to be an open-cut cross of stone, through which the moonbeams shone.—Crosses don't grow like mushrooms without reason, so next morning I hunted out the legend.

The church of Rute was vacant: two priests set off together on horseback, both candidates for election. Says the elder, "This examination is a nuisance; suppose we settle the matter. Let's ride a race, and he who first reaches the lychgate shall have the cure." The younger consents. One—two—three—off they go, neck and neck till they reach the spot where the cross stands, when, his horse stumbling, the elder came down a cropper, broke his neck, and never spoke again. His companion, in gratitude, set up this monument to his rival's memory.*

Quitting the forest, we reach a farm-house, where all the world's asleep, and, when awakened, tell us how, though gästgifvares, they have no room for travellers —we must go on to Fårösund, and try the postmaster's. So on we drove, watching the aurora borealis as it flickered brightly in the sky, concerning which the wise know much that is long and tedious. People in the North give a more simple explanation. One winter's morn—date lost in the mists of ages—a flock of geese made a party to the high North. After some hours' flying they became fatigued. Then arose a dispute between the two leaders of the band as to where they should pass the night—on a plain or on the mountain's top. The wiser goose alighted on table-land; the other, obstinate, conducted his party of green-geese high on the hill's brow. Early next morning he of the plain proceeded with his flock; but the others, out

* "There are many of these crosses in the island, and to each is attached some legend; to one, that of a bride who fell from her horse and was killed on her way to church. Strelow, in his Chronicle, 1336, writes, "Sir George, priest in Endre, while riding home was slain by an eagle while talking with his klokker. A cross was set up to mark the event between Endre and Wisby. It stands there still."

of temper, to show they were their own masters, stayed until winter set in, and their feet got frozen to the ice. —And there they continue trying to fly, flapping their wings in vain, causing that flickering white light in the heavens—termed by philosophers aurora borealis.

On entering the post-house a boy twelve years of age was seated at the piano singing some plaintive lay in a clear childish voice. Observing us, he ceased, retiring to the chimney-corner, where he sat speechless—the boy was an idiot! His father told me how from his birth all his intellectual power had been concentrated in music: he first caught up snatches of songs, then learnt his notes by ear, later deciphered music; now knows five hundred songs by rote—passing his days dreaming over the instrument; but when the strain ceases he relapses again into idiotcy and silence.

FÅRÖSUND.

The harbour of Fårösund, formed by the island of that name* which lies across the Götland coast, is well known to English sailors, for here, in the Russian war, the combined fleets of England and France lay during two winters. "That was a fine time for Götland," said

* We had no time to visit Faro. Linnæus in his journey, 1741, talks about and gives a woodcut of the sackepipa or bagpipe made out of the bladder of the seal, in use among the islanders. Several Skepsättningars are also spoken of. On the adjoining island of Sandön lives a family of ten or sixteen persons who once a year come to Faro with their infants to christen and their dead to bury, the latter having often been preserved for many months.

As you approach the north the Götland tongue greatly resembles the Danish, and in Faro more so; the islanders still speak of "the Swedes," seeming scarcely to incorporate themselves with the nation under whose rule they are. Up to the year 1764 the church services and sermons were still in the Danish language.

our landlord; "English sovereigns and French naps as common as halfpence." The Götlanders think it strange we should have made peace, having a harbour varying from seven to nine fathoms to lie in.

Though money be now scarce, the Götland peasant finds himself in clover when compared with his forefathers during the last three centuries. Loud and clamorous were the complaints against the Danish governors of the island, who debased the coinage.* Worst of all was Sir Otto Rud,† who, not content with establishing a brewery in Roma kloster—doing a little business in the butter line, and selling the stones of St. Catherine's church—"has made," say the citizens, "great gain out of the land—importing Bibles, which he sells to the priests and peasants, who pay him with wheat, rye, and barley—ten measured tons for every book; the wheat he exported to Lubec, while the rye and barley he has since, in a time of scarcity, sold back to the peasants for double what he paid for it; and when they had no money, he took their tar instead, which again he exported." Sir Otto replies to the accusation, "How he purchased the Bibles of Dr. Christiansen with his own money, and chose to make a profit on them: if he took their corn and tar, it was out of sheer kindness." He it was who removed from the hill of Bara—a site looked on as sacred from old pagan times—the holy ash of the Götlanders—and transplanted it to Wisborg Castle. The tree died; till then it was evergreen, and offerings were still brought to it by the merchants and venturers from Wisby. Not many years

* The silversmiths of Wisby refuse to purchase the silver coins of those times. They are two-thirds brass.

† 1554.

since the peasants still climbed the hill to deposit small coins on the spot where it once stood.*

Götland formed part of Queen Christina's appanage. The revenues being seldom paid, she pawned the island for 25,000 dollars to a Jew named Jacob Momma, for fifteen years. He half skinned the people alive. "Never," said the commissioners, "were the Götlanders so hard pressed as under Christina Alexandra." Before her abdication the queen consulted Whitelocke regarding her jointure. "Madam," answered he, "let me humbly advise you, if any such thing should be, as I hope it will not, to reserve that country in your possession out of which your reserved revenue shall be issued, for, when money is to be paid out of a prince's treasury, it is not always ready and certain."

Worse and worse became matters in the reign of Charles XII. In the church-book of Hafdem is preserved the journal of the pastor, Claudius Trogillides, from 1694 to 1725. "Affairs looked very bad—famine and drought. In 1698 seventy-two people die of hunger in one parish, forty-six in a second, twenty-six in a third; then comes a 'blod-soot'—no corn in the land; signs appear in the heavens—four suns, of which three are red as blood." In 1711 he writes: "God has in this year deserted his people, and delivered us over to the enemy—the war continues with Russia and

* A like prejudice exists in Götland as in Jutland regarding the removal of the first stone of a church. When Roma kloster was pulled down in 1740, the Swedish Governor, Grönhagen, was obliged with his own hands to take away the first stone, not a soul in the island daring to commence the work for fear of being seized with some deadly sickness. Grönhagen died shortly after in great agony of mind, and fancied himself, on his death-bed, attacked by ghosts and figures of monks reproaching him with the sacrilege he had committed.

Denmark, a pestilence lays waste the town." In 1717 things come to the worst. A Russian fleet anchors off the island: the crews, ravaging the country, carry off the church bells and chalices, seize as prisoners men and women, girls and boys,* of whose fate nothing is known. The militia made no resistance; † from confusion of mind they rode one over another though no enemy pursued them. After some days they assembled under Wisby walls, and marched against the foe, who had already sailed away from the island. Next year dies Charles XII. In '19 there is hope, "an English squadron appears off the island;" ‡ and in '20 "the war, by God's grace and England's help, whose squadron of ships has joined our own fleet, is now less alarming. We have peace with Denmark and the King of Prussia. May God grant us peace with the

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* Many years after the events here recorded an aged man, bowed down with infirmities, arrived one Sunday morn in a parish church on the east coast of Gotland. No one knew him. He sat during the service in a corner alone. When the priest retired to the vestry before the sermon, the stranger, passing down the aisle, mounted the pulpit, and, addressing the congregation, exclaimed, "My children, have you forgotten your old pastor, for years a prisoner in a foreign land?" Scarce were the words uttered when the horrified assembly, rushing out of church, took to their heels; his own son, who had succeeded him in the cure, following with the rest. The old man was left alone, and it was some time before his terrified flock could be brought to recognise him as otherwise than a being from another world.

† Götland, since the days of the Trillinge, has, both for military and ecclesiastical purposes, been divided in three parts. Every man is compelled by law to serve in the island militia from eighteen to fifty. After thirty they are exempted from drill, but are called out once a year for a week. Götland, Öland, and the province of Blekinge furnish no troops to the Indelta regiments, only sailors, of which it supplies two hundred.

‡ A fleet of seventeen ships of war sent by the English Government under Admiral Norris to assist the Swedes.

mighty Russian, for the drought is great; we have no hay, and the corn is very thin." In 1725 dies Claudius, aged eighty-three, for fifty years priest of Hafdem; and with him ends the journal.

In the reign of Gustavus III. Ankarström endeavoured, say the island chroniclers, to excite the people against their king, persuading them 'twould be better to place the island under the Russian Empress than remain under the yoke of Sweden. Ankarström was arrested at Öja and brought to Stockholm.

FLÄRINGE.

We stopped at Bunge church *—of dream-like proportions, with wondrous frescoes of red-cross knights in hot battle; then made for Fläringe.† A wooden partition separated the tower-arch from the nave. "Magasin," said the woman. We unclosed the door, and there lay spread in small heaps the parson's tithes —potatoes, oats, corn, barley, flax, and peas: in a corner was a carved figure of King Herod seated in a chair, with John the Baptist's head in a charger; in front, a tray with a small well beneath the king's petticoats intended to receive the gifts of the pious. King Herod has long since been replaced by velvet sacks, stiff and gallooned, at the end of long wands.

On the common grows a stunted wild-rose, now covered with those feathery red excrescences—work of some insect—called in England "robin's-cushions;" by the French, "coussins du bon Dieu;" here, "sömnknapp," sleepbud. The islanders place it beneath their pillows to insure a good night's rest. We now

* A.D. 1196. † A.D. 1166.

travel southwards, meeting troops of peasants on their way to the harvest-field, the women riding in oblong



Alms-dish, Fliringe Church, Götland.

carts, like cages—imprisoned between the bars. In every gård the threshing-machines are in full activity, the oxen driven by girls, who sit mounted on the wood-work as though in a merry-go-round. Our road joins the bay of Kappellshamm—a lovely spot girt by dark pines and klints. Here the kalk-burners muster in full force; three large kilns smoulder by the water-side. A passage once existed from Kappellshamm to Slite. In the last century a Dutch skipper sailed to Götland with a chart a hundred years old at least. In vain the pilot assured him the strait was no longer there; he paid no heed, but drove his vessel on shore and lost it. As regards this change, writers overwhelm you with such proofs of iron rings found fastened in the rocks for holding boats, of sneckars and drakes dug up in mea-

dows; stories of necks (old men in red nightcaps)—beings who never dwelt on dry land—and the elves—confused, you close the book and take the matter for granted.* These stories differ little from those of

* The små under jorden (small ones under ground), called in heathen times Alfer, in the Christian era elves, form a favourite subject of old Götland story. They carry off unbaptised infants from their cradles, leaving their own children in exchange. On this account, no prudent mother allows the fire to go out in the room where the child sleeps before the christening. She takes good care to run a darning-needle into the baby-clothes and places the scissors in the cradle. Should you have an elfish child, make believe to cast it in the oven, and the Elfwoman will come running and give you back your own infant in exchange. The Elves are cousins in a small degree to the Trolles, bearing about the same relation as rats do to mice. It is dangerous for those who offend them to sit down on the bare earth without first spitting copiously on the place they are about to rest upon, or making a cross in the mould. When whirlpools or whirlwinds of dust arise it is a sign the "små under jorden" are changing their abode. Children who have been carried off by them, even when they return from below ground, never thrive. Seventy years ago one Hans, a boy in Öja, seeing the small ones dancing, joined the ring, and disappeared. Seven years elapsed, when an old woman, watching the Elfin gambol, cried, "Why, sure, you are Hans!"—then the whole tribe disappeared, the boy alone remaining. Hans had not grown during his absence, nor did he ever thrive, but died at an early age. In the southern part of Götland wood is scarce, but the pastures are rich, and many sheep are bred there. The peasants barter their cattle with the Northerners for fuel before the winter sets in. Towards the fall of the year the farmhouses are filled with "handelsbonder," friends and guests to each other. A Northerner, arriving late one summer's eve in Grotlingbo, found all the world in bed. Unwilling to awake them, he laid himself down to sleep in the courtyard of a farm beneath his cart. Suddenly he saw a woman rise from the ground near a turnpike, carrying a child, which she laid upon a heap of wood; then, entering the house, brought out another infant, and exchanged them. On her second journey, while placing the first child under shelter, the peasant caught up the one belonging to the house, and lay down with it in a cross furrow; the woman came out, searched for the child, but, finding it gone, fetched her own back again, and disappeared in the ground close to the turnpike whence he had seen her rise. The peasant lay till morning in the cross furrow, then restored the infant to its parents. A woman working in a hay-field suddenly saw the cock on which she



LÄDERBRO CHURCH AND WAPENHUS, GÖTLAND.

ANNO 1086.

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the fast land: the cottagers place steel against their doors, as we do horseshoes, to keep off Thors-pjåska, a witch with hollow back, who flies in stormy weather from Thor's thunder, begging shelter within the houses; for if he once hits her all is over. Then there are certain goats, called gait svalter (goat-starvers), who sit in the mountain-caves hammering at anvils; and if an unwary boy by chance enter, they keep him prisoner till he swears to bring them as ransom a horned ram to sacrifice.

Some of the tales related by the old women are of Grecian origin. Professor Save heard from a little girl the story of the great pyramid, as given in Herodotus.*

The festivals differ little from those of Sweden. On Julafton the presents (Jul-klappar) are distributed by a man called Jul-bock, bearing the head and horns of a ram. On Good-Friday a boy, disguised and armed with a rod, waylays the passers-by, whipping them soundly—he is called Påskskråch, or the terror of Easter days.

Leaving the coast, we reach Läderbro church,† a gem of a building, with octagonal tower, whose lower story

had laid her infant whirling round in the air, and her child together with it. Running as fast as she could, she followed it to a small lake, where the haystalks all at once dissolved and disappeared beneath the water; the infant was about to follow, when the mother, in her agony, exclaimed, "Holy Virgin, my child, my child!" upon which it fell to the ground. The mother took it home, but the little body was twisted all awry, and died soon after.

* Book II. ch. v. line 121. And this is not a singular instance. Among the peasantry of Skåne legends of Eros, &c., of undoubted Greek extraction, are not uncommon, though much veiled after a lapse of a thousand years. Maybe the Varangians on their return to Scandinavia would amuse their children of a long winter's night with tales of sunny Greece?

† 1086 A.D.

is surmounted by small gables intersected by pinnacles, forming a corona like that of Lund—typical of the crown of thorns. An open arcade of small lancet arches, divided by a column, runs beneath. The second shaft of the bell-tower was once far more lofty; it fell down, and the bells were removed to the present tower, beside the wapenhus. Surrounded with fine trees (the oxel and the lilac are here of colossal size), Läderbro is made to sketch. We are now on the traces of St. Olaf: on Lejker's heath is still pointed out the stone on which he prayed, with the prints of his knees and elbows. A long ridge of stones, with three tumuli, marks the burial-place of the pagan, slain in that battle. The fertile meadows and smiling woods of Läderbro inspired the muse of Götland's bishop, Kolmadin. It was during his daily walk between this village and Yand, where he drank the waters of a mineral-spring, that he composed that favourite Psalm, 317 in the Swedish Prayer Book, commencing "Den blomster tid nu kommer" (the flower-time is coming).

This neighbourhood is rife in stories of the past. In the churchyard lies a stone which no man dare remove, for, were you only to raise its edge, the village and gård hard by would take fire and be reduced to ashes. Only rub your foot on it and you'll smell the sulphur.

We here join the high-road, arrive at Tingstade, near an inland lake—boasting a good round-arched church.* On the altar stands the Agnus Dei, the arms of Götland, sometimes carved as a ram with horns—the pagan device of White Star and the house of Amelon. "In peace," says the chronicler, "mild as a lamb, in war swift as the writhing serpent."

* A.D. 1169.

Before entering the village we passed a dyer's: here wools, spun by the peasant housewives, hung drying in the sun, dyed red and blue, most brilliant, showing the running stream to possess rare mineral properties.*

BRO.

In one hour more we reach the church of Bro—offerkyrka of sailors, famed for its sanctity. Here, in pagan times, was a well of great reputation. The source of Bro did not lose by the change of faith, for even in the last century pious folks in England and elsewhere bequeathed gifts to the church.—Preach as you will, folks won't be talked out of "health waters."

In the year 1247 lived three brothers—Graipen i Garde, Bilder i Bro, and Taxten i Larbro—big, strong, and violent men, but most of all the last, commonly known as "the old T——." So great was his influence, the parish priest dared not commence the mass before Taxten arrived. One Sunday the people had waited so long, the priest in despair began the service. When Taxten arrived and found mass half over, he rushed in frenzy to the high altar to slay the priest. The congregation hastened to the rescue, but too late—they could only avenge the deed by killing the murderer on the spot. That night, as the peasants journeyed homewards, they beheld Taxten sitting on

* The success of dyeing does not depend on the man's being French, nor yet on the colour employed, but principally on the water. Every river in France has its spécialité of colours; the finest hues are produced by the waters of the Rhône. One small rivulet in the valley of the Loire, muddy and half dried up in summer season, in which you would not lave a dishclout, produces that ponceau only to be met with in the looms of Lyons and Touraine. The raw yellow silk goes water-hunting, like bilious patients, in search of health and colour.

the roof of an outhouse. Finding no rest in the grave, his ghost walked—often going home of nights and sitting on the dogs to warm himself. One night a maid, having first put a caldron of water on the fire, crept into the oven. Taxten sat down as usual, with his feet at the bottom of the stove. The girl poured out the water and scalded him, but he could do her no injury, for "she stood on burnt clay." At last the peasants sent to Sweden for the great sorcerer Kettil Runske, to rid them of the ghost. The wizard came to Götland, sailing o'er the sea in a glass goblet — an unpleasant passage, for a large fish swallowed him up; there he remained for three days, but got out again, and arrived safely. The stream bore him to the myr where Taxten lay concealed; here he caught a white horse, and rode it with his face to the tail. Taxten laughed loudly, exclaiming, "Odd things have I seen, but never an odder man than you." The wizard cast his rune staff before Taxten, and said, "Kick it far away." He did so; his foot stuck fast to the stick. "Tread on it with the other foot!" cried the wizard. He did so; that foot stuck also. "Pull with the right hand!" The hand stuck too. "Try the left, and you'll be free!" Taxten did as he was ordered, and was bound by both hands and feet. "Bite with your teeth!" The teeth gnashed round the staff, and there was Taxten bundled up like a hedgehog. The wizard now rolled him over like a ball through the northern door of Laderbro church into a tomb, and walled up the entrance; then he cast lead on him, crying, "Rest here till the lead rusts!" "That I may well outlive," answered Taxten. Then the wizard took the hide of a bear, and cast it over him, crying, "For every hair in this hide rest here

a year!" Taxten answered, "I think to live until the time is finished." The wizard, in a rage, now cast lime charcoal upon him, roaring out, "Rest there till this becomes mouldy!" Taxten sighed, "That will never happen; so I'm in for it!" was then quiet, and never breathed more. Many years since, the sexton, in digging a grave, came near the tomb of Taxten. A voice faintly moaned, "Not so close! not so close!"—The sexton cast down his shovel, scampering off as hard as his legs could carry him. An old stone, inscribed with monkish characters, is pointed out within the church as the monument of Taxten. The words "Crimina deplora" on the epitaph bear allusion to the story.*

It is related in the great Rhyming Chronicle how, before the taking of Wisby, the pirates of King Erik, repenting of their sins, came to Bro church, and, humbly kneeling on the stone pavement before the holy cross, offered as gifts booty they had taken from Swedish merchants; but as they rose, an unseen hand kindled their offerings as they lay upon the altar, and the fire devoured them, while not even the altar-cloth was singed; the images of the martyred saints swelled and dropped blood upon the floor. Then the pirates understood that Heaven rejected their gifts, and that the fate of their master was near at hand.

People who inhabit the village of Bro must be on their P's and Q's as regards their behaviour; for, says Parson Strelow, A.D. 1313, "a woman of Erik in Bro baked her bread on a Sunday morn, and when she

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* Inscription over Taxten's tomb—"Mille ducentano bis bino septuagino in Martis nonis obiit Taxton Nicolaus qui legis hic. Ora vitæ —cito præterit hora—Crimina deplora—Mors venit absque morâ."

would take it out of the oven, lo! it was turned to stone; and the three loaves lie in Bro churchyard as a warning to this day." On our road home we passed two rude upright rocks, once old women. They quarrelled on their way to church on a Christmas morn, were changed into stone, and have stood nagging at each other ever since.*

We were quite glad to leave Bro parish, and feel ourselves once more safe within the walls of Wisby.

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* If the parish of Bro suffered from supernatural agency, its inhabitants were not without means of defence. Some years ago was found in a Bondegård, called Store Åby, a formula for "laying" or conjuring down Trolles who interfered with the dairy department of the housewife. It commenced thus—"Conjuro vos, Elvos et Elvas et omnia cætera genera vestra cujuscumque statûs vel conditionis estis, omnes incantatores et incantatrices et omnes Dæmones, per Deum pa— &c. &c. &c. + &c. &c. &c. + &c. &c. &c. + per beatam Mariam Virginem, per omnes Sanctos et Sanctas Dei + &c. &c. &c. ut non noceatis huic famulæ Dei Birittæ Clements Aaby in vaccis aut lactocinis, ipsius, in nomine (it is impossible to continue; the ejaculations and prayers are too serious to be treated lightly), et custodire lacticinia ista in usam creaturæ suæ, ut nullus Phantasmatis vel maledictionis in cursus vel noqties veniat super illa, sicut custodisti ubera matris tuæ, &c. &c. (two lines omitted) omnibus incommodis et immundis spiritibus iis lacticinis non nocere nec virtutem subtrahere, &c. &c. et Sancta Brita, ab omni malo præsenti, præterito atque futuro—salva faciun. Amen."

CHAPTER LVIII.

Shepherd-girl of Blåkulla — "Trolle processes" — Evidence of the witches — Examination of the children — Småland the Garden of Eden — Calmar ordered to pack — Salle de l'Union — Great Margaret's throne — Monastic scandal — Erik XIV.'s room — His escape from a wild boar — Origin of his madness — The Kingdom's Key — Dane's blood — Forced matrimony — Bishop in a quandary — Old Swedish wedding ceremony.

BLÅKULLA.

October 6th.—AN equinoctial gale detained elsewhere arrived somewhat out of season—all the more blustering —for three days we stayed windbound at Wisby; part of the breakwater floated out to sea; then the storm, sated with mischief, stayed its fury, and mid a hubbub of waves we steamed for Calmar.

During the night we sailed by Blåkulla, that little isle of rocks and devilry—sold in the last century for a few rix to Lieutenant Somebody, who forced a poor shepherd-girl to tend his goats there in summer. In vain she prayed and wept; he had no mercy. The autumn proved stormy; no boat could approach the isle; and when some fishers did land, they found the girl had devoured her goats raw;—from fear and starvation combined, her mind had given way: she was a lunatic!—since which the island has been left to its rightful owner—the devil! *

* It was no joke playing tricks in matters spiritual, as the following anecdote will testify. A deacon on his rounds in West Götland

But Blåkulla is a site of historic interest, so don't fancy you'll be let off without a yarn about it. Those who know Sweden's history will call to mind that terrible persecution which shook Dalarne in Charles XI.'s reign—in which hundreds suffered death. Among the accused was a Countess Oxernstjerna, daughter of Ebba Brahe. She was, however, acquitted; the judges declaring "the devil had cruelly lied, to compromise an innocent person, by means of a servant-girl." Few were so fortunate as the countess. The world is apt to pooh-pooh these matters as ignorance and superstition. Depend upon it there was more in this witchcraft than we are willing to admit. It appears from the confessions of the accused themselves to have been an epidemic

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stopped to rest in a poor woman's homestead, who expressed herself in general contented with her lot. There was but one drawback —she never could rear her calves. "I will give you a remedy," said her visitor; and inscribing some characters on a piece of paper, ordered her to sew the charm up in a bag, and hang it round the new-born calf's neck, but on no account ever to open it. "A woman's curiosity will get the better of her," said he to himself, and laughingly went his way. Thirty years rolled by, and Svedberg (father of Swedenborg), Bishop of Skara, was called upon to preside at the sentence of an aged woman accused of witchcraft. The bishop was sick at heart, for he too well knew how fatally these prosecutions terminated. Her accusers declared how the culprit, by means of a charm, not only brought good luck to herself, but also took it away from others. With tears the poor old creature pleaded her guilt. More than thirty years since, said she, a deacon who stopped at her cottage had given her this charm, and indeed it had brought her good fortune ever since. The bishop, thunderstruck at her story, ordered the bag to be opened, and the paper it contained was read aloud. It ran as follows :—

"The calf may be white, or the calf may be red;
If it ain't born alive, why, then, 'twill be dead."

He then repeated the story of his youthful freak—the poor woman was acquitted, and dismissed with presents. Had any other occupied the see of Skara, she would to a certainty have been condemned to the stake.

—a mental hallucination—such as prevailed among the Jansenists under the diacre Paris, when weak women bared their breasts to the cudgels, crying "Nana! nana!" more! more!—grovelling the while on the earth in extacy.

"All the accused witches," states the report of the "witch-commission," "declared they were able to go to Blåkulla, an island in the Calmarsund, mounted on broomsticks. They anointed themselves, before starting, with oil from a horn they bore round their necks. When about to depart, they set a pin in the wall, and the hole grew so large they could drive through it with horses; but, as soon as the pin was taken out, the opening closed again, without leaving any trace. By help of this pin they entered the children's rooms, which became bright from the oil of the horn; The witch then took them out of bed, and placed them on the roof of the house, until she had collected the number required by the evil one. When the infants had been anointed with oil, she set them, hindside before, upon a pole, cow, horse, or man; off they went through the air, waiting on the church-roofs for other witches with their trains, scraping, meanwhile, the brass off the church-bell. On passing a thick cloud, she cast away her scrapings, crying, 'May heaven never come nearer to my soul than this brass to the bell!'

"The children beheld from afar the light of Blåkulla shining like fire, and Satan sitting in the hall of the mountain, towering in his state, tied to the table by an iron chain. On arriving, the witches greeted him, and, kneeling before him, presented their troops of children. Satan asked if these children were ready to serve him; and they commonly answered Yes, because he shone

so brightly, and promised them banquets and pleasures here on earth, and eternal peace after death. The compact was sealed by their giving him the hand; then he bit them on the brow and wrote their names on a large book, and gave them a silver coin as earnest. This coin, however, would be changed immediately into a shaving if shown to anybody. Then the witches began to cook, bake, and brew—they made brandy and large sausages—the whole company drinking, smoking, dancing, and revelling, the sound of hellish music being heard through the din. Sometimes the evil one would play with his tail beneath the table; sometimes he would amuse the guests with deeds of darkness. Teachers instructed the children in the abuse of the Lord's Prayer and Belief, taught them to curse heaven and earth, memory and sense, the 'witch-commission' and the crops in the fields, all the birds except magpies, the form of which was often assumed by the witches. At length the high steward of hell appointed the day for the next meeting, and the guests, once more mounting their broomsticks, hastened to return to their homes."—No wonder the poor shepherd-girl became an idiot after a solitary summer on the rocks at Blåkulla.*

* Two Blue-books have been published giving an account of the Blåkulla persecutions, which extended from 1668 to 1673. There is no doubt that the witches themselves perfectly believed the truth of what they asserted, as did also the children who are said to have accompanied them to Blåkulla. The reports are from different parishes, having no connection with each other. In no one case does torture appear to have been resorted to; on the contrary, the judges constantly ask the question, "Did not all this occur in your sleep?" Many accused themselves; as, for instance, when the parson of Mora complained he was bewitched, three women came forward of their own accord, declaring how they had, by orders of Satan, endeavoured to run a nail into the man's head while asleep. In 1669 twenty-three persons

CALMAR.

On rising next morn we found ourselves in a fiorde, formed by long straggling Öland—an army of ever-turn-

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were, on their own confession, condemned to death in Mora. On the morning of the 24th of August fifteen were beheaded before the cemetery, their remains burnt to ashes and scattered to the winds. Most of the elder witches were accused by their own daughters. Some few denied the charge; others suffered at the stake without a cry, cursing heaven and earth, and refusing to release their victims from the bonds of the evil one. Children were examined apart. The judges tried whipping as a remedy. One boy was condemned to run the gauntlet between two hundred of his companions. Two days later he returned and implored the judges to bind him to the prison wall, as he still was carried away by Satan. The clergyman of Mora writes word that his whole school is bewitched; they are pursued on coming out of the house by a pig drawing a barrel, harnessed by writhing serpents. The children throw the psalm-books at these demons, who then disappear. Thirty-six boys and girls who had been carried to Blåkulla were publicly whipped, and two hundred sentenced to stand during church service with rods in their hands opposite the preacher for the space of one year. Old people said they had learnt the art from their mothers; but never had they been so tormented by Satan as during the last two years. Formerly they attended his court but once a-year; now he gave them no peace, compelling them to bring sixteen children nightly. So tired were their animals from their constant excursions to Blåkulla, they were compelled to press into service "elfs and water-beetles" as chargers. Some children told of being rescued by a white angel, who placed his hand before their mouths when about to partake of the devil's food, and then carried them home. Many people were accused out of spite. One poor girl, who had excited the envy of her fellow villagers by a silk gown she had received from her betrothed, fell a victim and perished at the stake. Others made a good thing of it. A smith called Melchior, wishing to raise money to purchase his exemption from the militia, told a tale how, on arriving at Blåkulla, he had battled with the evil one, and torn several leaves out of the book. On these were the names of fifty children, and any one for the sum of one rix dollar might have his name back and destroy it. The bait took, but Melchior's triumph was short. It was proved before the judges that he had stolen a fowl, and written down the names with its blood on an old piece of yellow parchment. Accordingly he was condemned. And so matters went on for five years—stakes burning, people accusing themselves and others,

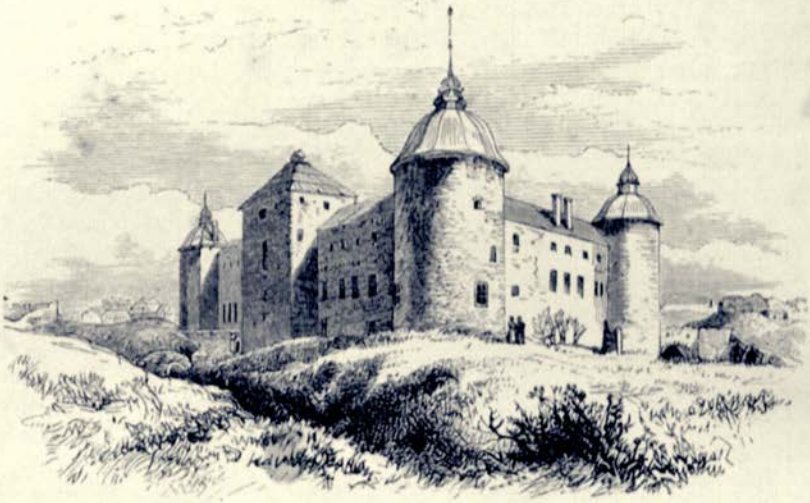
ing windmills guards the coast—then squeeze into a snug harbour, and land on the island of Qvärnholm, on which stands Calmar—a Phœnician word, say the learned—means cumulus, a heap—and should by rights be written in characters not unlike bars of music. 'Tis also an ancient capital *—so old the wise know nothing about it—chief city, not of a province but the doubtful kingdom of Virdeland. Would you know more, consult the 'Atlantica,' by Dr. Rudbeck, who declares how Adam lived in Virdeland, and the garden of Eden lay in wild woody Småland.

With deep respect we land on the quay of Calmar—a compact little place. On the map it looks like a jelly-mould: in the square stands a lofty church built by Tessin. Calmarians think it like St. Paul's with the dome off: it may be, but 'tis difficult to uncap our London cathedral, even in the mind's eye. The interior is grand, with altarpiece by Ehrenstrahl—a pulpit carved with figures, half sacred, half allegorical. Opposite the church stands the Rådhus, decked with armorial shields of Charles XI.'s time. From this square streets at right angles lead to the ramparts—in part o'ergrown

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until, owing to the exertions of a Countess Pontus de la Gardie, née Taube, these Trolle persecutions were put an end to. The diet, recognising the good sense of her representations, voted a gold medal for her services. In 1744 the same madness seized the people, but was soon effectually quelled. All persons endowed with second sight, discoverers of secrets, &c., underwent a summary punishment. Still, as late as 1779, the laws continued in force by which all persons proved guilty of practising witchcraft, or of aiding and abetting in it, were condemned to death. That year the Charmer in his own pretty way had it erased from the code, remarking, "There is still much in the laws of Sweden contrary to justice, and ill in accordance with the clemency of our mild and gracious heart."

* 730,—as early as the Brávalla slag.



CALMAR CASTLE.

Vol. II. p. 301.

with nettles, one side laid out as a public walk. Under these bastions snuggle small wood tenements, scarcely larger than dog-kennels, painted red, picked out in white, the picture of neatness, with curtains of snowy muslin, and flowers in their brightly-rubbed windows.

The gates of the town form a dark framework to troops of women ever battening their linen in the blue sea, and little cockle-shells moored by the shore. A causeway leads to fast land, where stood old Calmar—Calmar of the Union. For one fine day that ancient city, with its circular walls, received an order from Queen Christina to pack up and flit to Qvarnholm.* Imagine the consternation! In vain the burghers petitioned.—Just at this moment broke out a raging fire, laying the city in ashes, which somewhat consoled the natives.

Beyond the city, near the northern gate, stands the grand old castle—a ruin—little more—its strong walls crumbling. Passing the portal, with its toppling round towers, you enter the great court: doorways of Renaissance stonework and shields tell of Wasa occupation. We follow a small boy up a degraded staircase—each step a stride; then gaining a corridor, enter a long lofty hall, up to this very month styled "Salle de l'Union;" but learned Mr. Somebody, after routing the archives, has discovered the real hall to have been destroyed. Be that as it may, up to the last century the old fittings were all there. When the "Charmer" took to royal brandy-burning, the room by his command was turned into a still, and Margaret's throne, which stood at the south gable, betwixt the windows, was sold at a public auction for some few rix!

* A.D. 1652.

Those were brave times for Calmar. Here Margaret caused her good-for-nothing nephew to be crowned on Trinity Sunday, 17th July, 1397, and on that day dubbed 133 knights; "but," says the chronicler, "amidst all the fine folk present, none shone in manly beauty and bravery of apparel like Abraham Broderson, the queen's "gunstling, who counted Calmar among his vast possessions." Erik looked black at him, and, as we know, cut his head off later.* "Abraham," adds the chronicler, "was always present in her mind." The people sang a lay with the burden, "the whole forest is full of Abraham." An old convent diary tells how "once the queen came from Norway to Wadstena, with several young girls to be educated in the convent: among them was a fair young child, the queen said of princely blood." No sooner was her back turned than the spiteful old nuns, struck by the likeness, vowed her to be the daughter of Abraham and their royal benefactress; then, having told the scandal, the monk winds up, "but for sure it was a lie." †

Very mischievous were those men of taste in the eighteenth century. The mad son of the Charmer, following his father's steps, made Calmar Slott a granary. Down, down it went, till King Oscar, finding the bedroom of Erik XIV. extant, gave orders for its restoration. This turret chamber still retains the rich

* Erik with his pirates ravaged Calmar, plundering the convent of St. Brita—so patronized by his queen—his vessels sank with all the treasure off the coast, and Erik was nearly drowned.

† According to Sophia Brahe's genealogy (trust an old maid for setting a scandal right), this Brita, daughter of Abraham and Margaret, married Thure Bjelke, and was mother of the first queen of Carl Knutson,—hence ancestress of Christina Gyllenstjerna. Brita was accidentally burnt to death in Wadstena kloster.

ceiling, panelling, and parquet of marqueterie—work of the king's own hands. Old authors mention how he employed his time in "enlaying the ornaments of his chamber in the castle of Calmar." The room is octagon, with deep embrasures in the windows: the decorations consist of flowers, fruit, and views of royal residences long since passed away. On the exterior doorway appear the Wasa arms, especial handiwork of unlucky Erik.*

Around the cornice a plaster frieze depicts a scene in Erik's life, which, had it ended fatally, would have saved him a world of trouble. When hunting in Öland, by Köping, the king nigh met his death from a wild boar—see him lying on the ground, beneath a ferocious swine, about to rip him up—an assistant, horn in hand, came to the rescue, blowing so strong a blast, the animal turned, and the king's life was saved—that man was ennobled by the name of Horn;—a second, who slew the boar, by the name of Svinhufvud. Another fat huntsman, who hallooed so loud he burst his wind, bore from that day the name of Bråken Hjelm. There they all stand—se non è vero è ben trovato.

Along the window-sills run stags, foxes, hares, and wild swans, pursued by dogs. The ceiling is gorgeous; Gustaf Adolf's bed, with some relics of old furniture, stands in the outer chamber. Erik, as Duke of Småland, held court in Calmar castle.† Scarcely

* Erik, who, like his descendant the third Gustaf, greatly loved theatricals, wrote to his father from Calmar, begging the loan of some old clothes and armour from the royal magazine at Stockholm, to which King Gustaf replied—"Dear son Erik, if the Duke of Småland wishes for a performance, he had better review our cavalry."

† A.D. 1558.

arrived, he summoned all men to do him homage, as though a reigning sovereign; this greatly enraged old Gustaf, who had sent his son to practise, on a small scale, the art of governing: so angry was he, Erik would have lost his succession, had not John, for once, done him a good turn, and appeased the king's rage.* One day Duke Erik, ever active as a hind, after a carouse, leaped up from the dinner-table so high his head struck the iron corona; down he fell senseless—his companions thought him dead. No doubt his brain received some injury—from that day dated the derangement of his intellect.

King John built the great Kärnän tower and remodelled the castle. He summoned from Italy two architects of note, Giovanni Battista and Domenico Par, who richly adorned the Gyllen Saal, under his own directions. In the long narrow-vaulted chapel stand pews bearing the royal cipher of Gustaf Adolf and his queen;†—but all is desolation. Even the faithless Baltic

* From this time dates the evil influence of Göran Pohrson over Erik. Göran, dismissed from the service of Gustaf Wasa, fled to Calmar, and, having gained the confidence of the prince, stirred him up against his old father. Göran, whose name was Tegel (tile), left a son, Erik, who entered the service of Duke Charles. On his demanding letters of nobility, the duke replied, "From devil's eggs come devil's young;" and when Erik pressed his suit, rejoined, "Add an S to your name, and make it Stegel (gallows), for such were your father's arms."

† 'Twas to Calmar castle that Gustaf Adolf went to meet his betrothed bride, and a fine mess he found the place in. The king writes to his chancellor 24th November, 1620—"Everything is amiss here, and we cannot get what is wanted. I sent down many things from Stockholm, yet, the wind having delayed the galleys, I cannot get any of them. Do not forget to bring 'Casparum' with you, else we have neither sweetmeats nor spices." Sheets and tablecloths were wanting, and Queen Maria Eleanora expected daily—a nice state of things. When Christina was scarce two years old her father brought her to Calmar. The castellan dared not fire a salute lest he should frighten the child, but

deserts this ruined castle in her need—once the "Kingdom's Key"*—and no longer laves her feet. Beneath the walls grow bushes of Manna Blod,† a dwarf elder, which folks here say sprang from the blood of the Danes slain beneath the bastions. In England we have the same tradition, and call it Danes' blood.

The town is in full activity, for know she boasts upwards of ninety merchants, dealers in pine-planks,—Calmar too has a bishop of her own.‡ In early times Wexiö sufficed for all Småland, but folks grew so wicked they required more looking after. In 1596 they dispensed with the marriage ceremony,§ to the great scandal of Upsala's archbishop, who, to mend matters, sent spies round the land to pick up gossip. On a certain day the culprits were summoned and

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Gustaf cried, "Never mind; she is the daughter of a warrior, and must accustom herself to the sound of artillery." Instead of being alarmed, Christina clapped her hands, wishing to hear the noise again. Her father next took her to a field-day; she showed herself so courageous he was quite charmed. "Well! well!" he exclaimed, "only wait a little, and I will take you to a place where you shall have more pleasure still."

* Rikets Nyckel.

† Sambucus herbacea.

‡ Småland is now divided into two dioceses—Calmar and Wexiö.

§ The Smålanders were only a little behind their neighbours. Pope Alexander III. in 1159, previous to the death of St. Erik, writes a very angry bull on the subject to the Lydd (provincial) bishops, "how with bitterness of heart he had heard that the Swedes entered matrimony in an unchristian manner, without any sacerdotal benediction or mass." He also orders that "divorces are not to take place." The early bishops seem to have given no directions on the subject of the marriage ceremony. The bride was given away by a giftoman, usually her father, who, on delivering the girl to the bridegroom, made the following speech:—"I give you my daughter to honour and to wife, to share one-half of your bed, your locks, and your keys, and one-third of every piece of money, and whatever you do now or may hereafter possess in moveable property, and all those rights which the Holy Erik gave, in the name of the Father," &c.

ordered to the altar;—in vain they resisted; many with truth affirmed the tales to be lies; no matter, each couple was flogged,—well ducked with cold water, —crammed into the bride's stool, from which they rose —married. Charles IX. highly disapproved of these proceedings. Next year the archbishop had on his hands full a hundred complaints of men beating their wives, and women clawing their husbands—cases worthy a modern police court.

"Nils Jordan, for shoving his wife's teeth down her throat, receives thirty-nine blows, is ducked with water, locked up in a chest, and fed on dry bread till penitent." The distracted prelate now consults the king, who remarks, "Serves you right—why did you marry them?"

To-morrow, at early dawn, we leave for Öland.

ÖLAND.

CHAPTER LIX.

Odin's slab — Ship's form — Carl Gustaf at Borgholm — His "White Swan" and dancing parties — The Öland Joseph — Dogs' Star Chamber — Royal chase — Alböke church — Its guest-chamber — Giantess Zechiel — Gustaf Adolf and his Öland pony — A right royal reward.

HIRING a small boat, we sailed across the Sound to Rödhäll ferry; there ordered horses. A stony land is Öland; groups of peasants quarry by the roadside, sifting earth from between the layers of rock to cover and improve their fields. Near Högsrum's church, once lucky possessor of St. Erik's thumb,*—preserved till the last century in a wooden box embedded in the high altar, we stop to view two upraised slabs of stone, called Odin's Flisar, to which, says tradition, Odin, one day, about to do battle, fastened his horse, making a hole in

* It was an old custom to insert in the altars the bones of saints with accompanying papers, as we do money in bottles at the consecration of churches. Not many years since, a relic, said to be of St. Erik, or some other honoured member of the calendar, was discovered in an altar of Skåne. It now adorns the Museum of Stockholm, and proves to be the fore-paw of a seal.

On the farm of Hagelheim, in Götland, there dwelt a powerful farmer, who, enraged with the priest for commencing mass before his arrival, ran him through with his sword, as he stood in his surplice before the altar. On the weapon being withdrawn, a little bone came out from the breast of the victim, together with a piece of silken ribbon from his robe; these were placed in a square box, with a parchment narrating the event, and encrusted in the altar.

the stone with his sword to pass the reins through. The horse started, rending the slab in twain, then sank in the pool hard by, which has no bottom. The three slabs were set up in memory of Odin's deed;—the broken hole is still visible.

A tall peasant, master of the gård, came out to meet us. "Come on," he said, "a little further, and you will see Stenrör, Attekullar, and the well-known ship, the like of which is not in Sweden." He led us to a heathery moor, a maze of graves, rings, squares, oblongs, and boulders, fashioned in all shapes Scandinavian fancy



Ship's form, Oland.

could devise; and there lay the ship's form, a mosaic of small stones, 45 ells in length and 6 in width. At one end two stones erect form the prow, in the centre a single bautasten the mast, while across are ranged fifteen banks of oars. Early antiquarians declare this to be an exact model of the ships constructed before the use of iron—bound together with willow-twigs or sinews of animals—and equally pointed at both ends.*

Before long the dark ruins of Borgholm rise across a weary waste of stone—stone for ever sifted. As we approach, the ruin appears more dreary still; one shudders at such a view of a cold autumn's eve, and

* Such as are mentioned in Tacitus, and Frithiof's Saga. In the latter mention is made of one called Ellithe, having 15 banks of rowers; of another with 32, and a crew of 200 men, not equalling, however, the Long Serpent of St. Olaf, which carried 34. Linnæus in his travels mentions this ship's form, which was still perfect until a few years since, when learned Dr. Somebody, with a Herr Lector from Linköping, choosing to grub for relics, upset the mast, and never replaced it.

wonders what kings found to love in Borgholm, or in Öland either, till, on quitting the highway, the scene changes; and twixt two fields of rock we drive into a clean seaport village, above which the ruined castle frowns, its basement flounced round with trees.

Soon settled, lodged, and fed, to while away the evening we pore over the early history of Öland;* and, much amazed, discover how the natives derive their origin from Corsica. Impossible—those sunny-haired children, that open-faced peasantry, of southern origin? —their looks belie the tale; still, report says, the Ölander is given to rapine and murder. Captains of seafaring vessels refuse to enlist these islanders among their crew—looks go for little in this world; nine murderers out of ten have faces in their youth which would have sent St. Gregory into extacies.

The history of Öland is very misty till the days of Birger and his brothers. Duchess Ingeborg, widow of murdered Erik, died at Borgholm, of the digerdöden. The island was mortgaged to Bo Jonsson, Lubec, Hamburg, and everybody — was tossed from Swedes to Danes, from Danes to Swedes back again, till, in the seventeenth century, we find young Carl Gustaf, handsome and fat, holding his state at Borgholm. Carl had retired here, at his own request, to avoid political intrigue. From the moment Christina named him her successor, he knew no peace in Stockholm. On the one side his own enemies endeavoured to make him an object of suspicion to the queen; on the other, the enemies of Christina strove to set him up against her.

* Wulfstein, who recited his voyage before Alfred the Great in England, mentions "Eoyland" as a land peopled by many different tribes.

But Carl Gustaf was loyal, and when at Borgholm he received an unsigned letter containing scandalous tales —begging him to avert the misfortunes of Sweden by seizing the crown—Charles at once forwarded the letter to Stockholm.*

Crossing a wood of stunted oak—a plaisaunce, once belonging to the old castle-garden, we ascend the hill by a shrubbery of lilacs, hazels, and sloes—all struggling for space and stifling one another. The castle-gate leads to a vast square court—one scene of desolation. Passing Carl Gustaf's sleeping-room, in which is a well, "Jomfru Brunen," of depth quite fabulous, we reach the old slott—that of Duchess Ingeborg. A dense wood of oxel, oak, and ash covers the slopes below.

The present castle dates from the reign of King John, who greatly embellished it; among his papers are found frequent directions to hasten the building, with orders for the stonemasons to leave their work at Calmar. He wanted Borgholm as dower-house for Polish Queen Catherine, to feel she would be well lodged when he was gone—but Catherine died. A splendid staircase, wide and lofty, leads to the second

* The handwriting was recognised, and the author, Arnold Messenius, grandson of the historian, arrested. Arnold being quite a boy, the judges, feeling sure he had not acted without the advice of some one else, arrested his father, who confessed he had instigated his son, and begged to be put to death—the sooner the better. Both father and son were straightway beheaded. Christina in after days much regretted this severity, saying that those who counselled the execution richly deserved to die themselves, "which question," says the historian, "will be settled between the queen and Axel Oxenstjerna by another judge hereafter." John Messenius the historian, born 1579, was suspected by Gustaf Adolf of corresponding with Sigismund King of Poland, but nothing was proved against him beyond being a Catholic. After languishing a prisoner at Kajaneborg, in Finland, for twenty years, he was removed to a better prison.

floor. Here the roofless chambers have become a dense grove of forest-trees, and birds twitter—only too pleased to find so sheltered a breeding-place. You may wander at pleasure all round that spacious quadrangle, provided only you keep a look-out for holes. It has a strange effect to see these idle gossiping trees staring and lolling from out the palace-windows, as human beings have done in their day. The terrace-garden overlooks that dreary plain we passed by yesterday—once a forest. Though kings frequented Borgholm, its palmy days ended with Carl Gustaf. On starting for Stockholm he turned round to the bystanders and said, "I will return to Öland either one head shorter or taller." He came back the latter,—his brows encircled by the crown of Sweden.*

Gustaf often in after-life called to mind the happy days he passed in this small isle,† and when in Poland, wearied with his "dancing parties," ‡ was wont to say, "Oh! my good Öland, my good Öland, when once

* At his coronation the guests were regaled not only with Rhine wine, but, in compliment to his favourite island, with Öland ale. "We had it served at our table," writes a bishop, "and it tasted very like ——" something I can't translate—probably nasty.

† Carl Gustaf had a sweetheart at Öland, called by the people Swana lilla. They still sing about her a lullaby :—

"Where have you been so long time, Swan, you little white one?
I have been in foreign lands,
Washed myself and my children. Swan, Swan, my comrade."

About ten years after the death of Carl Gustaf there lived at Stockholm a young girl called Anna. She had lost her mother in infancy, and did not know the name of her father. A young Danish sailor, Erik Könnig, married her. When her dowry was paid it was made known to the bride she was the daughter of Carl Gustaf and the "Swan" of the ballad.

‡ Carl Gustaf called a battle his "dancing-party." To animate his soldiers he would cry before a charge, "Now, my boys, you must go forth to dance before the bride."

my affairs are settled I will go back to you and take my rest.* Charles died almost in the arms of victory; had he lived, he would never have cared for that quiet life he so longed for. Did ever yet a "monarch retired from business" not regret his lost power?†

Borgholm, till the present century, stood unscathed —then come dark tales of a governor who tore the copper-plates from the roof, selling them for his own profit. Rumours of these ill-doings reached Stockholm; an investigation was ordered, but, on the arrival of the

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* He meditated ablication.

† Carl Gustaf was fortunate as to "wind and weather," which always grew favourable whenever he wished to hunt or cross the Baltic.—Even the ice befriended him. The winter of 1657-58 was excessively cold. In Sweden the snow fell so thick many were frozen to death; but the Danes paid dearest. Carl Gustaf passed over six waters with his whole army, and wrested Skåne, Halland, and Blekinge from Denmark. History speaks as highly of his humanity as his bravery. When in 1655 Carl Gustaf entered Poland, he made known to his soldiers that whoever took the smallest thing from the inhabitants without paying should be hanged. His generals carried out his order. Arnold Wittenberg, hearing the screams of a woman, asked what it was. "A Swedish soldier is taking away her milk-pail," was the answer." He ordered the soldier to be hanged; and though the woman asked pardon for him on her knees, it was in vain. When Charles X. died, Duke Adolf, his brother, sending for Sjöblad, the commandant, demanded, as governor of the young king, that the keys of the town should be delivered over to him. Sjöblad refused. The duke tried force. "We'll soon see that," cried the veteran, drawing his sword. "I'll run your August Highness through in a minute." So Adolf, disgusted, complained to the council, who thanked Sjöblad for his spirit. Folks were tired of De la Gardie's rule, to whom the prince was brother-in-law, added to which he had espoused Else, daughter of Count Nils Brahe; and the nobles feared the aggrandisement of their already too-illustrious house. Duke Adolf, writes Whitelocke (1635), was "monstrous civil to Whitelocke,—and fished to get some English horses out of him, but Whitelocke was not so young a courtier as to pass the compliment of their being at his Highness's service, lest he should be taken at his word."

commissioners, the palace was in flames—all accident, of course—much regretted by the governor.

We drove from Borgholm, passing, to the right, a large ship's form, of nineteen upraised stones, and two masts, one at each end. Further on, near the road, rise the cliffs—once sea-washed — a queer geological formation, basaltic or sômething of the sort. On these heights stand the ruins of St. Elaf—once an offerkyrka for sailors. Queen Gunild,* in the absence of the king, loved Elaf the steward, commander of the fortress. When Elaf refused to hearken to her proposals, her love changed to hate; inviting him to a costly banquet, she made him drink till he fell asleep,—then stole from him the keys, and, setting the prisoners at liberty, ordered them to save themselves in foreign lands. At the king's return the queen went forth to meet him; then she accused the steward of disloyalty in setting free the prisoners.—In vain Elaf protested. The king cast him in a spiketunna, to which were harnessed two unbroken colts, who dragged the barrel till it broke near Köping. Then the horses stopped, and he was buried. But each night a light shone o'er his grave, proving his innocence. On the spot was built the chapel of St. Elaf.

On we go through woods of oak and hazel, sole remains of that great forest where Erik got his tumble, and which in Linnæus's days so obscured the view he could not see the water;—fine hunting-grounds in good old times, affording much pastime to the sovereign, but small comfort to the peasant.

During the troubles of the sixteenth century, Öland,

* Gunild of Norway (died 1054), wife of King Anund Jakob, after whose death she married the Danish king Svend Estridson.

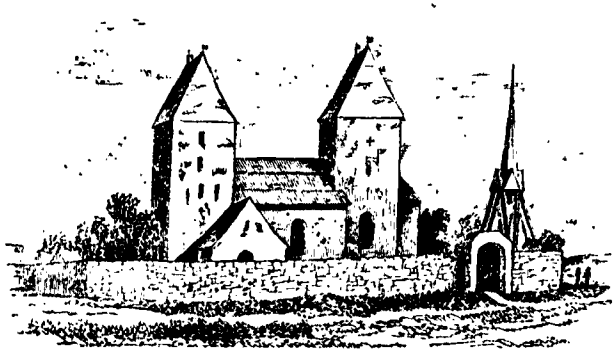
a royal deer-park, got poached, much to King John's annoyance, who revised the game-laws, by an edict dated 10th May, 1572: "Animals," he writes, "are scarce; therefore, for the future, either noble or peasant who destroys a head of royal game shall, for the first offence, be fined forty marks; for the second, the noble shall lose his lands—the peasant, having nothing better, his head." All dogs are cited to a Star-chamber, and ordained to lose one fore paw. The king forbids the cutting of trees or sticks. "If folks want wood they may get it from Småland." People, adds the chronicler, now thought it better to leave the elks and red deer quiet.* So time rolled on until, in the eighteenth century, Nimrod King Frederik turned loose thirty-nine wild boars and two dozen piglings, who destroyed the crops, tearing up the ground, and marvellously increasing. Woe betide the man who slew one; he received twenty stripes on his bare back from a pair of willow rods, and was sent as a soldier. The ruined islanders petitioned the diet for fifty years before the noxious beasts were exterminated.—So much for living in a good hunting country.

Stone walls rise on all sides, built from stern necessity, sole means of stowing away the boulders gathered at each new year's tillage; as the field improves, the walls increase in height. The poorer houses are of self-split limestone; the homesteads of wood. Small windmills, busy at work, dot the sea-coast till we reach Alböke.

* The plan had a good effect, for Charles XI. in his journal, 1683, mentions how, Sept. 4, he slew, with his own royal gun, seven crown harts, one hind, one doe, three roebucks, and a wild swan.

ALBÖKE.

Alböke church, now sole remaining specimen of a form peculiar to Öland, called klefsadels-form, before next year is out will be numbered among the past. The term "klefsadel" is derived from a second tower, which rises from the choir, giving it the appearance of an old Spanish saddle. The building is terminated by a small rounded apse, perforated by a cinquefoil rosace. The interior of the church is bi-vaulted, its



Alböke Church, Oland.

round arches resting on one single column—a little gem. In a corner lay the ancient bride's-stool, a fine old font, a rood, and sundry carved images of saints and shrines—all now alike discarded. A monstrous long edifice, aptly termed by Brunius "salong-form," has been tacked on to the old church. In early days Öland belonged exclusively to the great convents of Wadstena, Alvastra, and others—hence the form of her small parish churches. These two towers served as conviviihusets, or hostels, to the travelling monks. A

passage above the roof connects the two turrets, in each of which are found three ranges of chambers, with recesses in the walls to place the beds, as well as small fireplaces without chimneys, and other conveniences we won't talk about. The uppermost room, which is undivided, served for travellers of rank, or as a council-chamber. All Öland churches were once of this form. Three have disappeared during the last two years; and Alböke will soon follow: her wapenhus already lies low; her quaint wooden belfry is condemned, more the pity: the old church, with its two towers, gives to the modern excrescence a cathedral-look, and ought to be preserved. So, sadly we went our way, passing Föra, where stands a lofty stone cross—King Waldemar's cut—near the tithe-barn, inscribed with splendid Longobardic characters, telling how in the year 1431, the first Sunday after Trinity, Sir Martin was here slain.* Föra claims the honour of giving birth to Piga Kierstin, a sort of Maid of Orleans, who in the seventeenth century amazed the small Öland world by her visions and prophecies, telling strange tales of her nightly conversation with the angels. When examined by a conclave of clergy, in Calmar Slott, Kierstin declared she only talked with those who had died of the pest, and straightway became so violent no one could hold her. The affrighted bishop caused her to be shut up. Her revelations were published, but soon forgotten.

* "A bishop's steward arrived at the prestgård to receive his tithes. Sir Martin, the parish priest, came forth to meet him, bearing a steelyard in his hand, and invited him to take refreshment. The steward, suspecting evil intentions, cried out, 'Do you bear arms against me?' and wresting the steelyard from his hand, slew him on the spot."

The country is flat and barren—wide moor—a very cemetery of ätterhögs; one a strange variety, shaped like a boot. Bautastens rise against the horizon, and blotabords, as they here term the stones of sacrifice. We pass a battlefield, where stand some hundred dolmen, formed of three small round boulders supporting a fourth. Many lie overthrown. Skirting a park of English oak, we reach Persnäs. Here a native Ölander greets me with a volley of pure English oaths, taking my very breath away: "Glad to see you, sir"—we 'll omit the adjectives—"almost forgot my English; now eighteen months since I left."—Ill bred, I interrupt him with—"The diggings?" "But," continues he—powers, what a volley!—"it will all come back again." 'Tis to be hoped he may never set up as English teacher in Öland. Then, on hospitality bent, he offered me Öland whisky, fiery as his own language. The road now nears the Östersjön. In the oak-wood a hög is pointed out as burial-place of the giantess Zechiel, whose castle, called Borge Edha, lay by the sea-shore. She agreed with her sister, who dwelt at Skagge-näs, to build a bridge across the Sound. Zechiel, bearing in her apron a heap of stones, prepared to commence her task, when a peasant shot her with a long arrow. Faint and wounded, she sat down to rest; then her enemy, the Old Man of the Sea, began to agitate the waters; —this so frightened her, she ran on, scattering the stones in heaps, as you now see them, all over the island, until she dropped dead.

At Boda we exchange stone walls for stake palings —quitting stone strata for sand and rich cultivation. Carts, herds of cows, and a good breed of horses, now cross our path, but not one Öland pony. This race, like

Danish dogs in Denmark, has become extinct in its native isle. These little animals are smaller still than our Shetland breed, more delicately formed, with finer coat.* They tell of an Öland peasant, who, having bred a pony wondrous small, started for Stockholm, to offer it to young Gösta Kraknäsa,† as the people called Gustaf Adolf, from his arched nose. On arriving at court he begged permission to offer his small horse to the young prince. Gösta, delighted, galloped his pony round the courtyard, then asked the bonde what he did at home. "I work for my living," was the man's reply. "And you give me the pony for nothing? that must not be," exclaimed the child, and he emptied his purse, not over-stocked with money, into the man's hands.

One day Carl Gustaf, out a-hunting, stopped at Långerum gård, hard by, to change horses; the peasant boasted a fine horse, trained like a circus pony. When the prince was about to mount, he cried, "O horse! bethink you what a high and mighty person you are about to bear—show yourself humble." The horse fell on his knees for the prince to mount. Carl, delighted, granted the man his farm as a free gift to him and his heirs for ever. This prince gave away benefices in the same careless manner. One night he asked a bed in Resmo parsonage, when hunting, and before leaving bestowed the reversion of the living on the priest's son, a boy of seven years old.‡

At Boda, northernmost post-house of the island, we passed the night.

* Empress Catherine, 1777, 17 Oct., thanks Gustaf for the Öland ponies: "Ces petits animaux et le char qu'ils traînent si lestement sont arrivés en bonne santé, et m'amusent beaucoup."

† Crook-nosed.

‡ A stone in the bedchamber where he slept records the tale,—9th October, 1651.

CHAPTER LX.

An unexpected "wi" — The Pest Stone — St. Brita's chapel — She affronts the devil — Earl Asbiörn's castle — Ballad of proud Karin — Queen Victoria descended from a bear — The millstone of Fate — Stone of Carlevi — Treasures of Queen Oda — Churching of women — Return to Calmar.

BODA.

THE sun rose late next morning; a thick white frost made the landscape appear most wintry. We drove down to the harbour of Boda. Several cutters lying at anchor, the crews busy discharging cargoes of brick from Westervik, receiving in return square polished paving-flags and crates of indignant geese. These paving-flags form a staple of Öland commerce. As you travel peasants are engaged by the road-side turning the flat wheel — when polished they fetch only 3*d.* a-piece. Leaving the carriage at the forest-gate, we stroll on to look at the tract, extending to the island's end, once destroyed by a sandflight, now covered by a royal forest, boasting but little game. Wolves cross the ice from Småland in the winter season; then, a skåll proclaimed, each gård by law furnishes two beaters, who, forming a ring-fence across the island's breadth, hunt down the invaders. On we wander—reach a second gate: in the field lay a wide space of turf, velvety and green; oaks dotted about, with huge stones in wild confusion.* There could be

* Ossian sings of these stones, which he terms Lodastone, held sacred by the Scandinavians near their wi's, where the mighty spirit of the

no mistake; this was a wi; we leap the hurdles, and reach it. • In the midst stood a lofty mass of granite—the blotabord, over which bent, with weeping boughs, a giant oak of Thor. Junipers grew near, protecting with weird and straggling arms the old stumps of the sacred grove—decaying from sheer age. No man had injured this once holy place: religion, trees, and all, had here died out together. There was the domaring, mixed with trees and prickly bushes. The ground has remained untilled for centuries—no doubt from superstitious feeling. It was pleasant to come on such a spot unsent—by John Murray.

A small boy guided us to Grankulla bay—in form like a scorpion's claw clutching at an islet, from which springs the lighthouse. At the extreme point, well washed by wave, and exposed to wintry blast, was a ship's form—fit burial-place for some stormy viking. After five hours' walk—our driver out of patience—we made for Persnäs, where the Australian met us. He showed us in the churchyard a large flagstone, called the Digersten, on which, says tradition, the villagers who survived that great pest stood when the plague was stayed. It bears no inscription, and was cut to measure as a memorial.* Local historians speak of a church-book, written on parchment, giving an account of that dread scourge; which book was extant in the last century, when a village tailor sliced it up. In the church lies the

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Northman made his most sacred vow. He adds a great deal more on the subject, but is so very sublime commonplace folks can't make head or tail of it.

* In the churchyard of Springe in Götland is a digersten inscribed with a cross.

gravestone of Sigismund Horn, of brown Öland marble, incised with the canting arms of that ancient house.*

By the prestgård, midst thorns and brushwood, lay a nest of giants' graves, oval in form. A peasant told how, on his father's farm, two similar graves had lately been opened; within each was a long stone coffin, formed of six separate slabs, containing a skeleton. They had hoped to find gold; but as ill luck would have it, the parson came by, so they got nothing save a rusty iron key.†—Maybe the Ölanders' superstition of priests bringing ill luck is derived from their Corsican forefathers. In a field stood a stone-cross, erected in memory of a young noble, named Ryning, who broke his neck, out hunting with King John. The peasant-girls still sing his fate in a lay, "The king's horses were so very strong." We now took leave—our Australian friend quite glad to have brushed up his English: "Here am I, sir, stuck down for life in Öland. I only wish my countrymen were more go-a-head. I can't even get up a company to dig for quicksilver. Now, I'm a-courting a farmer's daughter, and shall soon marry. At the diggings there were no Swedish women. Dutch and Scotch make good wives enough, but not your country-women, sir—they are such gals for liquor." We shook hands, said good-bye, and that night again reached Borgholm.

Next morn was market-day; the farmer came late.

We verge to the left of Borgholm, skirt a dreary waste, rendered more dismal still by tales of villages

* This Sigismund was founder of the Swedish Horns, and died in the year 1300. His estate of Horn lies in Högby parish.

† From the earliest times it was the custom to place iron in the coffin as a preservative against witchcraft.

sacked by Danish invaders in 1650; then pass a cross, raised, say the people, to a priest frozen to death—not a cheery idea of a bleak autumn's evening. From Bredsätra church a by-way leads to the sea-shore, where, on a promontory, stands a ruined chapel of gray stone—two peaked gables,—a graceful ruin. Beside it a solitary thorn-tree, and a spring covered over with a cracked slab of sandstone—St. Brita's chapel and well. Here lady Ingeborg and the sainted child landed, when preserved from shipwreck by Dukes Erik and Waldemar. This chapel—a thanksoffering—became a favourite offerkyrka for sailors. On the greensward by the strand a marble floriated cross, 12 feet in height, marks the spot where Brita first set foot on land. The ruin, though no longer holy ground, is not deserted: fishers spread their nets around the cross to dry, and by the shore rise a nest of wooden huts and a flotilla of small boats.

No one was so holy as St. Brita: she could see everything, even the devil, as he walked among the people. One day, in church, she observed Old Nick enter with a goat's-skin in his hand, on which he proceeded to write down the names of all those who slept during the sermon. The skin was soon covered—there was no more room; the devil seized it between his teeth, pulling and trying to stretch it; he tugged so hard that the skin slipped;—bang came his head against the column. He made such a horrid grimace, rubbing his head, St. Brita—saint though she was—burst out laughing.—From that day, in spite of all her tears and penances, she was never allowed to see the devil again.

The country is still dreary: on one side farms and

sea; on the other, windmills in repose, ranged like sentries along the road. The peasants are occupied in cutting fine turf—such as one never sees in Swedish gardens—to cover the house-tops. They like to be beforehand with the cold. Since Monday last, double windows have been set in their places and all interstices cottoned up,—a stuffy idea to those who love ventilation.

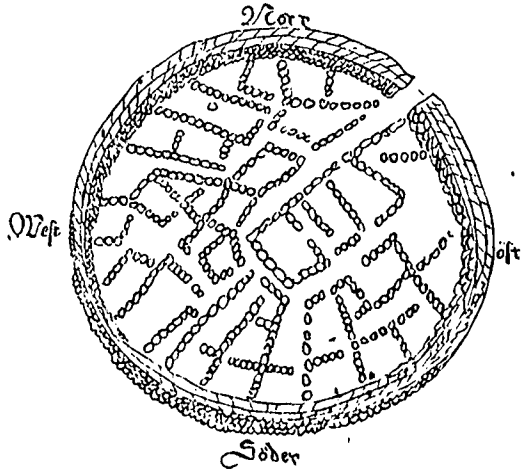
Avenues of ash line the roadside, and red farm-buildings, extending hundreds of yards in length—a village in themselves. The gables are quaint and jaunty, the bargeboards crossing each other like a pair of horns or tailor's shears when opened, the end carved with a serpent's head and ears, or fashioned like hippocampi; —but these, said the farmer, are "gammal—mycket gammal"—looked on as quite old-fashioned.

Twilight closed in as we drove by two massive slabs inscribed with runes, set up to somebody who was a "god drang"—a high title among the ancients—then reached Leukake, and there supped off eels and eggs: an odd mixture, if you will; but such eels are nowhere to be met with save in Scandinavia,—a silver black-headed species, that migrates from the northern streams of Bohuslän in early September, passing their autumn in the Baltic, where they fatten, and become only too delicious.

ISMANSTORP.

A storm rose in the night; the rain, in hysteric gusts, pelted against the casement till six next morning, when the sky cleared. Led by the farmer—himself profoundly ignorant of the way—we scrambled across

stone walls and swampy fields, making for Ismanstorp. On entering a wood of oak and juniper, there stood before us the lofty stone walls of Ismanstorp—sole remains of the thirteen viking's nests which once "held law and right" in Öland. This fort is circular; the walls of stone, piled up without mortar or cement.* Four gates gave entry: within, the stone foundations



Plan of Earl Asbiörn's Castle, Isman, Öland.

of the wooden dwellings may be still traced; among the grove of trees are several half-closed wells. This castle was once the stronghold of Earl Asbiörn, better known in Danish history as the false Blakke.† The maids of Öland still sing a lay about his daughter, "Stolt Karin," one of the prettiest old ballads extant:—

* The walls are near twenty feet in thickness and may be twelve feet high; the fort 213 ells in diameter.

† See 'Jutland,' vol. ii., p. 247. It was by aid of Earl Asbiörn that Harald Hein (Soapy) succeeded to his father's throne.

"In Langlöte vale is the fairest of towns,
Where fifteen fair maidens do dwell,
'Midst the limes and the oaks, in the grove, on the green.
The Danish king he came sailing by,
And heard little Karin in the birch-grove sing,
'Midst the limes and the oaks, in the grove, on the green.
The king he asked his small pages two,
Who strikes on the gold harp so cheerily?
'Midst the limes and the oaks, in the grove, on the green.
No one, lord liege, strikes the gold harp-string,
'T is fair Karin herself who sweetly doth sing,
'Midst the limes and the oaks, in the grove, on the green.
Then the Danish king leapt upon the white sand,
And in the oak grove took Karin's fair hand:
I pray you, fair Karin, sing a carol for me,
As I sit and repose beneath the oak tree.
Proud Karin she sang a 'Wisa'* so clear,
The oak-leaves they danced on the trees that stood near;
She sang him five lays, and when she sang ten,
The Danish king danced with all his court-men.
Oh, hear me, proud Karin, will you drink to me?
Oh, that would I do right willingly,
But there are so many who look after me;
First comes my father, and then there's my mother,
My two elder sisters, as well as my brother.
'Midst the limes and the oaks, in the grove, on the green."

Karin yields, quaffs the draught, and is carried off by the Danish king to his ship, and they sail fast away from Öland. Next morn, when Karin wakes and combs her long hair, she begs piteously to return to Långlöte:—

"Oh, bear me back to my father's hall,
I hear the cry of my children small,
'Midst the limes and the oaks, in the grove, on the green

But the Danish king answers:—

"Full well I see by your snow-white breast,
No child have you to your bosom press'd."

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* Song.

Karin now tries a new dodge:—

"Oh, bear me back to my father's land,
For my house-door doth open stand."

But, answers the king—

"Ne'er shall you return to your father's land
Until you bear a son Earl of Öland,
And your daughter shall walk in silken shoon,
'Midst the limes and the oaks, in the grove, on the green."

That king was Harald Hein, whose tomb we visited in Dalby churchyard.* Fair Karin became Queen of

* Few people are aware that half the crowned heads of Europe—Queen Victoria among the number—descend from a bear. Such, however, is the legend. An odalbonde had a fair young daughter, who went with her companions into the green wood to play. A bear rushed out, and carried her off to his den. He was very polite, procuring her game for dinner daily, and fruit in summer season, so she wanted for nothing; but as he killed cattle for his own food, the peasants summoned a Skáll, and slew him. The girl returned to her father's house, and soon bore a son. (Ignorant people assert the bear was only a wood chieftain called Björn.) This child was endowed with all the wisdom of his male parent; and as bears are said to possess the strength of six men and the sense of twelve, you may judge how clever he turned out. The bear's grandson married Estrid, sister of Canute the Great (daughter of Sigrid the heathen she-dog). He was called Ulf Jarl of Skåne. This Ulf, who saved the fortunes of our English king at Helgio, was one day playing chess with his brother-in-law. Canute moved the same man twice, at which Ulf overturned the board in anger and went away. He wouldn't play any more. "You cowardly Wolf, you sneak off, do you?" cried the king. "No one called me a cowardly Wolf at Helgio," retorted the other. Canute the Great would not stand sauce, so he ordered his men (pious Canute who preached a homily on the waves) to murder Ulf next morning before the altar of St. Lucius's church of Roeskilde. This was done; but as Canute had built the church, and was a friend to the clergy, no one said much about it. The sins of the father were visited on his sons, who had short, disastrous reigns, and were succeeded on the throne of Denmark by Sven, son of Ulf Jarl (grandson of the bear), and Estrid. Estrid remarried Robert "the Devil," of Normandy. Ulf Jarl was grandfather to Harald Hein and his brothers.

Denmark, but bore no son to reign over Öland, or fair daughter to walk in silken shoon—

"'Midst the limes and the oaks, in the grove, on the green."

Within the circling walls of Ismanstorp the oak, the lime, and the hazel still wave in the grove; but where fair Karin charmed all ears by her lay, a huge black raven hoarsely croaked. When this bird has attained its hundredth year, it changes that harsh cry to a melodious note, "Klong! klong!"—rarely heard, say the Swedes, for the raven dies soon after, "taking good care first to swallow the one white feather he bears under his wing; for, were a human being to get it, he would be endowed with all wisdom."

Passing across a desolate plain, by stray farms, armies of windmills, battle-fields adorned with stonemongery of all sorts—a weeping cherubim, a death's head and cross-bones, would have proved grateful to the eye—we held on our way. The tempest of last night had done its worst. Three vessels—one English, one Russian, the third some fishing-smack—lay stranded on the coast. Perched above the gateways of the gårds, figure-heads are nailed—Melpomenes from Stockholm, Alices from Hull—picked out in blue and gold, all wondrous smart. By the roadside stand huge flisars, inscribed with runes. At Gårdby one Hårdråde "raised this stone for his son Smith," whom he terms (a better translation I can't give) "a broth of a boy."

We slept that night at Näsby.

OTTENBY.

"You have a deal to see to-day," said the driver. We must reach the island's end:—a blessing, for we

were already tired of it. At Ottenby a stone wall extends across the island. Passing some ornamented cottages, we make for the royal haras, one of the three existing in Sweden. That of Westerås we have already visited: a third lies in Skåne, near Lund. Over the entrance hang two painted tin horse-soldiers of Charles XI.'s time. A lieutenant, accompanied by the vet, did the honours of the stables. Most of the horses were out in the fields; a few stallions and some dozens of yearlings alone occupied the vast and well-ventilated buildings. The horses are superior to those of Westerås. One aged stallion had come to grief—broken his foreleg in two places below the knee; the limb had been well set, and he walked about his loose box quite as respectably as any animal five-and-twenty years of age could be expected to do.

Beyond Ottenby a narrow tract of common runs to the lighthouse. In a forest to the left browse royal harts and roe-deer, sole remains of Öland's great chase. The farmer insisted on showing the spot where Odin first set foot on Swedish ground, and pointed out two flisars set on end to mark the event. Odin must have come to loggerheads with somebody, judging by the stone graves strewn around. Flocks of wild ducks sat balancing themselves on the wavelets—sign of coming cold. As we drove along the moor, covey after covey of partridges rose, while the young birds ran in and out of the bushes of yellow gum-cistus. Our way ran along the natural ridge of cliff, from which the sea has long since receded, leaving a fair and fertile plain beneath. To the right all is stone, moor, and desolation. Battle-field after battle-field is passed in succession: —such a pugnacious land I never travelled in. At

Möckleby thick smoke fumes from the chimneys of Öland's alumbruk, where vitriol is made to great extent, and huge rubbish-heaps of red earth lie by the strand. Near the church of Resmo rises the cairn called Mysingehög *—sung in old ballad and story.

When Frode the Good reigned over Denmark all men were at peace. 'Twas the age of gold. Frode possessed a millstone, called Grotte, or the Millstone of Fate, so heavy, no one could draw it;—upon it he ground everything he wished for. From Sweden Frode bought slaves—strong girls, who had been forced underground by the Trolles, and were able even to carry rocks. He set them to grind on the millstone of fate: they ground for him gold—peace—fortune—as he wished, and, while working, sang the Grotte song. But this millstone became the cause of evil. The giant-girls grew angry at their slavery; from singing they got to murmuring, and before their work was over ground forth an army against Frode. Mysinge, the Viking of Öland, slew Frode, and took his gold, carrying the girls and millstone aboard his long ship. "Grind salt for me," cried Mysinge. They ground salt till nightfall—then the viking slept, the vessel was full, and the giant-girls sent to waken him. "Grind on," he muttered angrily, half asleep—"more salt." They did so, the vessel filled and sank. Mysinge and the giant-girls were drowned. —From that time the Östersjön has borne the name of Sistra Salt—the viking lies buried under Mysingehög.

Now Calmar and her imposing church shine in the distance; a ferryhouse stretches out like a sickle in the blue sea; then reaching the picturesque village

* 180 paces in length.

of Carlevi, nestling beneath the cliff, we make for the shore, driving through a charming "lund" of oak and birch, wherein flourish the hazel and dark yew.* In the centre of a field stands the celebrated stone of Carlevi, noted for an inscription touching the expedition made against Earl Asbiörn by Erik the Lovely of Denmark.

Danish historians assert the false Blakke to have fallen in the fight of St. Alban's church, in Odense, together with Knud the Holy, whom he had so basely betrayed; other chroniclers declare he escaped, and was devoured by rats on his passage homeward. The latter version is supported by the men of Skåne, who thought much of Knud, great patron of their cathedral church—even now, in that province, the term "you false Blakke" (red-haired) answers to "you thief—you liar;" and when a damsel is what she ought not to be, they call her by the same name.

Erik, in duty bound, set forth to avenge his murdered brother;† on arriving in Oland he found Earl Asbiörn dead and eaten—so went back again. The inscription runs thus:—

"The crowned of the crowned land in Denmark, offspring of Totila, became angry with a bad robber, whose wearied ghost is watching in this hill, pointing the way to many beaten enemies;—most part of the warriors followed his corse. This stone is set up for

* The yew is not often found in Scandinavia. The climate of Öland is mild, and Linnæus regretted the inhabitants did not turn their attention to the growing of apples and pears. He would scarcely know the island now—a wide dreary waste, bereft of her fair forests, her crops exposed to the bleak wind. The peasant has done it all.

† According to old Scandinavian law, no one could inherit the property of a relative slain in battle until he had avenged his death.

Sibe Udson, buried under this mound. The warriors raised it on the island,"—Very obscure, but the learned say it is all right.

We near the ferry. Scarce a month since, two farm-boys, sweeping the yard, brushed against something sticking up from the earth; it proved to be a necklace of pure gold, weighing 52 Swedish lods.* Many gold ornaments have been discovered in Öland of late years; these the peasants call "the treasures of Queen Oda." †

Our tour is at an end. Of old customs peculiar to the island there are few: the natives, like the Danes, discuss five meals a-day, keep to the national festivals, strewing the floors of the farmhouses with straw on Christmas Eve—though no longer the churches.‡

Linnæus, in his journey, 1741, describes a "churching of women" which took place in the parish church of Högshyn. "First came a band of music, with men bearing nine flags; next three women carrying each a child; then seven more (these had lost their infants); next ten couples of married women, fol-

* The treasure was purchased by the king for six hundred pounds English, and given to the national collection.

† Oda was daughter of King Iwar, "the Grasper." Two brother kings, Helge and Rörek, ruled over Denmark and Skåne. Great friendship existed between the brothers; both courted the king's daughter; but Oda loved Helge. When Iwar saw this he determined by cunning to get rid of these two kings. He forced his daughter, against her will, to take Rörek in marriage; and when the child Harald was born persuaded him it was his brother's child. Rörek believed the false father's tale, and straightway slew his brother. Then Iwar, to avenge Helge, murdered by his own crafty snare, slew his son-in-law Rörek. Oda, to escape from her father, fled with her infant son to Öland, where she dwelt at Ottenby (Odasby), and there buried her jewels.

‡ In the last century, 1709, we see from the church books orders given that folks should lie "in straw" on the church floors no longer than from Christmas to Candlemas.

lowed by boys and girls. They all walked forward respectfully; the girls ranging themselves on the north, the boys on the south side of the choir, in order that the women with their infants might approach down the centre aisle; then the women fell before the altar, and thanksgiving was made, after which the boys and girls filed off in front of the table, bowing and curtsying low to the altar, offered their money, and went away—all which occurred the fourth Sunday after Trinity."

At the destruction of Hultersta church, 1803, in the southern side was found two pagan altars of sacrifice, fitted with chimney-pipes, still containing ashes and bones of animals—bricked up when the building was adapted to Christian worship. There are many mementos of Danish strife, for Öland afforded a good fighting-ground to the rival nations.*

Crede experto:—unless you be rabid on old stones, or go for partridge-shooting, be satisfied to take the small gondola 'Carl Gustaf,' steam across Calmarsund, and visit the ruins of Borgholm; for a visit to the interior of Öland don't pay.—In one hour a fair wind bore us back to Calmar.

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* The Danes carried off the church bells. One clergyman caused his bell to be buried. The peasants who undertook the job got slain, and no one knows its whereabouts to this very day. A later parson of the parish (Glomminge) one day when Charles XI. passed by caused so discordant a tin trumpet to be blown to summon the people to church, the distracted monarch presented him with seven hundred dollars to buy a new bell. You may see it now, inscribed with the grateful motto, "In terrâ pax. Te Deum laudamus."

CHAPTER LXI.

Gustaf Erikson at Old Calmar — St. Sigfrid's arrival in Sweden — Round churches of Hagby and Woxtorp — Meetings of kings at Bromesbro — Grand Chamberlain's ducking — Church of the Ransom — Rise of Carlskrona dockyard — Swedish navy under the early Wasas — Mars the Dane-hater — Sir Sidney Smith in Sweden.

CALMAR TO CARLSKRONA.

Oct. 17th.—AGAIN the sun rose bright as we drove past Old Calmar—a red wooden settlement of houses and fair gardens, with ancient vallums still visible. Leaving the carriage, we walked across a ground bestrewed with boulders—now bright with purple sloe and blood-red barberry—till we gained Stensö, a rude promontory, where* young Gustaf Erikson first landed from a Lubec vessel on Swedish ground after his escape from Kalø. The castle had been lately held by Måns Natt och Dag, grandson of Engelbrekt's murderer. His widow, the lady Anna Bjelke, received him kindly. Gustaf assembled the people on the market-place, exhorting them to be true to their fatherland. But Severin Norby, with his fleet, was off the coast. The burghers, alarmed, would have slain Gustaf. "All they wanted was peace and quiet—cheap salt and herrings."—So, disheartened, the fugitive went his way to Skållenäs, in Småland. No one received him well, save Bengt Erikson, a rich yeoman; but when Gustaf disclosed his plans, Bengt

* 31st May, 1520. See 'Jutland,' vol. ii., p. 47.

angry bade him go and make peace with his sovereign. Wandering in disguise, Gustaf reached Tarnsborg, manor-house of Joachim Brahe, husband of his sister Margaret, where we've already met him.* Louis XVIII., when resident in Calmar Castle, caused the story to be carved on a huge boulder by the water's edge—the very stone on which the hero first set foot—a French Bourbon, he fancied there was analogy between the destiny of his own fat self and that of the youthful Gustaf. Within a sugary shrine of Gothic bronze is placed the king's bust, with plumed beret and costume of the time—sadly out of place. Around hang garlands, remains of the great festival held throughout the land in September last—300th anniversary of his death.

From the first station we walked to Mortorp's towerless church. Beside it stands a quaint old belfry, surmounted by cocks and various devices. While loitering in the churchyard the young parson asked me into the prestgård—a red wooden building, shaded by pine and gnarled ash, on which perch jackdaws and magpies. A trout-stream ran at the bottom of the garden. He was but just appointed to his cure; his study-walls were crowded with photographs of his fellow-students; there was no lustru, but a broad gold ring on his fore-finger told he was betrothed. Within the church hung a sword of Charles XII.'s time, with an inscription telling how the bearer—prisoner of war for many years—was promoted, on his return, to the office of public executioner. This sword the common people consider endowed with healing virtue, and those afflicted with epilepsy bite a piece from off the scabbard—a certain cure. One-half the leather is gone.

* See p. 66.

We drive through a rich wood—even in dark October charming. The woodcutter is busy—the peasants too of the fresh-divided villages are occupied building new houses on their plots of land; some of the older tenements still stand, with their white window-sills, and open gallery painted red—a pleasant colour on an autumn day. Grindstones lay in heaps ready for carting; before every house is a row of hives, though where the honey goes to 'tis difficult to say; you meet none in Sweden. Oaks of colossal size, ash laden with scarlet berries, and wondrous oxel with its blood-red fruit, deck the wayside, till we reach Hagby, where rises a round church, one of the earliest foundations of the Christian era, coëval with, if not built by, the Holy Sigfrid. You call to mind our English saint of Husaby. Sigfrid*—"ex prosapiâ Anglorum regum regiâ," says the chronicler—was own cousin to the sainted Olaf of royal Norwegian stock, and accompanied the Lap king to Sweden. During the voyage a storm arose and the vessels were scattered. The king gained the harbour first, and, leaving soldiers for the protection of his friend, started for West Götland. When Sigfrid set foot on shore at a promontory hard by, falling on his knees, he repeated aloud the 117th Psalm:—"O praise the Lord all ye heathen: praise him all ye nations."—On this account that small harbour is named Lofwers (Praise). Sigfrid first pitched his tent near Lofwers bridge, and baptized the heathen in a place called Sigfrid's

* According to the Anglo-Saxon chronicler, Jön and Sigfrid were separate individuals. The former is said to have aided in christianizing Norway, and was of the royal stock; while Sigfrid, who came after him to Sweden, entails so lengthy a dispute as regards his rank of archbishop, archdeacon, or monk, the author altogether declines investigating the matter.

Churchyard—folks still recall the words of his first mass.*

After a time, the saint, wending his way up the country, founded the churches of Hagby and Ljungby Kapell. Sigfrid was no proselytizer after the manner of St. Olaf; he preached openly to the multitude; his texts were from John iii.: "Except a man be born again of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." And again, from Ezekiel xviii. 1: "But if the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live: he shall not die." When those who listened to his discourse admitted their belief "in Jesus Christ, that He was God's Son," Sigfrid caused their names to be inscribed in a book, but required them to wait twelve days before they were baptized, in order that no backslider should say he had induced them to adopt the new creed upon the spur of the moment. Did a catechumen die in the interval he was buried in white clothes and a cross set above his grave. So the good work prospered, and English Sigfrid, by his mild conduct, gained the respect of all men. At an assembled Ting the preaching of the Christian faith was sanctioned; the Wårenders declared for Christianity, and vast was the crowd of believers.

Hagby church, embosomed in oaks, consists of one massive round tower, with extinguisher cap, to which a second forming chancel, as well as a small apse, has been added. We climbed by a narrow staircase to the tower still pierced with long narrow loopholes, like those of Bornholm, for shooting arrows against the enemy,—

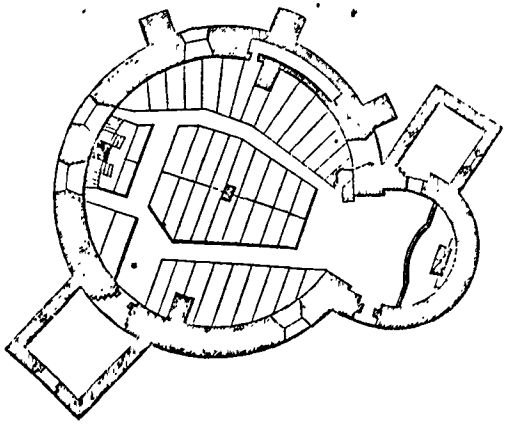
* An Alunbruk stands near, and, in memory of this early apostle, bears on its seal the image and stars of St. Sigfrid.



HAGBY CHURCH, GÖTLAND.

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only vestige of its former state; forty years ago there was a grand restoration, and the vaulted roof, together

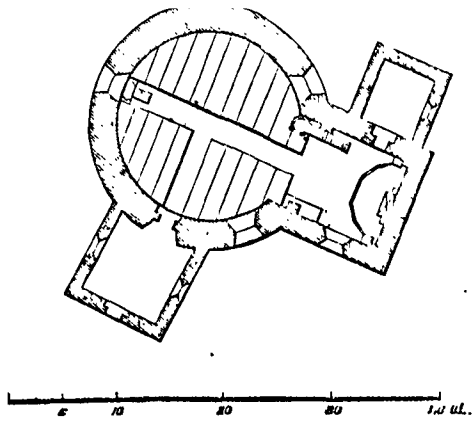


Plan of Hagby Church.

with the inner wall of defence, were removed—the altar-piece and relics of St. Sigfrid sold by auction.*

* An old author writes: "By the south wall in Hagby church stood an altarpiece with paintings of St. Sigfrid. On one shutter was depicted the saint standing in a bishop's dress, holding in his hand a basin with three heads, with which Sigfrid is always represented. On the side door appeared a ship surrounded by waves; on board, amidst the crew, a mitred bishop, bearing a crosier. By their faces you know the crew to be frightened and nearly wrecked; on the beach there stood many people, among them a king dressed in armour, with crown, sceptre, mantle, and orb in hand. On the same painting was represented a royal funeral, that of the Lap king, in which the bishop performed the burial service." In 1763 the inscription was so injured as to be illegible. Most of the churches founded by Sigfrid in More Harad are dedicated to St. Olaf, and here at Hagby his image appeared sitting betwixt the Norwegian saint of riotous memory and his patron Skotkonung—a high honour to the latter to be received into such godly company.

Soon we reach Woxtorp, where is a second round church equally degraded. Here the loopholes are cut



Plan of Woxtorp Church.

in two; perhaps at the last restoration the tower may have been lowered. "It's gammal, mycket gammal," said the klokker; "if we had only funds to make it modern-like, square, or pull it down altogether!"—Småland is now in the high fever of destructiveness, her clergy as ignorant of architecture as the cows who graze on their glebe-lands. My kind young friend to-day, of Mortorp, sighed for funds to destroy his "klokstapel;" and when I told him what a gem it was, he opened his eyes with amazement. In every church you see fine old coronas set aside for modern gilt lustres with crystal dangles—old repoussé sconces and plates heaped in corners. Turned out in a churchyard was a fine old granite font, inscribed round the edge with runes. On expressing my admiration, I was met with, "Dear! we never use that now, we've



WOXTORP CHURCH, GÖTLAND.

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got a basin;" the old story—it was "gammal,"—quite old-fashioned.

The road ran by Wärnanäs, once the property of Axel Oxenstierna.* Striped farm-buildings and beech-trees denote our approach to the old Danish province; we plunge into a pine forest—such timber we have not seen for many a day—gain a cross road, and, not sure of the way, ask at a tumbledown old building, all covered with houseleek. In a vast oblong chamber blazed a fire of pine—whole trees—a picturesque interior with old furniture of rough timber. The rain now poured down in torrents; we were glad to put into Torsås gastgifvergård for the night. Talk of the Yankees questioning! the Swedish peasant beats them hollow. "Who are you?"—"Where from?"—"Where going?"—"Why travelling?"—"What for?"—so they go on to all eternity.

The farmer was absent at Carlskrona; there was no mother, only an old crone, who sat knitting on one end of a burning pine-tree. The young folks—a group of boys and girls from twenty downwards, fresh as the morning—eyeing my books, begged leave to look at them; then seizing on 'Afzelius' and the 'History of Småland Stift,' were soon wrapt in study. "You have a charming family," I said, turning to the old crone. "Ah, well enough, but they're not what we Blekingers were once; those marriages with the Smålanders have spoilt our beauty."

* Created Count of Södermore 1647. Södermore was one of the most considerable of the counties which fell to the crown at the Reduction. It consisted of 304 "mantals," with a rent-roll of 10,857 silver dollars. Christina also founded in 1651 a barony of Skällby in this neighbourhood in favour of Robert Douglas.

Oct. 18*th.*—After a stormy night the sun rose fair; the roads were wet and heavy. We stayed awhile at Bergvard, a small seaport village with yellow merchants' houses—ships of various tonnage laden with planks —nothing more. Then soon reached Broms—frontier village of Blekinge—that old Danish province which derives its name from the Blackmanni—not niggers, only Huns, who here tarried awhile before quitting Sweden for ever.

BROMS.

A marriage festival at its height distracted the inn at Broms. The bride, a fresh, bright-eyed girl, was crowned.* We ask for horses—might as well have ordered elephants. While waiting we stroll to Bromsebro, the neutral meeting-place of Sweden and Denmark's kings —a northern "Ile des Faisans." So grand are the accounts, one can scarcely credit that dirty running stream, all muck and slosh, to be the genuine site; yet the two very stones on which the kings sat—each in his own dominions—and talked politics across the water, are there. In 1541 Gustaf Wasa arrived in state, with twenty galleys, to meet King Christian III. The chronicler tells how, when all was prepared, Lars

* If wise she'll call to mind, when at the altar, to put her right foot before that of the bridegroom; for then she will get the better of her husband during her married life. She should take care to see the bridegroom before he claps eyes on her, to retain her influence. She should fill her pockets with bread, to give to the poor she meets on her way to church; since, for every alms she bestows, a misfortune is remitted to her. No beggar will eat bread given by a bride's hand, lest he thereby should become more wretched than before. On returning from church the newly-married pair must visit the pens and stables, for then their cattle will thrive and increase.

Siggeson, in pomp, led the Swedish king to greet his brother sovereign; but when he reached the bridge, lo and behold! it broke down,—sousing the grand chamberlain in the water. King Gustaf saved himself.—Then the kings sat upon those two damp stones—talked, toasted, swore friendship for fifty long years—sealing the treaty by a mutual kiss.

Most historically inclined, we make for Christianople, which looks so silvery from Öland's coast, in truth a dirty fishing village, once boasting a fortress called Avaskärs — ever upturning in the great Rhyming Chronicle.* But the Danes and the Swedes—don't let's stir them up, but hurrying on regain the highway.

The country, though greatly beboulderèd, is wild, like fertile Skåne. On a height stands the church of Lösen (ransom). A king went out hunting with his son, a lad of twelve years old, whose horse took fright and madly rushed towards a precipice. The father, in his agony, vowed to build a church should the courser stay his speed—the horse caught his foot in a thicket, and, faithful to his vow, the king founded the church of Lösen.

On a river's bank, spanned by a bridge, stands Lyckeby; its mills turned by the bright cascade, which gently falling hastens the passage of small fisher-barks down to Carlskrona. Here, in old Danish days, frowned a royal residence and fort. The road winds strangely, sometimes opening peeps of the island and blue water—then again all barren rock and dreariness. Crossing

* Later the name, out of bravado, was changed to Styrkalmar; but when the Danes were no longer in luck, Christian IV., in compliment to his young drunken son, again changed it to Christianople, A.D. 1603.

a floating-bridge, two guards with drawn sabres rush up, demand your name and quality—you write it on a slate, and then enter Carlskrona.

CARLSKRONA.*

Two hundred years ago the isle of Trossö—home of a fisherman—lay unheard of, when King Charles XI. and his grand Admiral Hans Wachtmeister thought how desirable it would be to move the fleet nearer Denmark.*

The eye of the sovereign fell upon this harbour, capable of holding the fleets of all the world, and on this island he determined to found Carlskrona. One dark November morning 1679, King Charles, in an open boat, accompanied by General Baron Stuart, landed at Trossö and straightway made for the house of Wittus Andersen, owner of the island. "What can the king want?" said the fisherman to his wife. "Something about the island—men tell me he wants to buy it." "Hear what we have to say, my man," commenced the king. "My island is not for sale," interrupted the fisher. "As you please," replied the king; "we must, however, build a town upon it, and station our fleet there." "I have my title to the homestead, though you be king on the throne."—That night Wittus slept in prison—an argument which had its weight—for not only he gave up his island for the sum proposed, but his wife and daughter, by keeping a "restauration" for the workpeople, made a good thing of it. Near the town-gate, which still bears his name, an inscription

* In former times it mattered not how long the Swedes were frozen up, for none could approach their territories; since the cession of Blekinge and Skåne, the country required, to defend its new possessions, an earlier outlet in the spring.

tells how "on this spot stood the dwelling-house of the bonde Wittus."

Carlskrona is Swedish to the very backbone—a nest of little islands linked together by floating bridges. The town itself, with its wide squares and streets, has a bare look, as though cleared by a volley of musketry. Market-boats crowd in the harbour, laden with vegetables and fruit from the fast land.

Eight men-of-war lay dismantled in the dockyards; two are steam-frigates (eighty-fours); a third is in process of construction. At the harbour's entrance rise two forts—Kungsholm and Drottningskär; six smaller towers of defence are now being added. The first caisson of the old establishment, made in Charles XII.'s reign, is excavated in the solid rock—an arduous undertaking; but he stuck at nothing. His successors preferred constructing the five new ones in a swamp, casing them with masonry. Unchained prisoners execute the work of the forges, under the surveillance of armed marines. In the model-room* is the monument erected by Charles XIII. to Admiral Chapman, a Swedish Symonds of the last century, who greatly improved the art of shipbuilding.

The Swedish navy is manned like the army: each proprietor furnishes a certain number of men, according to his estate. The sailors when ashore have their houses and gardens; barracks are provided for them in Carlskrona. Each large and airy room

* In this room stand early models of frigates from the time of Charles XI. In the armoury is a full uniform of the celebrated Pomeranian hussars, who bore on their high cap from the days of Gustaf Adolf a death's head and crossbones. When that duchy was lost to Sweden the regiment was transferred to Malmö, and now answers to the King's Own Hussars.

contains eighteen beds, which pull out like arm-chairs—in some few are hammocks. The men mess together as on board ship. At nine o'clock every man must be home. A school of two divisions, containing 140, chiefly orphan sailor-boys, is attached to the dock-yard. Each morning the day's work commences by prayer and hymn, and so in like manner it closes. During the hours of rest, especially in winter, the men lounge in the exercise-room—a long gallery, where some were fencing, others wrestling, while many sat reading books from the library. With such regulations and good care for a man's wellbeing, no wonder a drunken sailor should be a rara avis in the Swedish navy. Instead of bringing back habits of debauchery to their homes, they return well disciplined and orderly. To Charles XI. the Swedish navy owe these wise regulations.

When Gustaf Erikson raised the standard of revolt Sweden possessed no navy. It was owing to this the siege of Stockholm (1522) lasted for so long a period. Severin Norby, with his fleet, supplied the garrison with provisions by sea. Gustaf then called in the aid of the Lubeckers, who agreed for a consideration to furnish him with a fleet of ten ships. For many years the king doubted whether to make Sweden a maritime power or not, and we hear no more of naval matters until 1559, when he fits out a fleet of twenty vessels to carry Duke John to England. Gustaf now first summoned Dutch shipbuilders to Sweden. In a letter written 1542 he states, "The country can now boast of powerful soldiers, beautiful ships, guns, swords, and sailors necessary for the protection of the realm;" and as about that time Sweden and France, by a treaty, mutually agreed to aid each other in case of need with fifty vessels and

25,000 men, it may be inferred the navy had not been neglected. He also issued orders to the burgesses of Stockholm to give up their pine ships and build others of oak, good either for peace or war. The king watched with a jealous eye over his fleet. When Duke Erik sailed for England, Gustaf, fearing the fascinations of Elizabeth, strictly cautions him "on no account to lend his vessels to aid or do battle for foreign powers, but to bring them back safe to Sweden." *

With Erik XIV. commences the glory of the Swedish navy. He found matters at first neglected, for he writes to his admiral, gallant old James Bagge, 1563, "And if everything upon the voyage be not so complete as it should be, we presume you, as well as other commanders, will have patience and consideration as to the press of time." Erik spared no money for the maintenance of his navy; never had such a fleet been assembled in the northern waters. First in rank came the admiral's own vessel, called 'Mars the Dane-hater,' commonly known as the 'Matchless,' carrying 200 guns, of which 125 were of copper. When Gustaf had repaid the Lubeckers his long-standing debt by means of the church-bells, some few which remained over he melted down into cannon. At the first battle the 'Matchless' took fire, exploded, and sank beneath the waves with 1100

* We have no mention of the size of these vessels: the 'Caravel' in 1532 bore 1300 men at arms, with machines for casting stones. The Swedes were no longer sailors, so Gustaf applied to Denmark, begging leave to impress mariners from Skåne. Christian was willing to oblige him, but never performed his promise, so the king manned his vessels with burgesses, shopkeepers, peasants—much in the same manner as the English Government did our own Baltic fleet in the late Russian war. Before Gustaf's death he made some arrangements by which men for the future should be bound to serve at a fixed rate of wages.

men. Good Catholics crossed themselves, saying, "'Twas a judgment; there could be no blessing on the bells stolen from God's house."* The reader who studies the naval engagements of this reign will be well repaid for his labours. The rival admirals—James Bagge and Peter Skram, both nigh seventy years of age,—Bille and Herluf Trolle, Otto Rudd, and Klas Horn, are names immortal in northern history. The Swedish fleet was on the whole successful; for while at the death of our great Elizabeth the English navy numbered only forty-two vessels, and these partly hired from the Dutch and Hanseatikers, King Erik possessed a fleet as yet unrivalled of sixty-eight men-of-war.†

* In the days of Erik the great matter was to cram as many guns on board a vessel as possible: 173 was a common number; probably they were of small calibre. The shipyards were supplied with 2500 pieces of artillery for shooting stones from the yards—old-fashioned implements long since discarded. Iron balls were provided for the larger guns—lead for the falconets. Many varieties of shot are also mentioned; in addition to which, in the battle of the 5th June, 1565, we find seventy Finns on board armed with steel bows, who shot so fast the arrows fell like hail: fireworks were thrown by hand from the yard-arms of the ships—fire-arrows shot from the bows, as well as fire-wreaths cast into the vessels of the enemy. The crew were dressed in armour, with swords and lances. Powder now became common, manufactured at Linköping and Upsala: two kinds are mentioned—one of a coarse description, another termed corn-powder.

† In 1704 Charles XII. sent the Öland, 50 guns, to convoy some merchant vessels to the North Sea under Captain Psilander. Sir W. Whetstone, with his squadron, met the Swedish ship off Orfordness. The Admiralty had issued orders that all foreign vessels should strike their topgallant to the British flag. This the Öland refused to do. An engagement took place, in which three of the English vessels were quite disabled, and it was not until after a battle of several hours the Öland, in token of submission, hoisted a flag of distress, and was carried into harbour. Queen Anne was so delighted with Psilander's bravery that she caused the Öland to be thoroughly repaired, and, after a personal interview, dismissed the commander loaded with rich presents. He was lost, with his vessel, on his voyage homewards. This sea-fight forms the subject of one of the poems of H.R.H. Prince Oscar.

For a time the navy declined. In Christina's reign, however, the dockyards were again in good order: the art of shipbuilding had progressed; her fleet consisted of fifty men-of-war—not huge unmanageable vessels, overloaded with artillery, but carrying from fifty to eighty guns each. No sooner did Charles XI. gain possession of his new harbour of Carlskrona, than, aided by Wachtmeister, he set to work in earnest to improve the condition of his navy, issuing from his dockyards in the course of one year as many as seven first-class vessels—in 1586 he launched the 'Göta,' 76 guns—the first of that calibre. Charles left at his death thirty-seven ships of the line, besides frigates, and the Swedish flag acknowledged queen of the Baltic.*

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* In the year 1790 Sir Sidney Smith went to have a look at the Russian war in the Baltic. Approaching too near in his yacht, the vessel was sunk by the Russian shells, and he, with the crew, had to hold on by the bowsprit. The gunboats were far too much occupied to render any assistance; but at last the schooner Disa obtained leave to send a boat and save the drowning men. Smith came on board, and went in the vessel to visit the king at Sveaborg. On arriving there he purchased the schooner, and presented it to the captain who had rescued him.

Among the Gustavian papers are seventy-eight letters of Sidney Smith's to the king, mostly dated from the 'Gustaf III.,' giving an account of the naval engagements. In one, dated January 8, 1790, after thanking the king for the small cross of the Sword, he wishes it changed for that of the Etoile Polaire, declaring the former to be too French to be well viewed in England. The king having offered him employment in the Swedish service, after declining the honour as against rules, he begs the offer may be avowed openly, "that Rodney, Piggott, Howe, and Hood, his masters in the art of naval war, knowing he had refused, might support their pupil against others who would accuse him of desertion."

BLEKINGE.

CHAPTER LXII.

Blood-bath of Ronneby — Candles of black poplar — Antiquarians at a nonplus — War to the knife — Longobardi and Blackmanni — Lautertun packed up — Bride of Ifvetofte — The bell bewitched — Magic rune staff — English Lysters only rascals — A spill on the road — The Polish Jews — A jack in office.

RONNEBY.

Oct. 19.—PLANS at this season come to nought. A traveller must blow where the wind listeth—catching every hour of sunshine—lying to when the rain pours. —Towards mid-day we left for Ronneby. Very pretty are the views over the island network which surrounds Carlskrona. The birch-trees look draggled, weighed down by the drenching rain; but the oaks hold themselves proudly aloft, only slightly blackened at their tips. Leaving the highway, we make for Johannishus—a fidei commis of Count Wachtmeister. Great are the clearings on all sides—a few oaks alone remain of the primæval forest;—boulders the size of a haystack lie, some scattered, others embedded in the ground—untidy old dame Nature! sweeping the odds and ends of her creation out of sight into this unknown corner. Then Johannishus appears—a yellow castle, surrounded by fine avenues and running water: striped farm-

buildings and dairies rising picturesquely among the horse-chesnuts. On a grassy space behind the court stood the maypole, still bedecked—the village ball-room, merry-go-round, and bowling-green; while by the purling stream were ranged benches and tables in rustic bowers—to each affixed the name of the village from which the invited guests come,—all showing the pleasant social feeling which here exists between noble and peasant. Passing the towerless church of Hjörtsberga, soon Ronneby appears, with its church planted on the height, and busy river bearing small craft to and from Carlskrona.

Ronneby, once a tormented frontier city, built between two fires—how it must thank its stars to be rid of all feudal grandeur and to sink into a bathing-place!

English Egino first preached the faith in this fair duchy, for duchy it was from 1242, and as such often pawned by Danish monarchs when hard up. Sad to say, on changing hands Blekinge was degraded, and at Carl Gustaf's funeral bore only a count's coronet—an insult her historians have not forgotten yet.* Egino built the old church about 1050, then for six hundred years the town led a life of burnings, sieges, takings, now by the Danes, now by the Swedes, with an odd poke from the Hanseatikers. The tales they tell of its sacking by Erik XIV., 1563, would make your blood run cold—women in childbirth seized and burnt alive, infants spiked upon the soldiers' spears. In vain the people

* If Blekinge was Danish the adjoining provinces were Swedish to the backbone. Three knights, as they sat drinking in a farmhouse, ended their potations by toasting the King of Denmark. "Drink to our king's health," roared the excited bonde, on hearing them; and, seizing an axe, he brained them all three one after another.

sought sanctuary within the church; the doors were burst open—you may still see marks of battering-clubs on the woodwork—then the fugitives, reeking in gore, were hurled over the waterfall, which that day ran red. Still no one talks of the Blood-bath of Ronneby, and why?—Simply because the sufferers were "nobodies" —ainsi s'écrit l'histoire.

How Ronneby must have chanted "Te Deum," when, by a royal decree, her burgomaster, archives, and corporation all flitted to Carlskrona! In the last century was discovered her healing spring—the old holy well, stopped up by reforming bishops. Passing the bridge, near which lies moored a small flotilla of fishing-boats laden with cod and flounders, we reach the Ting-house, a many-windowed mansion; beside it stands a black poplar;* this tree is only found in Blekinge. A short walk along the river's banks leads to the Hålsobrunn, where bathers who fear fatigue come by boat. The bath-house stands in a garden, midst avenues of trees and shaking seats. Behind rises the Silver Berg—no longer worked, but containing that precious metal and quick-silver. Further up the valley becomes more lovely,—a soft, verdant landscape, well adapted to refresh a wearied mind and body. The water at this season, though pronounced tasteless, is nasty enough to satisfy any doctor.†

* Populus nigra. We saw peasant women preparing, from the resinous buds of the tree, candles, which when burnt send forth a fragrant odour. The leaves of the black poplar in autumn become skeletons through the ravages of the Aphis bursaria.

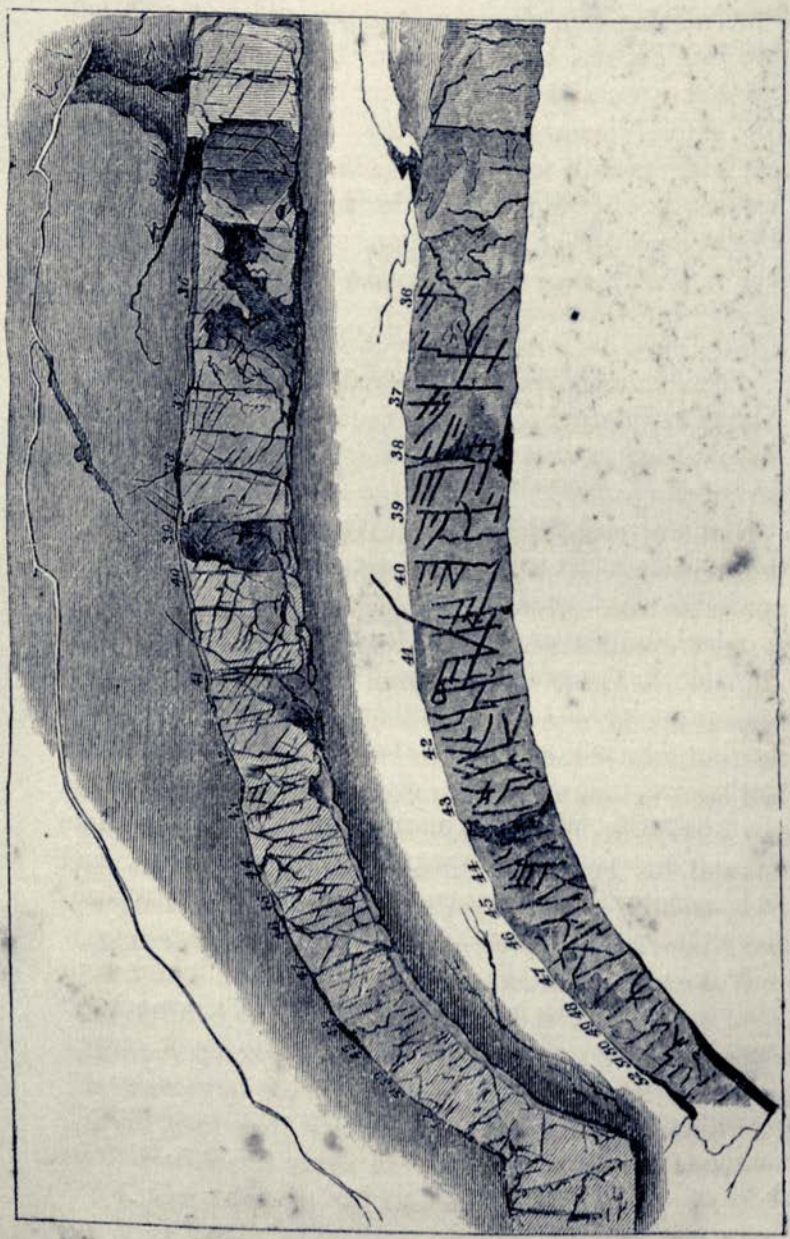
† A book is published on this mineral spring, which seems by analysis to be composed of half a chemist's shop. As for the cures, they are endless, and the cases too sickening far to quote. It would counteract all benefit of fresh air and quiet to know your fellow creatures afflicted with such horrors.

A pelting rain drove us to Djupadal, seat of Baron Wrede, once a sea-rover's nest. Here the river, squeezing through a passage in the rock scarce three feet wide, comes tumbling down in a series of falls, —giving merrily on its way a friendly lift to sundry water-wheels. Then on, midst rock, lake, forest, and bright cascade, for Hoby, where we stay awhile to visit the far-famed stones of Runamo.*

RUNAMO-HALLA.

Saxo Grammaticus, six hundred years ago, stated how Harald Hildetand caused the deeds of his grandfather-in-law Iwar (Queen Oda's father) to be cut on a rock in Blekinge. "This rock," he adds, "extends from the sea towards the desert of Warend. On both sides of a path which runs over these cliffs is found a bare rock, in which runic letters have been cut, and many of these letters are yet in good preservation." Saxo further adds that Waldemar the Great, wishing to know the meaning of this inscription, sent people to copy it, but without success, for the characters were found to be partly filled up with dirt, damaged, and illegible. In 1640 Ole Worm, renowned for his skill in runic literature, visited the spot, but without success, and it was not until the commencement of the present century that a Swedish antiquary, Mr. Arendt, again drew attention to the subject, insisting that the figures were only a natural formation. In July, 1833, a committee, sent by the Royal Scientific Society of Denmark, caused the inscription to be carefully cleaned; and after an examination which lasted ten months decided the words to be written in the ancient northern language, and to

* In Hoby-socken, near the coast, is a celebrated Walhall.



RUNAMO-HALLA.

The upper row represents the stones as they really appear; the lower as deciphered by the wise.

form regular and alliterated verses, which, translated into English, run as follows :—

"Hilde Kind accepted the sovereignty.
Gard cut these Runes.
Ole took oath of allegiance.
Odin bless these Runes!
(may) Ring get
Fall on mould (earth)
After, the Gods of Love
Ole (hate,—forsake)!
Odin and Frey,
and Asers kind,
destroy, destroy
our enemies!
wish Harald
a grand victory."

Nothing could be more satisfactory—great were the rejoicings of the antiquaries till Worsaae—disagreeable man—visited the place, and pronounced, after a strict examination, the reading to be no reading at all, and the runes simply a vein of volcanic trapstone, forced up, in some convulsion of nature, between a fissure in the granite.—It was cruel of Worsaae. Books had been written in Germany and Russia. One savant saw a serpent, 36 ells in length, with his tail twining up and his head downwards, sculptured deep in the rock, and the runes Frey, Ur, Kaun, Naud, Tyr, Laugur, and Madur: all so plain—a baby could decipher them. —Was ever such a catastrophe!

A small boy, seduced by 3*d.*, jumps behind the carriage to show the way: the horses tug up the hill, pull, and labour, as we toil through a very maze of stones, among which cottars have built their huts, doing their best to make a living. In every small field, for one square foot of soil there are five of rock; still they

go labouring on, each year blasting some great boulder and carting in more earth. These cots resemble those perched on the Alps; every window is tricked out with white muslin curtain; fresh-faced girls sit knitting by their myrtles, and often in a broken cup are small slips just struck, the property of a younger sister;—for every maiden you'll find a myrtle, large or small, of which she hopes to twine her bridal wreath.

Half-way up we reach a tarn, drive over a smooth pavement of native rock, passing an army of mop-headed junipers, with myriads of unripe berries. "When all the juniper-berries ripen, there will be no more old maids in the world," says the proverb. After a ten minutes' walk small boy, pointing to something on a black rock, exclaims "Runamo-halla!"

Within two long grooves in the trapstone appears a range of dark characters. To ignorant eyes like mine they look like runes. One half suspects nature has been aided by the learned to suit their own readings, so deeply are the characters incised. To-day, after the long rain, they come out black and perhaps far more distinct than in summer.* Wise men should visit Runamo, study the question fully, write a paper for the Boreological, and read it afterwards.

Up and down, down and up, we drive from Hoby onwards, by huge boulders piled like oranges, through forests in all the beauty of their autumn tints—from oak in ruddiest red to amber birch and dark-green pine, frowning order among the young trees—now half-undressed. Each labourer bore across his shoulders a pine-root for that night's burning.—Food may be scarce,

* Macklamo, hard by, has a similar inscription.

but cold is unknown to the bonde. Pursuing our way along the fair dale of Asarum, the moon rises—distant lights appear; we drive into the streets of Carlshamm.

CARLSHAMM.

A day's repose in the Stadhus was grateful to our jolted bones—that day was Sunday, as quiet and far less dressy than in England. The women, clad in dark colours, pass on their way to church, a kerchief of varied hues their only bedizenment. Carlshamm is modern and well-built, situated in a gully, up which the wind blows most outrageously. It boasts two churches—one, sad to say, at loggerheads with its tower, which sulks far off from the choir and nave. The harbour is safe and sheltered from a bristling sea; within its breakwater lie ships of large tonnage, waiting to bear away the planks heaped up before the old red warehouses. The town is clean, save where the dyers make a gutter in the streets. Ranged on lofty frames around the small square are masses of orange wool, gay, bright, and cheerful, putting to shame the houses, of colours as divers as the coat of Joseph. In the forest, above the city, a public garden has been laid out.

Six o'clock—Sunday over, the sound of music meets my ears. Opening a door, I find myself in an orchestra with twelve musicians playing to a goodly company in the town ball-room—large as Almack's, and better lighted. Then, feeling I had no business there, stuff cotton in my ears and go to bed. Carlshamm was one of the cities founded by Carl Gustaf to colonise the newly-conquered province of Blekinge. It rose like magic, but, scarcely completed, was burnt by the

Danes, who held it till 1678. Who let the Danes in? —Treachery there had been. Some one accused a little old man named Pickedala Olan. "He is guilty!" cried the angry townsmen, and, pulling down half his house, they raised a pile, and burnt him on the top of it —leaving the remainder—a warning to future traitors: next day they discover it to be all a mistake. These Blekingers are a sad choleric race.*

When at a fair or festival two men disagree, they challenge each other in the following manner:—The waist of the combatants is encircled by a tight leather belt; a linen cloth, wrapped round the left arm, serves as a shield. Then each man unsheaths his knife, and the challenger asks his antagonist, "How much cold steel can you bear?" The given number of inches is marked upon the knife. If it be mortal combat, he answers, "I will give you a gash that the sun and moon can shine through." Happily these fights, since the tax laid on brandy, are rare; but thirty years ago no woman attended either fair or festival without car-

* In 1711 twenty thousand people died of the pest. The authorities caused the bodies to be buried extra muros; this so enraged the natives they dragged up their relatives, bringing them back in carts, and casting them in heaps upon the churchyard, thus doubling the mortality. Superstition still prevails. The farmer who on Christmas-day first gets home from church will first get in the crops of the year. Thursday (Thors-dag) evening is still looked upon by old folks as "holy," and they do no work. Women in an interesting situation will never cross a churchyard or go out on that day, lest the graves should sink beneath their feet. Maidens avoid church on "mass" days (candle, lars, Michael, &c.); for should they attend divine service at those festivals, they will become old maids, and die childless. But education is doing much to rout out these ideas; before many years roll by they will be but as a memory of the past. The Blekinger greets you when sitting with "Sit in peace!" if working, with a "God help thee!" should he find you eating, he exclaims, "May God bless thy food!"

rying a winding-sheet under her arm, ready prepared for her husband, son, or brother.

SÖLVITSBORG.

Oct. 22nd.—Three miles on to Sölvitsborg, last city in Blekinge. We pass by Mörrum, with its bright cascade—a royal salmon fishery. Waldemar Seier, in his 'Jorde-bok,' talks of his "Mörrum cum captura salmonum." The first fish taken each year in the thirteen piscatory haunts were termed "Guds-lax," and equally divided between the parson and poor of the parish. Driving by the white church—well described as "snygg"—we gain the sea-coast near Ellcholm, a decayed town, once court residence of King Ella. Beyond lies a fertile plain with not one boulder—thanks to the flying sand which in days gone by o'erwhelmed them. A ridge of hills rises to the right—natural boundaries of Blekinge. From behind a white mansion towers a mass of ruined brickwork—the ancient castle of Sölvitsborg,* calmly o'erlooking the dull harbour and faded glories of the town it once protected—fossil old fungus, ever turning up in Danish history. From hence sailed southwards the Longobardi, when they quitted the North for ever—"setting up each man's mark above his grave"—earliest known mention of what we now term heraldry. In this old fortress Severin Norby, when driven from Wisby, ensconced himself as "the friend of God and enemy of all men," continuing a wild career of piracy till driven from his

* Sölvitsborg was the county of the Wrangel family until the Reduction.

stronghold. Lastly, the Blackmanni (whom I'd quite forgotten) took their departure from hence—a good riddance to all men.

You little know what classic ground we passed over this morning. There was Ysane socken, site of Lautertun, where dwelt Harald Hildetand, and other dead old fogies—which city is the Lund spoken of in the Macklamo runes. Lautertun did, however, exist, till one fine day Christian II. ordered it to pack up and flit to Engelholm, which city, as you know, was sent off to Landskrona.* Then in this parish once stood, or still stands, Hafbar's oak and Signil's bower, one of the nine localities of that domestic tragedy. Ten minutes will suffice for Sölvitsborg. Its Danish church stands alone, proud and degraded. The harbour in old charts is marked as dangerous: "Avoid," say they, "Solevig, Habor's Stone, the Sow and her Piglings." So, if you go there a-yachting—pay attention.

Ere long a milestone inscribed with a crowned Grip marks the entrance to Skåne—then crossing a rocky plain, we make for Ifvetofte. We asked the way at the prestgård—beau-idéal of a Danish parsonage, with cows, pigs, large flocks of turkeys, fifty geese fattening in a crate, and fish fresh from the lake. On one side an orchard—the fine old church embowered in trees. The hustru was busy laying her fresh-wove linen out to bleach: she kindly sent a man to show the ferry; and, after forty minutes' pull across the troubled lake, we land at Ifvö. Here stands a chapel scarcely larger than a peasant's cot—"annexe" to Ifvetofte, and not the earliest built there.

* Letter dated Copenhagen, vigil of St. Severin, 1516.

IFVETOFTE.

Fair Manfred was the bride of Sir Lawe, whom she had married against her will—she the betrothed of young Ingemar. When Lawe was off to the wars Ingemar visited Manfred in her bower. As the lovers sat at chess before the board, a small page rushes in with the tidings, "Sir Lawe sounds at the castle gate! He comes—he comes!" "Let us fly to St. Mary's church," cries Manfred, "for no one can harm us there." But Lawe sets fire to the building—Ingemar and fair Manfred both perish before the altar. The bell of the church sank deep in a morass, where for many months it sounded at night, disturbing the villagers. It was evident the bell was possessed by a demon; so two fishermen, armed with boat-hooks, set forth to the rescue. Scarce had they begun operations when the bell began to agitate itself—"Ting, tang, ting—ting, tang, ting—ting, ting"—it went. "Bother the bell!" cried one of the seekers. "I'll ting-tang you when once you're safe up." We shall have it, if it be the will of St. Olaf and the Holy Virgin," answered his fellow.—Then the bell, silenced by these sacred names, gave one last expiring t—a—n—g, —sank deep in the morass, and has held its clapper ever since.*

* Not far from Ifvö lies Sonderby. Many years ago, as a young peasant, Kettil Rune, tended his cattle, the mountain opened, and there issued forth two horses, who set to kicking and fighting. When the feebler horse was about to succomb, Kettil rolled a wheel between them: he now attacked his adversary with renewed vigour, and killed him. Then the victor gave a rune-staff to the shepherd, saying, "He who helped me in an evil hour will never regret it; take that staff. The vales shall be filled for you, and the mountain shall spring open; all your enemies shall be brought low." From that time began the good

We return through Melby, passing the reclaimed land—sand manured with seaweed, and planted with tobacco. This is Lister hundred, origin of our English patronymic. Spell it with an *i* or spell it with a *y*—it can only be translated as "rascal." Lister was a bad neighbourhood in all times—a nest of pirates. We have Rascal Isles—Rascal Haven; and in later times the Snapphanarnas turn up—so ill-behaved, Charles XI. caused the whole parish—houses, forest, and homestead—to be burnt to the ground—by way of routing them out. Charles, during this war of extermination, wandered often in disguise, living among the peasants and in the priests' houses—a practical man, he would judge of everything by experience. Traces of his passage are still found at the gästgifvaregård of Tyringe, where a genealogical tree, suspended to the walls, proclaims the owner to be a lineal descendant of the monarch and fair Anna of that ilk, to whom and her descendants Charles granted this farm in perpetuity. These peasants, who regard with pride their Wasa origin, are remarkable—both men and women—for their beauty and distinction of person.

The moon rose bright and the stars shone as they

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luck of Kettil. Not far off was a bridge, across which passed a bridal procession: the fiddler led the van; and in the midst appeared the bride in her state, when, suddenly, she was drawn down by an unseen hand, and sank beneath the waters. The evil water-sprite carried her in his arms to Brattingsborg; but Kettil, raising his rune-staff, struck the mountain, where we now see the hollow, and it sank before him. Wandering beneath the waters, he reached Brattingsborg, and there fought the river-sprite, who at every blow lost a limb, and was killed. Kettil brought back the bride to her mourning lord; his reputation spread far and wide, and many people came to him to learn the story of his rune-staff. This is the same Kettil who sailed to Götland in a tumbler to lay the ghost of Taxten. See page 292.

only do in the North, when, as we approached the city, bang came a cart against the kärra, sending us into the ditch.—There lay the vehicle a heap of pegs; so, shouldering my plaid, I walked back to Carlshamm.

Two boats were announced for Calmar. The 'Svea' came not;—the 'Westervik,' to start at twelve, went on reloading till half-past two, then steamed out of the rock-girt harbour. Myriads of Blekinge eke (oaks), as the fishing-boats are called, ply the herring and codling trade*—small graceful barks, deep at the stern and lofty at the prow, as the old viking drake; they dance above the waves, rising like swans. There are two varieties of these ekes: first, the "wrackeke," from which the fishers spread their nets. These bear but one sail, like a Chinese junk, manœuvred in the same fashion. The smaller craft are distinguished by the number of boards of which they are formed—"three-board, six-board, seven-board."

In our boat is a family of Polish Jews journeying to Stockholm—four generations—a fine stock, equal to those of North Africa, tall and well-featured; the daughter with sloe-black eye and full voluptuous lip—Rebecca herself at the well could not have been prettier; but their national costume is gone; the Russian autocrat has suppressed the long cloth caftan and high fur cap of the men, the red velvet turban of the fair sex, oft on a fête-day studded with diamonds.—Slowly we move, watching the Jewish maiden, dancing ekes, and small crosses fixed to the hidden rocks by the freemasons of Carlskrona—stamped with their mystic sign. At

* Off the coast of Blekinge pike and perch, with us fresh-water fish, are caught of large size, the salt of the Baltic counting for little.

their yearly festival the whole body takes boat for a day's pleasuring, and, having fixed these sea-marks where needed, have a jollification on the blue waters. On we roll in our old tub of a boat, and, after a three hours' voyage, land at Carlskrona.

"Go to the custom-house?" "What nonsense! why, it's scarce three hours since we left Carlshamm!" But go the luggage must; and, on-arriving, we're told, "It has struck five; come back to-morrow at eleven." A gentleman of the English consulate now came to our aid, spoke to a tall "cornichon" in long nose, gilt band, and spectacles, who looked stiff and stern, but, mollified at last, consented to release the portmanteau. For three days we had dined at the same table; he knew where I'd been, and all about me. Each article was looked to as strictly as though it had come from Paris; some 'Illustrated News's' excited dire suspicion. In his mind's eye he took an inventory of everything; at last, his curiosity satisfied (for it was nothing else), the box closed, and we started.*

The dilatory 'Svea' came next day and bore us to Calmar.

* The same ceremony is observed in Stockholm on arriving from the provinces—Heaven only knows why. At first, imagining this to be some relic of Björköa Rätt, I looked on with all the interest of an antiquarian, when to my astonishment I learned it was an ordinance of only some years' standing. Vessels plying in the Baltic are supposed to have met with merchant craft, and purchased contraband goods, hence this troublesome regulation.

SMÅLAND.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Odin and his hounds — Sigfrid's first chapel and well — The mothers of the wolves—Morning prayers—Finnish sorcerers—Asheda gold-mine — Cathedral of Wexiö — Legend of Sigfrid and his nephews — His wandering staff — Linnæus revisits his gård — Odin's burial-place.

CALMAR TO WEXIÖ.

Oct. 26th.—THE weather is bright; flocks of wild geese cross the Calmar Sound, making for Öland, their first resting-place—luxurious birds, laying their eggs in Lapland passing the cold winter season far up the Nile. The Småland bonde, when he hears their whirring noise, cries to his gossip, "Hark! Odin travels through the air a-horseback with his hounds, hunting the witches."

Hay we must make while the sun shines, and start for Småland,—as yet unvisited. Småland, of origin Phœnician, no longer a kingdom, nor even a province, but fallen from her high estate, divided into three läns —Calmar, Kronoberg, and Jonköping.

As Thor was beloved in Götland, Odin in other parts,* so here in Virdeland fair Freia,† the Scandinavian

* One plant alone retains the name of Odin—Cicuta virosa, Odinswort, from its poisonous qualities.

† Freia was by no means particular as to her victims, provided they were of the male sex. She preferred nine at a time. The young men, selected for their personal beauty, sat upon a chair, with long straw

Venus, reigned supreme—that prettiest worship of a pretty woman; and later, when her days of glory were o'er, 'twas Mary who found favour in men's eyes—not the Mater Dolorosa, with pale face, tearful eye, and blue hood, as depicted by Guido Reni—but Mary, the mother and maiden, in the first bloom of youth's maternity, encircled with a wreath of roses—nostra Donna del Rosario.

A broad and dull road leads to the second station. Such a family as had the gästgifvare! all feeding round a table from a bowl of potatoes and new milk. Here quitting the highway to visit Ljungby Kapell, we pass a clear brawling stream midst pines and châlets—a very Ruysdael—then plunge into a pine-forest. Clearings are freshly made, new log-huts rising, and wide farm-building. Before the cottages stand beehives, already clothed in winter garments, cased around with caps of birch-bark. Many roads cross each other, so Skjuts

moustaches fastened to their upper lips, pointed at the ends, extending beyond their ears, to look as like a pig as possible. Horses, dogs—all was fish that came to her net. Her great weakness was for pork. Wild boars were offered up to her at the Yule festival. The Julsviin (money-box) is a relic of Freia's worship. Folks in the pagan days wished each other a "happy Yule meeting." Christmas-eve was termed Mödernatt, and Freia herself the mother; hence the affection later borne to Mary. At Christmas in many parts of Götaland a favourite game is derived from the Yule sacrifices of their forefathers. The boys dress themselves like savages, in fur coats turned inside out, and, choosing the handsomest of the party as victim, clothe him in white garments, with chaplet on head, and long moustaches of straw cut like those of a wild boar; then with songs and ceremonies they imitate the ancient sacrifice. Some few flowers still retain the name of Freia in Sweden. Orchis maculata (Virgin Mary's hand), Freia's grass. In an old Saga somebody says to somebody of this plant, "Here are grasses I give you to offer the king's daughter, and you are sure to obtain her love." If she places her hand thereon, she will not refuse you her life. In these matter-of-fact days Freia's grass is used for healing sores. Polytrichum commune goes by the name of Freia's hair.

asks the way to "Sigfrids;"—Ljungby Kapell has been the name for centuries, still Sigfrid holds his own in the peasant's memory. Soon from among pine-trees a klockstapel rises; we stop before a gate, and there stands Sigfrid's chapel.*

Sigfrid worked his way from Hagby northwards. The Lap king, still a heathen, busy in West Götland, sends a scout to learn how the apostle succeeds in his mission. On his return the envoy relates,—"I found them collected in a small tent on an open space; before them stood a table spread with white linen and a purple cloth; among them was an old man, who was served by all; they arrayed him in linen garments and silken clothes, and over these a purple cloak of great beauty; they placed on his head a sort of cap, ornamented with gold and precious stones; on the top was something like two horns, bending towards each other. No two were

* Ogier gives a flourishing account of Småland in his diary, equally applicable to the present time:—"At Calmar the minister, Count d'Avaux, asked the bishop if they had good corn in those parts. 'Better than you have, wherever you may come from,' answered he—patriotic, but rude. The inns are no inns at all for a large company. (The suite consisted of 200 persons.) The peasants are neither unpleasant to deal with nor badly dressed; not clothed in linen, as in France, but in black woollen cloth, from the wool of the Swedish sheep being of that colour. They wear shoes of strong leather, not wood, and woollen gloves on their hands. As here there is no great abundance among the rich, so the poor do not pine away. The fields are filled with stones and bushes. The peasants hew down the forests, and sow the corn without ploughing, manuring, or harrowing. No priest is ever childless. The king and queen, when they travel, take up their abode in the parsonages—long log-buildings thatched with turf, low, and with no facings, like those built for poultry, but within good chambers and comfortable, with painted ceilings and panels, not in the Italian style. We had a good meal of 'fattened goose;' so good it became a proverb to say, 'As good as the parson's goose.'"

dressed alike ; some wore coats, others linen, and purple cloth of various kinds. The old man now took in his hand a rich staff, and, kneeling before the table, prayed aloud, then stood up, and they began to sing beautifully, sometimes all at once, other times a few, and again one voice alone, in a way I never before heard. At last I saw a very little cake, white as snow, put on the silver plate, and some sort of drink in a silver jug. Standing opposite the table, the old man took these in his hand, and raised them to heaven, and when he had prayed he placed the jug and plate on the table and covered them with a white linen cloth, and when those present had sung many songs they cast themselves on their knees, with their faces towards the earth. Then the old man took the bread, and lifted it, so that all could see it, above his head, during which the others knelt, with their eyes raised towards heaven. While I gazed with wonder, I saw in the old man's hands a young child smiling at him ; he laid it on the table, kissed it, and it disappeared—only the cake lay on the linen cloth." Such was the report made to the king, added to, no doubt, by the monkish chroniclers.

Up to the year 1730 there stood in the small churchyard an aged birch, hollow and gnarled, under which tradition said Sigfrid preached before he founded the octagon chapel which was then standing. In that same year the church was rebuilt, a modern chancel formed of the old timbers, and the tree destroyed. Above the altar, in the barn-like edifice, stood a carved gilt image of St. Sigfrid, as bishop, with mitre and crozier, bearing in his left hand the tub containing the heads of his three nephews :—beside him was his cousin St. Olaf. A small whitewashed image, sword in hand, the

klokker announced as Vinaman, his "Sendebud" (missionary). Sigfrid, after the custom of the early Christians, founded his chapel above a Stensättningar; these stones were removed ten years since.* He intended to have been buried at Ljungby, and is said to have caused the earth of the churchyard to be sifted. Be it true or false, not a stone the size of a walnut remains.

"Will you not visit the well?" inquired klokker. "Certainly:" and off we set on foot. "Where are you going?" asked a farmer; "and who's the gentleman? That's not St. Sigfrid's well—the real spring lies to the left." And after five minutes' wrangling they almost came to fisticuffs. The klokker led me across a spongy morass; old stumps of trees serving as stepping-stones, until we reached a bog all afloat. "See," said he, dipping his fore-finger in the black mud, "here Sigfrid baptized the early Christians;" and he made a cross in the air, as if to christen me. On our return we pass a wedding party in full jollity, the bride wearing round

* In the church-book is a description of the chapel, and also the legend as it then was related on the spot, in the handwriting of Suedelius, 1690. The old Småland law consists of only one balk—that of the church. By it a heavy fine is exacted of those who destroy the cairns of other men. It also contains a singular enactment, "that no man is allowed to be christened twice, unless he be rich enough to make a journey to the East, and be baptized in the river Jordan. The book of the church law commences as follows, in rhyme:—

"All must believe in Jesus' name—
That he is God alone;
No one shall pray in holy grove,
Nor worship stock and stone.
Adam paid tithes of all he grew
In Eden's garden fair;
Christ he first built a holy church,
For man to kneel in prayer."

her head a crown of cranberries, varying from deep red to sickly white. The bridesmen discharge their guns at us as we pass, making our horses gallop on the faster.

Scarce landed at the gästgifvaregård, the bonde greets me. "So you're an Englishman: pray, what's the population of London?" "Three millions." "Pekin's more"—and on he went questioning till bed-time. Such a glorious fire burnt in the public room, three whole pine-trees! As for my bed-chamber, it smelt like Solomon's temple; of some unknown perfume.

Oct. 27th.—This morning, when we started, the sun was still a-bed; the moon, en partie fine, behind a gray cloud. Drunken flakes of mist, like fast boys who won't go home till morning, staggered across the plain.

They serve our coffee in a bechive, or something like it; a large glass bowl, with laboratorial spout, in which the beverage is cooked on the fire, the blackened utensil is then inserted in a wicker case, and the coffee served boiling. On our way down a deep and calm voice sounds from the kitchen;—the farmer, his family, and servants, engaged in morning prayer. They must be Läsares—certainly not Lutherans. Our drive runs midst hopeless clearings. What patience men display upon their own property! Here, one peasant, in despair, divides his portion of land in two parts; quarries out the earth from one, and with it covers the adjoining half. Carts pass, drawn by spotted horses, laden with ready-sawn planks; sadly wanting a tramway to hasten their transit to Calmar—forest—always forest: birch, pine, oak, and wondrous oxel, with junipers tall and straight, aspiring to a top-knot, grace the roadside—a sombre colouring—but nature can't always smile.

We reach a lake. A flock of wild geese flutter

round and round, waiting an express train from the north—they know not where to go, having no leader. The forest is silent—Oh! so silent—a gray squirrel, a chattering jay puffed out in his new winter's plumage, a black-and-white woodpecker tapping against the tree, seem good company; not a wolf howled in the distance—not a bear growled—they have long since flitted northwards. Down to this present century the peasants believed wolves to be chosen companions of the devil. Old women, dwelling in the lonely woods, were called Wargamör (mothers of the wolves), and said to be their guides and protectors. The Götlanders and Ölanders still believe that Finns and Laps * can change people into these animals, and, were a Russian only to look at their live stock, they would shoot him, so great is their fear of witchcraft. When during the Russian war † Småland was infested by wolves, people thought them to be Swedish prisoners, transformed by the

* A Swedish youth was betrothed to a Finnish girl; but returning home, he forgot to fetch his bride. Being some time after visited by a Laplander skilled in witchcraft, he asked news of his betrothed. "You may see her yourself," answered the sorcerer, and, having filled a pail with water, and made many incantations, he bade him approach.—Then the young man beheld the cottage of his betrothed. His heart beat high on seeing her come forth pale, her eyes swollen with weeping; behind her came her father, fierce-looking, with a gun in his hand. The father, on his side, produced a pail of water, and looked into it. After a while he shook his head and cocked the gun, while his daughter wrung her hands. "Now," said the Laplander, "he'll shoot you if you don't forestall him. Take aim quickly with your gun!" Then they saw the old Finlander raise his gun to his eye. "Make haste," cried the Laplander, "or you're a dead man—fire!" The young Swede obeyed, and the old Finlander fell lifeless. Conscience led the faithless lover back to his betrothed,—then he learned that her father had died of apoplexy the same day the Laplander had performed his witchcraft.

† 1808-9.

Russians,—sent home to torment the country. Men relate how a soldier of the regiment of Calmar, thus transmogrified, regained Småland, where he hoped to see his wife and children, but was shot by a hunter, who brought his dead body into the village. When the wolf was skinned his wife recognised, beneath, the shirt she had made for her husband before he started for the wars.

Very busy are the hustrus in each gästgifvaregård. In one lay piles of fresh gauffres, piping-hot, made Dutch fashion. At a second we come across a "Bee," some twenty people assembled by invitation, chopping sausage-meat; hundreds of yards lay coiled up in large bowls. No cat and dog here, but good material, as the beef-bones, game, and condiments, spread out on the dresser, testify. All were so busy, none would fetch the Dagbuk—not even a small schoolboy learning his task aloud,—Wrr, wrr, wrr. Get me the book, will you? Wrr, wrr, wrr, was his answer. Opening a drawer, I find it, sign my name, and depart. Large masses of red porphyry lie embedded in the stone walls. Småland is rich in minerals; in the parish of Asheda lies the Adelfors guldwerk (mine), which, an old author hints, is alluded to in the book of Job.* This mine was worked in John III.'s reign, 1571. Kings loved their own gold-mines, whether they paid the expenses or not. Between the years 1741 and '63, 6325 gold ducats were coined from the produce of Adelfors. Huge wooden triangular frames, like flat-iron stands, are ranged up on end by the roadside, to clear the snow in winter season. Again we pass the site of a forest-

* Chapter xxxvii. verse 22.

fair; two rows of weatherbeaten log-booths, roofs clad with lichen, the growth of centuries. Tender birch twigs, with their leaves on, hang up to dry on frames, winter provision for poor cows. A small towerless chapel of stone stands in a cemetery, approached by an avenue of oxel. In a corner lay tumbled over a round-arch font coëval with the building. Under a shrine, with four carved shutters, sat St. Olaf, trampling a pagan under his feet;—all "mycket gammal," and quite out of use. Two lines of old women, awful frights, "own mothers to the wolves," sit beating flax in a barn; peasants pass on their way with calf and fox-skins; boys laden with gray squirrels for the town market.—From a height, with view extending over fair lake and forest, we get a glimpse of a gabled cathedral tower, and somehow, without knowing it, land on the great Place of Wexiö.

WEXIÖ.

Built in an open plain, laved by the waters of its own blue sjön, Wexiö rises like an oasis in this desert of wood; her church-tower overtopping everything. No town is better supplied with luxuries, for she boasts governor, bishop, cathedral, silent prison, theatre; and lastly, a handsome gymnasium, with crowds of small boys, whose ruddy faces speak well for the air they breathe. Wexiö has had her troubles; twice laid low by fire within one lustre. The houses, though still of wood, are built at a respectful distance from one another: each double window vies with its neighbour in the taste of its go-betweens—that of the apothecary displaying a collection of native lichens, over which crawl stag-beetles and butterflies. His opposite rival, not to

be outdone, nestles fresh-water shells and birds' eggs midst green moss.

By the lake-side is the cathedral, a building of many gables—brick, mingled with stone.

On arriving at the lake, where Wexiö now stands St. Sigfrid saw a vision of holy angels, so refreshing he vowed to build a church on the spot—which promise he performed, laying himself the foundation-stone of the cathedral of Wexiö. Sigfrid then bent his way to Husaby, where he baptized not only the Lap king, his son Anund (now Jacob), but wicked old Sigrid Storrada. Whilst he was present the heathen did no ill, but, in his absence, Gunnar Grope, up rising, slew his three nephews —Unaman, Sunaman, and Vinaman—who had accompanied him from England. When Sigfrid heard their dread fate, and how their heads were sunk beneath the waters of the lake, sad, and weeping bitterly, he went down to the beach, and there began to pray; when, lo! three lights ascended from the water nigh where he stood. Tucking up his dress, he rushed into the lake, and from the very spot pulled up a wooden pail, in which lay the three heads of his relatives—fresh as though living. An ambrosial perfume, like incense, filled the air. Sigfrid called down divine vengeance on the murderers. The first head then spoke these words:—"It shall be avenged." "When and how?" asked the second. "Soon, upon children and grandchildren," replied the third. The king's officers arrested the murderers, yet their lives were spared at the intercession of the saint, on condition they should, at their own expense, first

* The earlier edifice founded by St. Sigfrid was burnt by the Danes in 1569.

build and then give up all their estates to the cathedral * of Wexiö. The possessions of Gunnar Grope † and his accomplices still belong to the chapter of Wexiö; and it is said the fate of their offspring has ever since been unhappy. Never to forget his murdered relatives, Sigfrid chose as his symbol a tub with three heads, over which burn three lights. Sometimes he is depicted standing on the body of a fallen man (Gunnar Grope), whom he spurns under foot. Our saint passed his last years (say the Smålanders) in Warend, where he died, and was buried in Wexiö, which, let proud Lund say what it will, is the oldest cathedral in Sweden. Henceforth he became the especial apostle of Götaland, receiving his place in the Litany. Not many years since, in an old Småland parsonage might be seen, midst wise saws carved on the wall, the prayer, "Sancte Sigfridi, ora pro nobis."

The interior of the cathedral, lately restored by Brunius, who, of course, sent the few remaining objects of interest to the rightabout, is not remarkable. Sigfrid once lay buried beneath a stone monument in the nave, erected to his memory by Anund Jacob—above stood his shrine. At the Reformation this tomb, giving offence, was destroyed, and the well filled up in which the saint had first baptized. Thus all memories of this good man were swept away. The sacrilegious Danes, in 1569, carried off the silver cases containing the heads of Unaman and his brothers, leaving as sole relic an old purple

* A.D. 1067.

† Gemte lord of Warend, petty King of Wermland and Dalarne, by Gruffa, daughter of the King of Norway, was father of nine sons, of whom Gunnar Grope was the youngest. After bearing the various names of Ulf, Ulfbane, Ulfbjörn, they quietly settled down into Ulfsparres.

cloak, called St. Sigfrid's kapa. A long avenue of trees leads from the high school to the bishop's house; in a field hard by the stifled waters of St. Sigfrid's well now cause a marshy swamp—a rude boulder is, tradition says, the one on which he first performed mass, and folks point out seven holes in the rock in which the candles were inserted. The diocese of Wexiö still bears upon its seal the heads of Unaman and his murdered brothers.



Consistorial Seal of Wexiö.

'Tis to England's honour that, after 900 years, her missionary holds so high a fame in far-off Småland. Sigfrid, we are told, lived poor—a real disciple of our Lord. When the Lap king gave him a pair of massive gold bracelets, he sold them to purchase the freedom of slaves. It was he who first caused crosses to be engraved upon rune stones.

Should you visit the church of Utwagnstorp and ask to see the wonders, the natives will produce from behind the

altar an old reed-stick—St. Sigfrid's wandering staff. When about to leave that village, the people followed him with tears, begging him to give them some memorial. "Silver and gold have I none," replied the saint, "nought but my wand'ring staff; take it, and keep it if you will." They did so, and there it lies after a long lapse of centuries.

In the Gymnasium—now merged into a high school—Linnæus, as before told, pursued his studies. When forty-two years old he visited his native prestgård, two miles from Wexiö, and sadly he laments: "Campum ubi olim Troja fuit;" where, says he, "my honoured father Nils Linné planted his garden with the rarest herbs and flowers, all now is a wilderness"—the scene of his "ungdom's" first researches how changed! those he left as boys now gray-haired men and old. His visit to his father's gård afforded him more pain than pleasure. It was but a memory of loved ones passed away.

The new buildings are grand: the hall in which 300 boys attend morning prayers is splendid, with panels of green marble and cornices of white and gold—enough to distract all attention from their litanies. In the Museum is the horseshoe of Sleipnar, Odin's charger, turned out by cross old Brunius from the cathedral, where it had hung for centuries. When St. Sigfrid built churches, and the sound of bells was first heard, Odin fled from his ancient home on horseback through the air. On a rock near Wexiö Sleipnar cast a shoe: the print of his foot is still seen on the mountain. Considering the size of this far-famed charger, 'tis a less massive affair than might be. Perhaps it may interest "horsy" men to know how Odin shod his cattle with eight nails: I counted the holes on

purpose. There are folks living who have seen Odin on moonlight nights standing with mournful looks leaning on his long spear beside the great tumulus where he lies buried.* No wonder he seems sad. Odin is no more of any account; and when folks say "Get you to Odin," they mean "Go to the devil."

The library, according to old custom, is lodged in the cathedral tower. Midst other rarities is an ancient tome chained to the wall, and never unfastened; for, says tradition, this book, an early Bible of Gustaf Wasa's time, was stolen from the devil, so they chained it up lest he should get it back again—some superstition invented by the monks, who discountenanced the reading of the Scriptures by the people.

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* The historic Odin is said to have retired in his old age to Asgård in Småland, where he died and was buried. In 1669 Ulfsparre, having occasion to fill up a pond in his garden, caused earth to be fetched from the "Hell's hill," as Odin's tumulus had been called since the introduction of Christianity. The workmen came upon a cellar. A man who looked down declared he saw a dragon—fire burst forth like a flash of lightning. On opening the chamber a flat coffin of four slabs of stone was discovered; a lamp of clay, beautifully moulded, but not glazed; a double-edged knife; and a second blade, of blue steel. "The lamp," continues Dahlberg, "was very like one dug up at Rome."

A parson once ploughed part of this mound, and sowed it with rye. When the seed began to sprout, Odin came every night from the hills mounted on a large horse, himself so tall he overtopped the roofs of the farmhouses. Spear in hand, he stayed all night outside the house-door, keeping guard until the rye was reaped. The parson got a two-fold crop off that field; but so frightened was he of the nightly visits of Odin that he laid it down again in grass.

On one of the lakes of Småland is an isle called Odinsö, where people still strip and bathe, whatever the weather may be, on mid-summer eve and Whit Sunday, placing meat and drink in a small hole lined with stone, made by the heathen women.

In Blekinge the peasants formerly used to leave the last sheaf on the field as a gift for the horse of Odin. And when in the dark nights of autumn a noise is heard in the air like the galloping of horses the peasants still believe that Odin is passing by.

Without the town boundaries, in a secluded corner of the cemetery, lies buried Esias Tegner, who here died Bishop of Wexiö in 1846. A simple obelisk marks where that great poet sleeps. In Lund a statue has been erected to his honour—it was scarcely necessary. His 'Frithiof's Saga' will still be sung when Lund and Wexiö have gone the way of all things.

The moon is at her full. Last night I wandered along fair Helgesjön, near to the spot called Kampen, or "field of slaughter." On turning round, the many-gabled church, with its indented tower, shone bright like silver, reminding me of those glittering cities seen by the wanderer in the long, long distance, as described in old fairy tales, or perchance 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'

Few modern towns—for such she must be called—have pleased me as much as Wexiö.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Ruins of Cronoberg — The mystic tree. Ylva the last priest's wife of Wexiö — Neck and the flirt — Warend, land of the Amazons — Story of Blanda — The rings of lake Fur — Wolund the first goldsmith — Herve Ulf and the Trolle woman — The horn of 300 colours — The fatal task — Queen Christina the elder on her wedding tour — Gwyniad — Christian the Tyrant drowns the Abbot of Nydala — Thor and his boy — Miss Ulrika the artilleryman — Arrival at Jönköping.

CRONOBERG.

STRAGGLING in all directions runs the Helgesjön, with its small islands, 365 in number—don't be rude and doubt the fact. For a long time no two souls made them alike—there was no peace in Wexiö, till one fine day an early monarch—Stenkil or Sverker, some such rubbish—granted full pardon to a condemned prisoner if he would count them right. The culprit, taking boat one New Year's morn, passed a night in each islet—on waking he cut a notch in his stick, and on the 31st December came back again, having performed his task —since which time the matter is settled. We drove by colossal firs, some rising from the centre of stone walls full twelve feet thick—beyond the power of an Irish horse to jump. Before the land is cleared these walls will equal those of Babylon. On reaching the governor's summer-house we beg a boat, cross to an island where Cronoberg, girt with four towers, first meets the eye—a very work of giants, boulder piled on boulder. It stands majestically—frowning over the lake midst a nest of trees.

Cronoberg* was the residence of Wexiö's early bishops. Here Sigfrid dwelt, when resting from his labours. At a later period this modest dwelling was transformed into a fortress, which at the Reformation fell to the crown.†

We land, enter a ruined archway, and there pause, amazed at the cyclopean thickness of these bebouldered walls. In the centre a giant oak extends its wide branches over the court—that oak may have seen the building of this strong castle, and perchance be a Wårdträd—one of those holy trees no man dare cut down. It's no joke playing with edged tools in such cases. A peasant once laid low a sacred tree;‡ as it fell, he heard a voice from 'neath the roots exclaim, "You have made me houseless—so will I do to you." Next day his farm was burnt down. The rönn (mountain

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* It was on Gelbogeberg, now Cronoberg, that the murder of Unaman and his brothers took place.

† Gustaf Wasa bestowed on it its present name, and gave it as stronghold to the governors of Småland. When in 1545 the Smålanders öprored, joining Niels Dacke in his jacquerie, they stormed the fort, which was some years later, together with Wexiö town, laid in ashes by the Danes.

‡ The birch is sometimes called the help of Thor. One day when that god went out to Jathem to fight the giants, he was overtaken by a storm brewed by the Trolles. Nearly carried away, he saved himself by clinging to a birch-tree.

These mystic trees generally grow on high places. In Carleby parish, Skåne, grows a sacred rose-bush, Tornebusk, which no one dare touch. "Well-tempered must be the axe that would strike a tree on which the Trolles hang their money when they count it." The bonde declare the rose-bush of a night shines like living fire—from the gold of course.

We have, or rather had, our own Glastonbury thorn—destroyed by a Puritan; the prickles, however, flew in his eyes, and he lost his sight. Again, the hawthorn of Cawdor Castle, near Inverness, round which in olden time guests drank prosperity to the house of Cawdor.

ash),* a mystic tree, from which the wands of the pagan priests were formed, is also vicious, possessing a secret power against witches. If you look beneath our little boat, you'll find for sure a chip of its wood nailed to the bottom. Do you imagine yon fisher would have taken that fine silfver lax had not a rönn-sprig been tied to the net? Never. Young Götlanders still place its leaves beneath their waistcoats when they play at park; mothers twine its branches round their infants' cradles. But be careful. "Cut me and I'll bleed you," said the rönn to the woodsman. The hatchet slipped and the man wounded himself—hence the proverb. The lime is more gentle, only twining her young branches into elf-knots. When you see one be joyful; cut it off, and, if at home you have a sick baby, hang it to a peg within this mystic circle—whether in teething, rickets, or fever, it will be soon right again. If the ring be of wide circumference, it is more valuable still, for, should you expect a son and heir, you have nothing to do (never mind a tight fit) when the bad time comes but to squeeze your hustru through it. Such a remedy was never known—always successful in Småland.

* Pyrus aucuparia (mountain ash), rowan-tree. Pennant mentions that the Highland farmers place branches of this tree in their cow-houses on the 2nd of May to preserve their cattle against witchcraft. The milkmaid of Westmoreland ties a branch of it to her milkpail for the same reason; and crosses of this wood were worn about the neck as charms. Bishop Heber declares the same veneration to exist for this tree in India. No wizard, they say, can repose beneath its shade. A sprig is worn in the turban or suspended over the bed as a charm against the evil eye. In the song of 'Lardley Wood'—

"The spells were vain; the hag returned
To the queen in sorrowful mood,
Crying that witches have no power
Where there is rowan-tree wood."

Each round tower is gutted, the stupendous walls o'ergrown with moss, fern, and wild strawberry; the gray sjön glitters from behind the windows and round holes pierced through the thick masonry—long telescopes through which were fired some now extinct race of guns. A bird-cherry stood once there, long since dead from old age: midst green moss and small oxalis-leaves had shot forth from its roots hydra-headed offsets—saplings no longer, but aged trees—which, after long straining and writhing to reach the open light of day, give up the matter, trailing in despondency, o'ergrown with moist fungi—wailing in their lichen weeds. A small pine, trimly cropped by nature, looks on, watching this scene of desolation. We climb the walls—on the top runs a natural grassy terrace. Not many years ago a noise of thunder, as an earthquake, alarmed the town of Wexiö: half the west tower had fallen without warning into the lake below—there it lies—the remainder leans toppling as though about to follow. 'Tis a glorious ruin, old Cronoberg—in character with this land of lake and boulders. Do not imagine towers such as these are without their story, and that a pretty one too—of woman's love and sorrow.

In the earliest days of Christian learning Mother Church had not yet proclaimed the clergy's celibacy,*

* In 1155 the celibacy of the clergy was first proposed by a cardinal on his visit to Sweden. In 1248 the bull was first promulgated; but for fifty years little attention was paid to it. In the time of Engelbrekt the peasants, for reasons unnecessary to state, petitioned the pope to allow the marriage of the clergy, some of whom it is said took the matter for granted. In old documents mention is frequently made of priests and their "forsier," literally "son pour lui," which may be supposed to answer to the "bonne du curé" of the present century. Many tombstones of this period are still found in Sweden. In Bosio kloster is one: "Nobilis Homo I. H., Prior hujus loci cum uxore suâ D. Catherinâ." A.D. 1493.

nor treated some thousand virtuous women as things of nought—tearing them from their homes and families.

There lived a priest of Wexiö who had espoused a maiden younger than himself. He was the bishop's chaplain, and dwelt with his wife within this island fortress, later called Cronoberg. Ylva was a simple maid, neither loving nor caring for the pomp and power of this world: saintlike she passed her time, visiting the sick, succouring the needy; the peasants called her the bishop's almoner. She had no offspring: indeed she wanted none—all were her children, she their saintly mother. About this time the bull came forth by which so many homes were rendered desolate: still, though it saddened Ylva in her lake-girt isle, she felt quite safe herself; there lived not a being in Småland who would betray her; so her time passed peaceably. One day the bishop, attended by his chaplain, set forth on some urgent mission through the diocese, and Ylva, left alone, spun in her tower above the blue lake, when suddenly she sees a boat approaching filled with armed men, and a trumpet sounds demanding entrance in the name of Lund's archbishop. Now Ylva's heart grows faint: she hears the tramp of mailed feet upon the turret stair; they enter, and by stern decree prepare to drag her from her island home—condemned as a priest's leman. In vain she rushes to the balcony crying for succour: rudely they seize her long fair hair, when with one spring, leaving her tresses in the trooper's hands, she leaps into the lake below, and, falling on a pointed rock—a red stream colours the water but for one moment, and—Ylva is gone for ever!

Still of a moonlight night Ylva returns to visit her former loved abode, and, scared at this desolation, sits beneath the wide oak-tree. The pitying

moon lights with caressing beams the deep red stream still flowing from that wound on her pale cheek, and, if the owlet cries, Ylva starts frantic as in terror, casting her arms around those weeping trees within the tower for succour. Should an unwary step approach, she, uttering a wild shriek, casts herself again into the deep waters: you hear her brow strike once more against that rock—one gurgle, and the sobbing wavelets again close over her.

Such is the tale of Ylva, the last priest's wife of Wexiö.

Not many years since a baroness, with a goodly company, visited Cronoberg, and there she told the tale of Ylva's sorrow. Whilst standing midst the rubble of that fallen tower, a curious youth dislodged a large stone, and there among the mortar lay a tress of fair hair, in parts clotted with dried gore, so fine, so silky, it could have decked no man's head—no, not that of Haarfager. Where had it come from?—who had once owned it? All at once agreed it was the ravished lock left in the soldier's hand, torn from the bleeding brow of Ylva.

We now return, stopping near the town to visit a tea-garden—once called Solberg—where, in a hanging wood, walks are cut out, and swinging benches placed for beer-drinkers; stepping on, we look over the rock's brow.—Set beer and pipes aside, this is an Ättestupa, the same as Walhall, from which old Småland heroes —more reasonable far than fossil admirals and generals now-a-days, who won't retire — cast their worn-out worthless bodies into Odin's Isle.

A spare afternoon led me to Berquara, three miles from Wexiö—a manor-house of note, sacked in the Dacke feud,*—worst peasant rising that ever ravaged

* 1542.

Sweden. The wife of Thure Trolle,* the governor, lay sick in childbed; so suddenly was the house attacked, no man could save her—she was burnt in her room with her unborn infant. In the forest, small gray squirrels—just like the muffs and cuffs in Oxford Street—leapt from tree to tree. October is somewhat early to take the skins, which are still red about the stomach and legs. Crossing a mill-stream, one bubble of tumbling water, we drive up an avenue, and there, on an "udde" (promontory), stand the ruins of Berquara, a building of true Småland type, boulder raised on boulder, the interstices filled up with small stones and rubble.

To-morrow we start on our journey to Jonköping.

JONKÖPING.

The sun was still a-bed when we, at half-past seven, passed the Helgesjön. Skjüts pointed out Helgö, where stood in heathen days the temple and city of Silvia. Here, after Balder's death, was an oracle, like that of Delphi, and in the neighbouring church was kept the carved image of Loki, who, says the monkish chronicler, "looks very like the devil."

Across these wooded islets in two years' time locomotives will rush and spring, frightening Necken from his domains—'tis as well, for the sprite bears a hard reputation.

When a proud maiden—Anglicè, arrant flirt—torments a lover for her own whim and fancy, there appears at some festival an unknown knight in rich attire. A shuddering goes through the heart of every

* An Ulfsparre descendant of Gunnar Grope, one of the numerous victims of St. Sigfrid's curse.

damsel, yet all wish to dance with him: already he has chosen yon haughty fair one as his partner; they dance the whole night together, and she is wooed and won. In due time the knight leads his bride to the altar, but when the priest pronounces the blessing he leaves the church. On his return the priest asks where he was born, and where his parents and friends dwell. "I was born in the water, my father and mother are the blue billows, my friends are stones and straw-stalks." Then the people flee in anguish; in vain the bride begs to return to her father's house; she has bound herself to Necken, who carries her off quick as lightning. Her piteous cry when sinking beneath the waves is heard by all—most distinctly in the home of her fathers.

There are no boulders here, but clearings of cultivated flax. We pass Moheda: on the village-green stand moss-grown fair-booths—so ancient they must have seen Gustaf Wasa's days. To the left lies Lekaryd—former possession of the Ribbing family—one of whom, Sigurd, in 1224, pretended to the crown of Norway,* but didn't get it. A second Sigurd of that ilk espoused "one of the St. Bridgets," † whom she, uncomfortable creature, packed off to Golgotha, where he died; in honour of which event, the Ribbings bear three nettle-leaves on their shield, like Adolf of Holstein.

A thin coating of ice for the first time glazes the swamps. Skjütz casts longing eyes at my "Småland's Beskrifning:" may he just look at it? Certainly. Soon deeply immersed therein, he nearly tumbled us into

* His father, "Erling of the stony way," was son of King Magnus.

† The lady Martha, that governess who whipped Queen Margaret, making her smart under the rod, after her marriage.

a ditch; so, to make matters straight, Jacques takes the reins while he pursues his studies.

We are no longer in Virdeland, but in the great county of Warend—land of the Amazons, birthplace of Miss Wisby and that virgin band who fell in the Bråvalla slag,—of little Kirsten, too, who, in the ballad, with an army of eight thousand maidens, besieged a Count of Holstein in his palace, seeking her "festeman," there detained a prisoner:—

"I am myself a simple girl,
Who no court life have seen,
But with me stand eight thousand maids
Upon yon rampart green.
Quick out from his castle window
Looked the Count of Holstein's land;
He neither saw the earth nor sky,
For Kirsten's maiden band."

Under such pressing circumstances, the count wisely restores the betrothed to his affianced bride.

The women of Warend * enjoy a "right," like those of Kent, a sort of "gavelkind," inheriting equal portions with their brothers. Here alone is a bride permitted to use drums, trumpets, and martial music on her wedding-day. This "right of Warend" comes from the following story:—In heathen times the Danes fell upon Småland during the absence of the warriors. Blanda, a noble lady, having assembled the women, they agreed to visit the Danish camp, bearing meats and

* According to an old manuscript preserved in Wexiö, date 1205, the county of Warend was governed by twelve elders elected from the twelve tribes who dwelt in the county. Geyer says the Swedes are of more modern descent than the other inhabitants of Europe—come from some son who quitted the paternal home later than his brothers; hence more customs of Oriental origin are to be found in this country than elsewhere.

costly wines, but with swords hidden under their garments. The Danes ate, drank, and made merry till they were dead drunk. Then making the appointed signal, Blanda and her attendants murdered the foe. She raised two hois, called "Moderhogen," to Freya, as mother of the fair sex; and when the young men came back again, she and her friends, having chosen the prettiest, danced round the hois, making great sacrifices.

The road is alive with peasants' carts; on each sits a village girl, with gay painted chest, neat and trim—a farm-servant changing masters.—She'll look very different to-morrow in the kitchen. Magpies, grand in their winter tails—far beyond the number for omens—beset our path. When next we reach a cot, the bondes, tall strapping fellows, in jackets with two-inch tails, are making leather. At length appear the two spires of Rydaholm church. One oblong tower, of the Rundsbåg style, alone remains; from it spring two spires, pierced by small round-arch windows. In the porch stood a splendid old font, coëval with the first building—turned out as "gammal." On the door hangs the old Småland steelyard—one of those sent by Gustaf Wasa as checks upon country dealers, who cabbaged, giving short weight. Sundry early carvings of St. George and the dragon are encrusted in the wapenhus walls. In the churchyard, by way of tombstones, stand floriated iron triangles mounted on a pole, crowned by a weathercock pierced to resemble a serpent's head—burr, burr they go, whizzing round—enough to fidget the dead from out their coffins.

The learned are very tiresome about this district, no longer Warend, but Finviden; talk of the town of Ytterstad, where paganism remained rampant until

Sigurd Jorsalafarare, making a crusade, "slew the entire population, and then built the church of Rydaholm for them to pray in."* Our way runs along a hogsback, till we reach the lake of Fur, and its sister Flå, of which the old rhyme runs, once carved on a rune stone—

"Between Fur and Flå,
Within stone coffins twå,
Lie gold ring and gold ring,
A hundred thousand gold ring.
By twins born in Ed,
Three feet under ground,
Shall this golden treasure,
When digging, be found."

Skjuts knew all about it, "was nearly being a twin himself" (evidence accepted, no details asked); "but the treasure will be found some day," says he, "the time is not yet come." Every twin who sees light in Ed, it appears, fancies himself born with a gold ring in his nose; and "not one," says the parson, "either male or female, has turned out decently for the last three centuries."†

* There may be some truth in this story, for the customs of Rydaholm parish differ from those adjoining. At funerals twelve horsemen accompany the coffin on the road, which is strewn with juniper. When the cortège approaches the cemetery the riders gallop on in advance, and compare their watches with those of the klokker, in order that the moment the body passes under the lychgate the bells may sound the first knell. The coffin is borne three times round the grave previous to being let down. Then each woman advances, and with her right foot pushes down a clod of earth before leaving the churchyard.

† The first goldsmith mentioned in the Sagas is one Wölund, a Smålander, who emigrated with his two brothers to Upland, and dwelt at Ulfdal, near the sea; he espoused a nymph of Odin, whom he found clad in a dress of swansdown, spinning her flax by the sea-shore. Seven winters they dwelt together, the eighth she became discontented, and the ninth she flew away. Wölund remained in Ulfdal forging gold, setting it round with precious stones, waiting the nymph's return—still she

We soon reach Ed, an old Trolle possession, with deep, lazy river connecting the chainwork of lakes by which the province is intersected—a river teeming with fish, to judge by the spears and landing-nets resting against the farm-buildings. A hybrid Swede from St. Petersburg now owns the place, a man of wealth. He carries on large commerce in foxes, exporting many thousand skins yearly to Russia, where they fetch from twelve to fourteen rix, being much used for the military winter uniforms.

Abraham Broderson owned Ed, and dwelt there.

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came not. The King of Nerike, who had heard the fame of this great worker of metals, sent spies to the land. Wölund was out hunting when they came to his cottage. On entering they found seven hundred golden rings hanging to the rafters. Removing one, they hid themselves. When the smith returned he counted the rings, and, missing one, fancied his swan-bride had returned. Greatly rejoiced, he sat down awaiting her coming, and fell asleep. The men seized the smith, and, binding him, brought him to King Ridung's court, "My liege lord," said the queen, "'twere best to hamstring the goldworker, that he mayn't run away." Her advice was followed, and Wölund, placed in a smithy on an island, wrought rich ornaments. The king's daughter Bothwilda broke her ring—the very ring stolen by the spies—and, going to Wölund, begged him to mend it. He did so; Bothwilda, the king's daughter, led Wölund to the green grove and there married him. The king's sons one day coming to the island, the goldsmith in revenge slew them. Having disposed of the bodies, he mounted their skulls into drinking cups, adorned with gold and pearls, and gave them to their father. Wölund now made himself wings. The king, in his grief, asked him about his sons' deaths. The goldsmith stood on a rock and answered, saying, "First swear by the deck of your long ship, by the border of your shield, by the back of your horse, and the edge of your sword, that no injury shall come to Wölund's bride, or to his son, and then I will tell you." King Ridung took the oath. "Go to the smithy you built for me; there you will find a flooring stained with blood; there I cut off the heads of your sons, and laid their bones beneath." Then he told how Bothwilda had borne him a son, committed her to the king's care, and flew away on his wings. Now Ridung regrets his violence; he cries, "I wake and I sleep ever joyless. O my sons! my sons!"

The people still tell of a rebellious duke* who rose against the king, and later lost his head. Ten minutes on we reach Trollklipporna. A vast mass of rock, scattered with forest trees, rises above the road; on the height stands a small hut, built for cattle, quite in character with the name of the place. Here one Christmas morn Herve Ulf, on his way to matin-song, was accosted by a Trolle woman, who offered him drink. The rock was raised on four pillars of gold; Herve, mindful of his danger, cut off the woman's head with his sword —seized the drinking-horn, and rode quickly to the church. The parson, together with the congregation, followed him to the cliff—there lay the headless body. When this tale came to the king's ears, he ordered Ulf to assume the name of Trolle, and to bear on his shield a headless sprite. A picture representing the event was hung up in the church of Woxtorp—there it hangs still; on it are depicted the woman offering the cup—the headless Trolle—such ugly creatures you never set eyes upon. Don't imagine this story to be a fable; it is accurately copied from a funeral sermon of lady Anna Trolle, preached by Bishop Angerman of Wexiö.†

After evidence like this sure no one will doubt the

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* Abraham was Duke of Halland. He is called in the list of Swedish knights, 1390, Tjurhufvud (Bull's head); many suppose him to be of the Trolle family.

† The sermon commences with these words;—"A very pious man, of the same race as the lady Anna Trolle, dwelt in Ed," &c. &c. He adds, "Herve's mother was a daughter of Gunnar Grope, and lived about the year 990." The lady Sophia Brahe, in her Slägtebok, confirms the story, adding how Gunnar Grope lay buried in heathen ground. The Trolle's horn, "of three hundred colours," was kept in the cathedral church of Wexiö till the year 1670, when the Danes carried it off. Charles Ogier saw it, and had the horn in his hands in Wexiö cathedral.

story. Skjuts pointed to some runes inscribed beneath the Trolle rock—no doubt of great meaning, but fragmentary.

A few green woodpeckers enliven this fertile valley. We pass a rune stone devoid of serpents or bedevilments, erected, says the inscription, by one Wari, to his brother Guni, who died in England.* Old Småland inscriptions resemble the genealogies in the Bible—such as, Årewård raised this stone to his father Hako and his father Karl, his father Ner, his father Diksar; and so on.

Towards three o'clock we gain Wernemo, a pretty country town, with a pony carriage waiting in the street—an uncommon sight in Sweden; then pass an atterhög, concerning which Skjuts tells how "long ago a peasant-boy loved the daughter of a rich Odalbonde. The parents would not allow the marriage; still, not to appear too harsh, they consented, on condition the boy got in the crops of one wide field

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Scharin writes, "When Wexiö was destroyed by the Danes, amongst much valuable treasure it lost a horn of three hundred colours, carried off to Copenhagen, where search was made for it in vain."

* Not a missionary, but a pirate. Bishop Benzelius in his letters writes a deal about the stones of the "Englands farare."

Some stones are as good as precedents in a law court. On that of Hillershög in Upland (see woodcut at end of Chapter) is inscribed, —"Read and understand these Runes:—Germund and Geruna dwelt in the meadow of Mantur; the same begat a son, Addur, who lost his life at sea. Guthric had a daughter, who married this Germund after his wife's death, and bore him children. After a time he died, but his widow still lived. Her daughter married Ragnfast in Snuta town, who dying also, the mother became heir of her son's property. Then she married Erik, and later died; and Gerlanga became heir, and got the inheritance of his daughter Inge. Tharbiorn, the poet, cut these Runes."—Had he been a lawyer the genealogy could not be more puzzling, in consequence of the inheritance going backwards.

before the sun set. He rose by dawn of day, and, aided by the maid, they worked with that energy which true love alone inspires. The parents watch: 'Let them toil on,' said they, 'the task is impossible;' and, laughing in their sleeves, they went their way. As the sun sinks behind the purple hill the task is completed; the lovers, faint and athirst, rush to a fountain, draw a copious draught, and drink their fill. The icy fluid strikes into their heated system; both fall down dead, as though struck by lightning. The parents buried them beneath that little hill, and still on certain days the village children deck the well with fresh wild flowers, in memory of their sad fate."

In the distance rises a mansion of Count Hamilton's; then we bid adieu to cultivation. Night closes in; we cross a network of small streams, each spanned by a wooden bridge; for when proud Christina of Holstein travelled to Sweden, as affianced bride of Charles IX., orders were given to erect bridges across the streams she had to pass on her way from Halland. The rooms in the prestgårds where she slept were hung with blue and white cloth, which (for don't imagine the king paid for it) could only be got in Germany, and the peasants were required to furnish ale, bread, oxen, and sheep, for three hundred people.

The parson of Willsta coolly did nothing; and when the queen arrived she found neither bed nor sheets, so passed the night in her coach at a place called the Queen's Bridge.—Some years later a French ambassador with his suite, on his passage, eat up a whole year's produce at Wernemo, and never paid for it. But the worst tax was that exacted by Duke Erik to defray the expenses of his English journey. Old chroniclers

rage when they enumerate the diamond aigrettes, chains, buckles, rubies, pearls, bracelets worth 2792 rose nobles—purchased by the duke as presents to the queen! They even calculate the carrots and oranges consumed in the Christmas-eve festivities, remarking how Elizabeth invited Duke John, but not his suite, to dinner.

Long after dark we reached Moboda, glad to see a blazing fire. Here a hunter after black game addressed me in English,—not that he understood my answers. We passed the evening, each speaking in a foreign tongue, and got on well enough. At supper they served a bowl of sik or gwyniad,* a fish resembling the herring, taken from the lake hard by—most excellent.

October 31*st.*—A giant capped me next morn as I left the house—it was Skjuts. "And pray how tall are you?" I ask. "Six foot four; but nothing to father; he measures seven foot two 'tummas,' and 'stark'"—describing a bow-window in the air—"but he no longer comes with the cars." Perhaps it's as well he don't. So off we went up and down till we reach Nydala kloster—convent of the "new valley"—now a fertile farm, famed for its butter. King Sverker, most pious of the Stenkil race—which ain't saying much—founded Nydala in 1144, and, to give dignity to the establishment, made Prince Agmund first prior, and his sons monks—collateral branches best out of the way. The monks possessed a town-house in Söfde—"auctoritate Dei et Absolonis"—kept (like modern Moses) a private poet, and a "Magister Sententiarum." In 1522 Christian—bilious after the great Blood-bath—

* There are several varieties of gwyniad found in the Swedish lakes. They breed copiously, and are good eating. Mary queen of Scots introduced one species into Loch Leven waters from France, and somebody else might with profit follow Her Majesty's example.

lodged at Nydala on his progress homewards. Coming to loggerheads with the brethren next morn (Candlemas-day) for some cause unknown he drowned Prior Arvid, with eleven monks, in their own lake, still called the Munksjön.

We rejoin the high road at Wrigsta, where the bonde exchange two-inch tails for long coats—thence wade through moist sand and a pine forest. To enliven the way, I read a story about Thór,† whom we seldom stir up. "Thor wandering one day with his boy met a giant, and asked him where he was bound to? 'To Walhall,' answered the giant, 'to fight Thor, for with his lightning he has burnt down my cow-house.' 'Save yourself the trouble,' said Thor—'here am I. You are not the man to lift up that great stone from the lake's bottom.' The giant, in a passion, seized hold of the rock, but could not raise it. Thor's boy lifted it as though a feather. The giant struck Thor such a blow, he fell on one knee, but the god brained him in return with his hammer.—'Come, boy, dig a hole; quick, I'm in a hurry,'" said Thor. This done, they buried the giant, and rolled the big stone over him—a whopper it is—we drove by it on our way to Sven-

* Christian with all his mad rage was a good friend to the people. He fined John Risenhelm seven gulden and twenty klippings for slaying a bonde. When the nobles of the parish of Ingelstad, in Skåne, forbade the peasants to cut wood in the common lands of the village, they complained to the king. Christian immediately came over from Jutland himself, inspected the forests, caused them to be measured, and declared what part belonged to the poor of the commune, making the nobles disgorge.

† The worship of Thor caused a great jumble of ideas in after times. In Småland is a well of healing properties, still sacred to the "Holy Thor," and visited by the peasants on Holy Thorsdag (Ascension day). In old times they sang around it a hymn: "Thor caused the waters to spring up; he possessed the might of a god; he cured a blind man by the mention of his holy name."

narum. We pass by Lindfors Jernbruk — grandly situated, with waterfall and stream; here the peasants roof their huts with small stones—then at Hook reach a lake, whose waters, clad in their wintry gray, look cold and dreary—next a seat of the Fleetwood family, and find in a church old Robertson and Livingstone monuments.*

Amazons are not yet extinct in Smäland,† or rather were not in Charles XII.'s reign. From this very neighbourhood Miss Ulrika Eleanora—daughter of a colonel who dwelt at Sterisjö, in 1713, girt with her father's sword, rode to Stockholm, and under the name of Wilhem Ekstedt got herself enrolled in the artillery. Fight she would, and that bravely; but stand the coarse barrack life of her comrades she could not. One friend she possessed at Stockholm—a certain Marie Löhman—to whom she told her grief. Marie lived with a snuffy old aunt, whom she hated. "Come to the house," she suggested to Ulrika—"ask my hand, and marry me; by this means I gain my liberty, and, as a jealous wife, will take good care you don't go astray." The banns were published, and Wilhem joined with Marie in holy matrimony by chaplain Calonius.

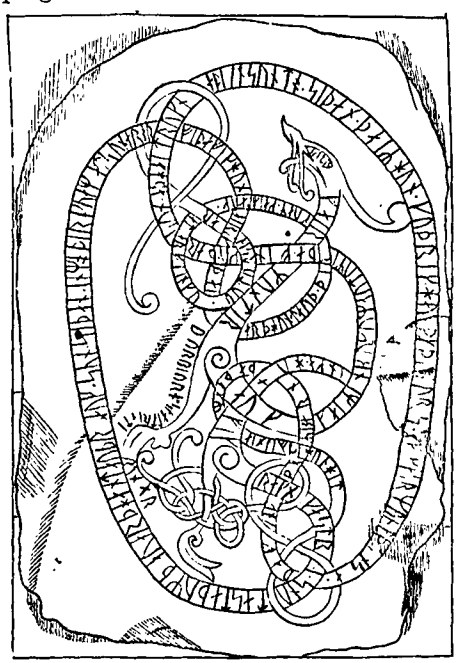
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* Bonde, Sparre, Ribbing, Ulfsparre, Bät (boat), are the great names of Småland.

† At the coronation of the "To-morrow King," Sigismund, was given a grand carousel, attended by the ladies of the court. A Pole in brilliant armour rode forth and challenged all Christian knights to battle. Then a Swedish knight with closed visor entered the lists, and at the first onset sent the Pole rolling in the dust. Loud acclamations followed. The strange knight removed his helm, when, to the amazement of all present, appeared the fair and golden curls of a young maiden, who, waving her hand to the company, galloped off on her snow-white charger. She was never seen again, and no man knew where she came from. Sigismund and his Poles returned very sulky to Stockholm.

All went well for ten years, till, after a battle, the wounded body of Ulrika was dragged from beneath the slain, and the secret discovered. For form's sake she was condemned to death, but liberated after fourteen days' imprisonment.

The forest is here carpeted with the linnæa. We come tumbling down an everlasting descent; then from a ridge view a high church-tower and red town across a lake, backed by purple hills worthy of lowland Switzerland—beyond, again, a silvery expanse of water—the Wettern. We rattle up to a palace of regal pretensions—"That," says Skjuts, pointing, "is the new hotel of Jönköping."



Genealogical Rune Stone of Hillershög. (See note, page 391.)

CHAPTER LXV.

Jönköping — History of Jön its founder — Swedish Manchester — Mines of Taberg — Småland's superstitions — Estates of Brahe — Their palaces and tombs at Wisingsö — State of Count Peter — Dower-house of Brahehus — St. Brita at Alvastra — White Star's ancestress — Milk-white deer — Albert's defeat and imprisonment — Spectre knights in golden armour.

JÖNKÖPING.

BUILT on the shores of a secluded bay, flanked by dark hills, stands Jönköping. For greater safety still against Wettern's tantrums, a stone breakwater has been thrown out, forming a harbour, through which vessels pass by a canal into the inner lake. All very pretty this network of lakes, but, in the long-run, unwholesome. When the cholera last invaded Sweden, Wexiö on her heights stood unscathed, while the Wettern's queen could scarce number her victims.

Before my hotel window the smooth lake spreads its silvery mirror—in hue like a quaker's silk dress. On one side lies the harbour, with steamboats unloading—beyond the public gardens, factories blaze brightly of an evening—each window illuminated. This vast hotel has been built by a company of rich men. Below is the city bank—the entresol forms the hotel—above comes the restauration and club, with ball-room unrivalled even in Sweden. On the attic story the Freemasons have their nest—a chapel, and fit room for all their devilries. The price of each room is marked

upon the door; mine costs, with fire and wax-lights, 75 öre per day—10*d.* English.

The town boasts little in the way of sights. In the great Place stand the court-house, town-hall, and theatre. Down the centre runs a straight canal, "awful smelly:" the houses are modern, for Jönköping has been often burnt down, commencing with 296 years since,* after which the town flitted to its present site betwixt three lakes.

Maybe it will strike you as odd why Jön should have a köping more than other people; and who Jön was?—You shall hear the story.

Jön was a rich bonde who dwelt by Wettern's side, with whom the king and all his men stayed eating and drinking for fourteen days. "Your ale must be well-nigh out, Jön," remarked he. Jön smiled, and straightway had rolled into the guest-room a tun so large, that when the bottom was knocked out the king rode through it on horseback. Before starting the sovereign asked his host how he could repay such hospitality. "Give me," said Jön, "as much of the surrounding forest as I can 'tweta' (notch) in one day." The king, who feared he should ask for money, consented. One summer's morn Jön rose up early, and, taking his axe, set off from a place called King's Bridge, in Hålaved parish; then mounting southwards, notched the trees till he came to where the Dummsån falls into the Wettern, just as the sun set. That hundred bears the name of Tweta Harad;—its seal two "chips;" and the new market, after the owner, was called Jönköping.

* By Rantzau, in the Danish war against Erik XIV.

In the old castle, from among whose ruins rises the prison, that fallen angel, Waldemar, was married to witty Sophia, of unbridled tongue; and here Christian, in his voyage of terror, outdid himself in cruelty. Among his victims was Sir Lindorm Ribbing. Some days later, meeting in the streets the two young sons of the murdered noble, one six, one eight years old, he, fearing their future vengeance, gave orders for their execution. The eldest boy was led out first, and quickly beheaded. When the younger child looked at the streaming blood and the red stains on his brother's clothes, he knew not what it meant, and, turning to the headsman, cried, "Dear man, don't stain my shirt so, like my brother's, for mamma will whip me." That stern headsman, bursting into tears, cast his sword aside, exclaiming, "Poor child! I would rather stain my own shirt than thine." Then Christian, in a fury, called for another servant, more savage than the first, who struck off the head of the infant, and that of his merciful comrade.—A sickening tale.

But Jönköping, in these more peaceful days, is rising "a little Swedish Manchester;" her manufactures—Orleans stuffs, brushes, carriages, lucifer-matches (of which forty million boxes were sent this year to England), and, last not least, her damask table-linen of exquisite design and quality. Folks travelling must buy something to remember their wanderings by. China comes to grief, skins get the moth, arms rust—on the whole, there is nothing like damask; one day a cloth from Pau has its turn, on the morrow napkins from Holland—each bringing up old memories—affording subjects of converse to otherwise very dull people.

The fabrics of Jönköping wind up with red-deer

gloves, excellent for driving, and Pauli's perfumery, renowned through Sweden. Next year a paper-factory will rise; none of any consequence exists as yet in this land of linen rags and water. Mr. Lundström kindly showed me over his lucifer-manufactory. Nothing can be prettier than the cutting of the pine-wood; but this process is a sealed matter, executed by machinery of the fabricator's own invention. The children and women employed look well and healthy, for the ventilation is admirable. Mr. L. invented the patent lucifer, which can only be ignited by rubbing on its own boxes, and may also be eaten by children with impunity.

One other novelty appears at Jönköping, from a glass-manufactory somewhere among the hills—crystal-twisted sticks for tying up plants, of white and different colours; very pretty they look in the green-houses glittering among the green leaves, and scarcely more fragile than wood.

Many houses are here built on the Pomeranian system —of sand, which don't sound solid, though in reality it is so. The foundations are laid on stone; low boards, fixed as a frame-work, parallel one to another, into which is cast a moist mixture, one part lime to eight parts sand, then pounded as in a mortar till it becomes firm; the boards are removed, and the second ridge built up, first taking care to point it on a slope as binding more easily; when finished, the wall, being of one piece, like stone or concrete, remains firm. They, however, are said to be too cold for the Swedish climate.

TABERG.

An hour's drive brought me to Taberg, where, in a secluded dell, lie the iron-works.*—Dannemora upside down; for here the ore is hammered out of the hill's top, while the houses are below amidst heaps of rubbish. A strong pull brings you to the summit, and when once there you are repaid. On one side lies the Wettern, extending to Wisingsö—Kinne Kulla and Omberg both visible; here and there a lakelet—in hue black, blue, or gray, according to the mineral properties of its waters. One church alone is discernible; then on all sides a waving sea of black pine.—A flat stone lay on the height, under which dwells the mountain witch: so said my guide; he knew but little about her, save that the wollmar-fire is lighted there each Holy Thursday. The look-down on the works below—an ättestupa once—is awful—worse than Dannemora. These mines were first worked in Charles IX.'s reign. When Gustaf Adolf visited them, one pine, since overthrown, stood upon the mountain's summit, on which the king carved his name. The house at which he sojourned was preserved in statu quo a few years since. During the last century, in France, when a shopman wished to

* The iron is of good quality, though the ore yields a far less percentage than that of Wermland. Taberg is of early greenstone, through which run equal-sided layers of magnetic iron. There is also some red granite below. The richest veins of ore—jernbands they here call them—do not exceed half a foot in thickness. The percentage varies from 32½ to 21. There is some fossil peculiar to this mountain, but the name has escaped my memory. The mineral riches of Småland are less developed than those of the northern provinces; there are rich copper-mines scarcely worked; much nickel-silver is exported to Germany in a rough state, the natives not yet understanding the art of purifying the ore.

praise his goods, he said, "C'est du fer de Taberg," just as we now say, "'Tis Sheffield steel."

The idea of connecting the chain-work of lakes by means of canals has again been mooted, the government offering 90,000 rix to whoever would undertake the work; but, since the railroad mania, water-carriage is out of fashion in Sweden; folks fancy one will destroy the other—let them study the statistics of the Bridgewater Canal since the opening of the Northern railroad.

Nov. 3rd.—Passing the vallum of Rumleborg, along a fertile plain left by the receding waters, the old shores rising like fortifications inland, we stop to visit the waterfall of Husgvarn. This settlement is now an obsolete gun-manufactory, chiefly supported by the privilege of furnishing 3000 rifles annually to the government—beyond which it does little. Last week it got an order from the new volunteer corps at Göteborg. Above opens a deep ravine of frowning rocks, between which tumbles the roaring foss—a well-broken fall, all bubble and turmoil, with the wheels and antique timber houses worth painting. To the left is the director's house—a paradise in summer, with rising hill behind, and placid Wettern in front—a good contrast to the foaming torrent. Climbing up higher, we visit in succession the second and third fall—the fourth grandest of all; a fifth lay further up the glen.

At the third fall, only laid bare some once in fifty years, is a large jättegrytte, such as we saw in Bohusläu, five feet wide and nine deep, still holding its round stone at the bottom, far too weighty to be removed—so it goes grinding on, making the pot deeper and deeper. Down by the works lay two of these stones, removed

when the pots were dry; in form circular, like huge projectiles, measuring eighteen inches in diameter, polished as though by art.

Our way runs along the fine line of primæval rocks studded with fir and the now leafless birch;—red buildings nestle beneath. Betwixt the cliffs and Wettern —so calm, 'tis evident she means mischief—lies fertile land planted with trees; in summer, beautiful;—in dull November, picturesque. Leaving the great lake, we stumble on the Landsjön, a pretty tangle of waters; turn into an old red gård, like Ornäs, there to change horses, or rather wait for them—so I set off on foot. The beauty of the way banished all impatience. Occasionally I rested on a stone, deep in an old book telling of Småland's bygone customs—learn how, at Korsberga, the mountain rent in twain the night Christ died; understand why, last week, the sausage-makers gave me so cold a reception; for when a stranger enters upon a sausage-bee, he brings ill-luck, and the skins break and burst in consequence.*

Towards ten o'clock the heavens cloud over; mist dissolves in rain; a few flakes of snow come floating down, not reaching the ground. An old woman, dragging a small child up-hill in a barrow, remarks, "See the snow; but after such fine weather we must

* How, when you turn your slippers towards the bed with the toes inwards, it brings nightmare; how, should the mother suspect the infant sleeping in the cradle to be a changeling, she need only take it betwixt the kitchen-tongs and lay it on the dunghill—or, better still, sweep the house down from loft to kitchen, always taking care to keep the baby in the centre of the dirt-heap, until, with one coup de balai, she sends it all flying outside the door-post; then, if the infant be a changeling, it will utter a devilish scream and die; if not, scarce is the door shut when she finds it smiling and crowing in its cradle.

expect a change" — worthy disciple of Master Olaf. The rain came on; but the horses did not. Crossing a winding river, turned to good account by a factory— a milestone marked, "Pehr Brahe, 1620." Grenna must now be nigh, when, just at the entrance, the carriage descends the hill. Having made my ten miles on foot, Skjuts offers to drive on: much obliged, we remain the night at Grenna, on the Wettern.*

A long line of gardened houses, built 'neath the mountain's brow; an old church, once Rundsbåg—such is Grenna, in itself nothing, but from its site beautiful. Grenna Brahe, as it was called, rose and fell with the fortunes of that great house. Of what her inhabitants consist 'tis hard to say; probably of people who live on their own modest incomes. In the church are some curious frescoes,—fine Brahe monuments; and last, not least, in the vault below, the coffins of parson John Magnus and his wife Karin Hook, with plate stating, "How in his lifetime he once entertained King Gustaf Adolf the Second and the Great to supper."

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* Wettern is the eye of the Wenern, saith the proverb, but what the said proverb means, Œdipus alone can unravel. "If you wish to know my depth, measure my length," says the lake. The undercurrents are so strong, no one has been able as yet to fathom it. The fishers themselves prefer it to be bottomless, it sounds better.

Old histories talk of a city of Sjöstad, residence of a petty king, somewhere by the lake side; in ploughing, old pavements are dug out and charred timbers. This city, which boasted 700 men at arms, came to an untimely end. When the Danes invaded the land, the warriors, led on by their king, Wahla, crossed the frozen Wettern to resist them; but as they passed the Wettern, the Danes treacherously cut the ice on both sides: the whole army sank, and were drowned. The enemy then laid the city of Sjöstad in ashes.

WISINGSÖ.

When Erik XIV., at his coronation, created barons and counts, the house of Brahe* came first on the list. Wisingsö, the small island hard by, was, with Grenna, then erected into a county.† Later, Queen Christina added to the fief a princely estate in Östergötland, in payment of a heavy debt owed by the crown. Brahe reigned—not like a sovereign, for kings seldom reign as well—on Wisingsö, to which island we are now crossing. Though ordered two hours before, the boat was not ready; "the key was lost;" they can't find the rudder; oars come out odd. At last, rigged with a sail as serviceable as a round towel, we start, and in one hour land at Wisingsö,‡ where in early times dwelt half the kings fabulous—Visin downwards—Stenkils, Sverkers,—all murdered by somebody, till, in 1290, we find Magnus, the Kettle-mender, dead in his coffin, borne from thence on the shoulders of the weeping peasantry to Stockholm. The ruins of Wisingborg stand

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* Pehr Brahe the elder married Beata, sister to Queen Catherine Stenbock. The new title of Countess pleased the lady; for in her portrait, which hangs at Sko, she bears on her breast a ciphered jewel G. B. (Grefvina Beata) with a crown.

† A view—painted on wood, once a panel of Wisingborg—of the castle, Grenna, and Brahus, as they appear previous to the Reduction, is preserved at Sko.

‡ Beneath a rock off the island of Wisingsö rests upon a cow-hide, chained fast, Urko, the spirit of generation. Each Christmas-eve she is allowed to pluck one hair from the hide and eat it; and when there are no more hairs the world will come to an end. Urko prophesied that any king who came within the parish of Ydra should meet his death by steel. King Fluga (Fly) laughed at the warning, and the prophecy was accomplished. Since his day (for King Fluga's day don't ask me) no sovereign has dared to brave his fate by passing the fatal boundary.

well. In the garden* has been planted a small forest of young oaks,† by order of the government. To the church-tower still hang the eagle-wings of Brahe (with all due respect to St. Brita), like owls nailed to a barn-door. On one side the choir, trailing over the wall, runs the genealogical tree of Peter Count of Wisingborg; on the opposite, that of Christina Stenbock, his wife. There are monuments without end; figures in marble and alabaster, life size. Count Peter stands in full armour, with Christina guarding the entry to the vault. Within lies the coffin of Margaret Brahe, wife of John Sparre, beheaded at Calmar by Duke Charles, in 1599; on the top is placed the head of her deceased lord, in a small wooden box: lastly, that of Count Nils' only daughter,‡ whose near relationship to the royal family caused the ruin of her race.

Darkness came on; the klokker lights a candle, better to display his treasures: old repoussé portraits of the prophets, both major and minor; St. Brita, a fat, jolly old woman, with double chin, seated in a chair, wearing a nun's dress; fine church-plate, rich bridal crowns, belts and ornaments, gifts of Count Peter, bearing his image on the medallions.

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* Wisingborg in the 'Suecia Antiqua' of Dahlberg is depicted as a fine old begabled palace, rising before a harbour (artists' foreground) bristling with ships. On the green stands the quentin with plumed cavaliers tilting at the ring: on two round spaces armed horsemen are seen lunging their chargers round and round after the manner of a modern circus.

† Whitelocke says the "Swedish oaks are not so solid as ours, nor so hard, nor so well fitted for shipping. These oaken planks, as most others in the world, are apt to splinter by a bullet shot into them, which the English oak doth not, neither doth English oak rot in the waters as oaks of other countries do."

‡ Widow of Erik Oxenstjerna, son of the grand chancellor. Remarried to the Rhine Count Adolf, brother of Charles Gustaf.

Grand were the doings at Wisingborg in the days of Count Peter: such state as he lived in; never breaking fast without a band of twenty trumpeters too-too-ing round his table. He lived as a rich noble should do; founded a college upon his own island; * set up brazen eagles and gilded crocodiles as landmarks on each point, to warn the boatmen. Count Peter raised monuments in memory of the old church, of the old royal castle, Borga. If anything is forgotten, no blame attaches to him. Long after he died folks spoke of his golden days. Even now, when a man would say, "You arrive at a lucky moment," he cries, "You come in the count's time." He died just before the Reduction.

The most remarkable work composed by this family (barring always St. Brita's revelations) is the 'Œconomia,' for young noblemen, of Peter the elder,† an admirable picture of the times (1585), printed 1687. He lays down rules for the management of the households and estates; advises that on Sunday each nobleman should himself instruct his people from the Bible, and approves of a general gathering of all the domestics on Monday morning, "to listen to their grievances,"—a piece of advice few modern housekeepers would care to follow.‡

* Charles XI. at the Reduction endeavoured to seize the funds of the high school founded by Count Peter. This made a great noise. He was shamed out of it in the end; and the gymnasium of Jönköping is now supported from the proceeds of the lands. The Danish minister writes word at this epoch, "They think of nothing here but reduction, and taking from the subjects the little they have left. The king is himself a good man, but in the hands of a pack of old women."

† Son of Joachim (who would go to Stockholm) and of Margaret Wasa.

‡ "It is not enough for a nobleman," says Count Peter, "to be able to sit his horse and discharge his gun." He must be able "to shy

With the Reduction waned the glory of the great house of Brahe; not only were their counties, baronies, and possessions, coming by Wasa inheritance, "reduced," but even the lands given by Christina in payment of crown debts. Peter Brahe had advanced 30,000 dollars during the Thirty Years' War. Neither this money nor the interest was ever repaid, but lands assigned in lieu of hard cash. At the Reduction, Charles issued an edict, by which interest on sums due by the crown was declared unlawful, and demanded back-rent for all moneys received from the revenue of the estate, over and above the original 30,000 dollars. The commission sent

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stones," fence, wrestle, know arithmetic and spelling. If he travels on the Continent he must make up his mind to be fleeced, imprisoned, perhaps be in danger of his life. Above all, he must have a knowledge of music, lest it happen to him what did to Midas, who thought an ass sung better than a nightingale. He advises young noblemen never to avoid joining a foreign campaign where there is no great danger—"it does to talk about." The household duties of noblemen, as laid down in his time, make one thank one's stars to be a nobody in the nineteenth century. In addition to the settling of servants' disputes on Monday, he is to look after his ships and boats. Tuesday, to look after the cook and see well into the affairs of the kitchen. Wednesday, see to the armour, swords, &c. Thursday, the cellar, &c. Friday, a very heavy day: commence it by reading some chapters from the New Tesment (without irreverence I should suggest the addition of a portion of the book of Job), look over all his clothes, examine the state of the chairs, benches, tables, commodes, trunks, all the locks and keys of the house, finishing off with the household bills and general tidiness. Saturday, inspect title-deeds, family-registers, reckon the cost of all things, and give out the week's supplies, keeping an eye at the cook. Sunday: keep holy the Sabbath, study the Old Testament, teach your household their duty; in the evening enjoy yourself in healthful pleasure and innocent recreation. He gives the exact quantity of food to be consumed by a servant per month. The keep of a man-at-arms he estimates, including the expense of horse purchase, harness, arms, at 104 dollars annually. "Not that it costs so much," says he, "but as horses get killed, and harness lost, you cannot set it down at less."

in a bill to the heirs of Count Peter for 50,000 silver-mynt. Though the Brahes have flitted, the fairy Morgana of a summer's day oft holds her court at Wisingsö.

The wind rose as night came on. It was very wet: the torn ragged sail now does us good service. We dance merrily on: such a nutshell! Before arriving it was half full of water.—I doubt it makes many more voyages to Wisingsö.

ALVASTRA.

'Twas the old story—waiting for daylight. Well, it came at last, just in time to light up the ruins of Brahehus; proudly standing on the cliff's edge; a dower-house built for Countess Christina.* The dowager had a view of Wisingsö; still was not near enough to interfere with the new owner.

To-day we find horses waiting;—on we go, without delay, along the Wettern "Cornice," a lovely drive. These cliffs are full of sprites. One reads of dragons, black hens, and giants, dwelling together, guarding rich treasures. The great secret of treasure-hunting is to hold your tongue;—hence women are rarely successful. A peasant woman had lighted on an iron chest, and was just about to remove it, when a black hen, dragging a piece of timber, came up, cackling, "I must draw this piece of wood a hundred miles beyond the world's end before sunrise." "That you never will," answered the woman, off her guard. The chest immediately vanished, and in its place lay a stone boulder.†

* Brahehus is represented in old engravings as a richly ornamented mansion, fashioned in the flowery style of that luxurious century, placed midst rocks and pine-trees, commanding a view over lake Wettern!

† Again in this very neighbourhood a cottager one evening lost his way. The light of a fire led him to a cave, where he found a giant and

Omberg appears in sight; we again change horses; soon, beneath the mountain side, backed by a pine-forest, red beech, and elms, rise the ruins of Alvastra.

"When Bishop Gislo, third in rote,
Sat in Saint Sigfrid's place,
When Celestinus was the Pope,
And Conrad emperor by God's grace,
King Sverker gave Alvastra's land
To found a convent by Wettern's strand."

So saith the 'Rhyming Chronicle.' Not quite correct—King Sverker founded the cloister out of Queen Ulfhilda's pin-money, 1144—as the queen was very pious, it may be inferred she approved of the holy deed. Sverker laid the first stone of Alvastra himself in the morning, while Bishop Gislo laid that of Nydala in the afternoon of the same day. He was shortly afterwards murdered one Christmas morn, on his way to matins at Tollsted church—"suo stabulario"—monkish Latinity generally translated into "stable-boy."

The nave and chancel, lighted by an Early English window, still stand; through the aisle-arches peep the trees. In a side chapel, amongst thick rubble and

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his wife. They begged him to enter, although he would rather have passed the night among the wild beasts in the wood. Very uncomfortable, he rose to depart; was about to offer his hand to the giant, when the woman, in an under-tone, said, "Give him the red-hot poker." The cottager did as he was bid. The giant grasped it so violently, the iron broke and fell to the ground. "Well," he exclaimed, "I see the blood of the Swedes is still hot. I will, as a reward, give you the key to Vista Kulla. When I removed thence, the jingle of the church-bells so frightened me, I forgot my daughter's go-cart; it's of silver; you may have it, only mention it to no one." The next morning the cottager set off to fetch the treasure. Near the mountain he met a friend, and told him of his good hap; but when he came to Vista Kulla he had lost the key, and it has never been found since.

weeds, lies the broken gravestone of the founder, incised around with monkish letters.*

Alvastra is a crown property, now given as residence to an officer of the Indelta regiment of East Götland, Captain Rosin, who kindly sent a man to show me up the Omberg. My guide led me through a forest carpeted with green moss, amidst which here and there a blue hepatica, seduced by the mild season, had unfolded its petals. From the mountain's top the view extends wide over Wettern to the proud towers of fair Wadstena.

It was at Alvastra St. Brita first took the veil; and here died her wearied husband—at last gaining that rest which in this life he knew not.†

Omberg derives its name from Queen Omma, ancestress of White Star and the Trillinge, true foundress of the house of Amelon.‡ Folks say she still holds her

* St. Brita's confessor lay buried in Alvastra kloster, with the legend, —"Peter, once prior of Alvastra, of holy memory, who wrote out the revelations of the Holy Brita, revealed to her by the Holy Spirit. He followed her to Jerusalem, and died 1390."

† The tomb of Ulf Gudmarson has long since disappeared. On it ran the following inscription in fair monkish Latin :—"Hic jacet nobilis miles Ulf, quondam maritus Brigittæ beatæ, obiit anno 1344, 12 die mensis Feb. Requiescat in pace."

‡ Benzelius on his return from a visitation, 1732, in Lysing Harad, mentions as the oldest families of the neighbourhood the Goats, Wolves, Foxes, and Dragons—Bockar, Ulfvar, Räfvar, and Drake. The last of the Wolves was 101 years old, and had served as a menial for eight years in the house of Bjelke. Probably the house of Amelon was extinct, if ever it existed. Benzelius, Archbishop of Upsala, was born 1675. In his youth he visited England, where he became acquainted with Archbishop Tennyson, Bishop Burnet, and Dr. Bentley, whom he describes as a "proud haughty man." Benzelius married a daughter of Bishop Svendberg, sister of Swedenborg, a lady of agricultural mind. She introduced the English Southdowns into East Götland with such success, they increased from 30 to 2000—a good stock for a Biskopinna's private venture. The bishop regrets greatly the barbarism of the eighteenth century. "O tempora!" he exclaims

court below, for at times doors are banged, and terrible noises heard from within the mountain. In these halls are kept her treasures. Very long ago some seekers found much silver when digging, which they had made into holy vessels and gave to the church of Heda. The mountain sprites, offended, determined to damage the church. Finding a vessel with holy water before the church-door, they crowded around it, drinking by turns till the vessel was emptied: but scarce had they returned home before they grew mad with fury, fighting with their teeth and nails, nor did they leave off until they had all killed each other.

On our road down, the guide pointed to a splendid beech-tree — "one of the eleven" planted, according to old custom, in honour of the twelve apostles. Judas Iscariot was destroyed by a conscientious peasant, who sawed him into planks for his own use. Omberg was once a Kronopark, celebrated for its breed of milk-white deer.* The stone is of the best quality; from its quarries have been drawn the materials for the new museum of Stockholm.† The caves and rock-scenery are picturesque—but we are now in dark November. A boat is ordered to cross the Wettern at three;—Madame Rosin overrules, saying, "Vous restez avec nous," —to hear was to obey: so I stayed dinner, eating of

(he might have added "mores" whilst he was about it). The day he went to look after a valuable collection of manuscripts made by a deceased friend, he found the heirs had divided them into three portions, giving one to the cook to put round her tarts, a second to the gardener to wrap up his pears; of the destination of the third I altogether decline giving any account.

* In 1732 Benzelius mentions, "On the beautiful Omberg saw I two hundred white crowned harts, as well as dogg deer."

† Omberg consists of sandstone mixed with layers of slate and clay, in which is found conglomerate.

hodge-podge—real Scotch receipt of the seventeenth century—and other good things. When about to sit down two carriages arrived, bringing eight hungry friends, who drop in quite sociably—unexpected—nine extra souls to dinner!! Imagine an English housewife's consternation at such an event—in the country too! The lady welcomed them heartily. Not one change was made, save that—as in Sweden is the custom on such occasions—the dinner was "standing;" or rather folks sat about with their plates—some at side-tables—anywhere. People live largely in the provinces, viands are simple, good of their kind, always plenty of them, and never a plat manqué—much to the credit of Swedish ladies.

Upon a shelf stood a splendid carved tankard of ivory, mounted in silver-gilt; subject—"The wise and foolish virgins." "A Thirty Years War cribbage?" Of course it was. Dinner over, we visit the new farm-buildings, having many oxen and a hundred cows, who here graze on the convent lands. A home like Alvastra is worth fighting for—my cows and my country—what a sentiment! At ten the captain's gig bears me to the ferry-house. As we cross a bridge the driver stops the horse, and in deep sepulchral tones exclaims, "Here on Jul morning, 1156, was Sverker murdered on his way to church;"—then drove on.*

The morn was bright and cold; snow in the air; birds very busy; flock after flock pass by, stretching their

* A stone with inscription once marked the spot. Benzelius writes, "In the Lysings Harad I saw the place where King Sverker was killed by his 'Master of the Horse' (decidedly an improvement on stable-boy), half-way between Alvastra and Tollsted church. The stone has been taken away by some barbarian hand to burn into lime."

long necks—the white-fronted goose * among the number, with silvery under-wings. We embark in an old orange-chest, which in two hours' time lands us at the new-built port of Hjo;—once more in West Götland.

As we go northward snow falls—the hills become white as bride-cake; by dark we reach Falköping, formerly the great market of West Götland, where proud Skara's bishops got in their tithes—lately brightened up by the railroad.

FALKÖPING.

A pretty hotel stands by the station. Early we walked up to the town. To the west of the old church lies the battle-plain where, on the 24th February, 1389, Albert drew up his forces against great Margaret. Before the king's army lay a frozen moor; on the other side stood the enemy. Tyche Olofsson, an old Swedish warrior, advised Albert to wait the attack on the rising ground they now occupied; but the young German favourites laughed at the old man, and charging the queen's forces—got bogged, the battle was lost, and the king led away a prisoner. When Albert, in the mêlée, met the aged Swede. he cried in his anguish, "O, old man! old man! if I'd only followed your counsel!" But it is too late now; he is borne a prisoner to Lödösa. How Margaret, in her woman's spite, served him out, dressing him as a merry-andrew! "She was a monk-maid, was she?—a Queen Breechless? He wouldn't wear a hat till she was driven out from the land, wouldn't he?" So she capped him with one—a piece of cloth nineteen yards long hanging to it behind; and, when tired of practical jokes, packed him off to a loathsome dungeon. Queen Margaret

* Anser albifrons.

beheld the fight from a hill called Foneskår; as she rode over the meadow she lost her key—the field yet bears the name of "Nyckelängen" (Key Meadow). The peasants still have tales of the golden coats of armour worn by the German knights; and pretend, when wandering after nightfall, to have met the spirits of the warriors, especially before time of warfare. One eve a countryman set out, carrying malt to sell in the town market. A little before midnight, when he came to Alleberg, near the Key Meadow, he met a man who bade him come into the mountain and sell his malt to the inhabitants, who would pay him well. He entered the cleft within, and received his money. When about to depart, the unknown invited him to proceed further to see the mountain-hall; but, added he, "tread softly." Around the walls of a vast chamber lay sleeping cavaliers, with golden armour hanging above their heads; from behind he heard a sound as of horses in their stables at night time. Though he did walk very softly with his iron-nailed shoes, some of the warriors awoke, and asked, "Is the hour yet come?" "No!" answered his companion; whereupon they again fell into a sound sleep, and the peasant was glad to get out in the open air.

Again, a bonde venturing out late at night was taken into the mountain. He saw richly-decorated halls, looked at the gay games of the mountain knights, and drank wine out of golden goblets. When he returned home, after, as he thought, a sojourn of a few hours, nobody knew him; his parents were dead, his gård in the hands of strangers—he had been absent more than forty years.

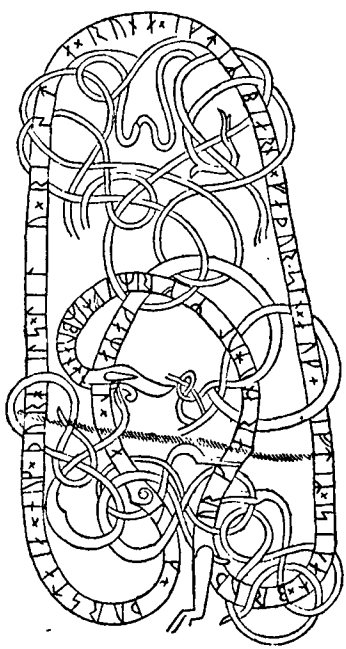
In due course of time a branch railway from Jönköping will cut through the Alleberg; people will then

see what the German knights have to say on the subject.*

The train left at eleven. We whizzed with dignity —not haste—through a world of rock and stone, stopping at Alinsås, a place of some importance. In a few years, with its gardens, hotels, and surrounding scenery, this line will be charming. Then we fell into the Göta valley—passed sundry manufactories, and were landed once more in Göteborg.

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* Odin's ship of gold, in which he carried the heroes slain in the Brávalla slag to Walhalla, lies hid in Nickelberget.



"Gamal, Thorstein, and Thorkil had cut these runes to Björn their father, and their brother Isikat."

WERMLAND.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Great Margaret's bon mot — She swims a ford — Another sight of Trollhättan falls — Ironworks of Billingfors — Freshwater fish — Dalsland — Ducking of Duke Magnus — Lady of the Lake — Swedish valentines — Mysteries at Julafton — St. Augustine and his mother — Maxims for anglers — Olof the Tree-cutter — Black death — Charles XII.'s doggerel — Papistic prayers — Thor and St. Olaf — Duke Charles in Wermland — The Duke's Oak.

COPENHAGEN TO WERMLAND.

*Copenhagen,** *Nov. 20th.*—How to get back to Stockholm now became the question. Go by the south coast? —impossible, sleeping each night in harbour; so I once more bend my steps towards Göteborg. We lay one night at Malmö, again at Landskrona, a third at Halmstad, pretty in all weathers, with its running stream and bridge, across which a signpost points to Lâholm, within whose castle walls fair Jutta paid the penalty of her sad fault in a long life's imprisonment. Queen Margaret, too, worthy daughter of joking old Waldemar, here made a "bon mot" during the war

* The author had gone to Copenhagen to be present at the fêtes given in honour of the "golden" wedding of H.R.H. Madame la Landgrave of Hesse. "Silver" and "golden" weddings are generally kept in the North. "My dear," said a Lund professor renowned for his domestic jars, to his wife, one new year's morn, "this year we celebrate our silver wedding." "Suppose, love, we defer it for five years," answered she, "we can then celebrate our Thirty Years' War."

with her cousin Albert. Arriving at Låholm unrecognised, she demanded admission. Tage Muus, the commandant, who was at dinner, answered jokingly, "All right, but the mouse must feed first." "Not longer than the cat chooses," retorted Margaret; and plunging into the Laga, swam her horse across the stream at a spot still called the Queen's Ford. The steamer was beset by peasant-women bringing their wares for sale—home-knitted lamb's-wool socks, fine and elastic. On the morrow we reach Göteborg. The markets now abound with hares of a pale, milky blue,* black-game, and capercailzie †—the latter little cared for in England simply because the cooks know not how to dress them.

At length the 'Arvika' started—klokken tre. Steaming past fair Kongelf by pale moonlight, we reached Lille Edet, and found the falls scarcely falls at all—one overwhelming inclined sheet of water, the red wooden houses and pine-clad hills around picked out in white snow. Last week a vessel, laden with a thousand planks, broke from its moorings and slid over, arriving in safety, plus a hole in its bottom. On reaching the locks we clamber up, and find Trollhättan in full dress—tricked out in glittering icicles—Nature's own diamonds—on each side a fringe of feathery ice. Toppö was nigh o'erwhelmed, the little bridge splashed over by the raging flood—the waves in their mad course tilting, as though at quentin, against the pendent grelots—some

* The white hare (variabilis) is not the same as our English species, but similar to that found in Ireland and Scotland.

† The cock of the wood and the capercailzie frequently breed together. The hen birds, incapable of laying their eggs, gradually assume the plumage as well as a form of beak similar to that of the male.

playfully snatching a kiss en passant, while others triumphant bear away the crystal. After some hours' delay news arrived that the 'Arvika' had come to grief; so, without more ado, we post to Wenersborg, and there find one side of the great square fresh consumed by fire. We pass a pleasant evening with Lloyd and his bright-faced daughter, talking over Sweden, its fishes, birds, and beasts. He bears his seventy summers jauntily—is still fresh and hale, only talking of old age when the papers don't arrive, or when game proves scarce.

Nov. 30*th.*—The snow lay thick as we in sledges pursued our way along the Wenern. The weather was not cold, but the heavens were laden with coming snow. The forest, besprinkled with a silvery sleet, looked beautiful; icicles glisten in all directions—the charcoal-burners, black as sweeps, forming a contrast to the white around. At the last station sat women spinning by the firelight: near the spindle stood a sort of wooden candlestick, three feet high—small children, regardless of the consequences, playing with fire, insert transversely in the "pince" pieces of flaming pine—a better light than the rush-pith burnt by English peasants twenty or thirty years since. The snow had fallen most capriciously. We exchange our sleigh for carts, and by eight o'clock are safely housed at Ballenäs, seat of Mrs. Wern.

Dec. 1*st.*—Ballenäs, built on a large island of the Laxsjön, is connected with the mainland by a causeway. The house is large, the gardens fine—on all sides are oaks, said to be the northernmost in Sweden.*

* Probably they have not been tried higher up. In Öland the yew was pointed out as a rarity; the ivy is looked upon as a green-

Lieutenant Melin, brother to Mrs. Wern, proposed to convey me across the lake to Billingfors, one of the three ironworks possessed by my kind hostess. Well wrapped in furs, we started. This Laxsjön is rich in fish: in it are taken several varieties of the lake trout,* pike, perch, and gwiniad, as well as smelts—of which a large dish, served last night for supper, proved as highly flavoured as those taken in the sea. The smelt thrives in freshwater ponds and breeds as freely as the roach —that worthless occupant of our English stews. Here in the greenhouse are spawn-boxes, over which pours a thread of running water. In the month of February, when the eggs are hatched, some 20,000 young fish are turned loose into the lake, otherwise the supply might fail, for the bonde does great damage, feeding his pigs on small fry.

From Norway southward extends a long string of lakes, threaded on one rushing river, the Langström. Of these, the Lelången alone measures fifty miles in

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house plant throughout Sweden—both grow together in profusion on a hill termed the 'Bride's Mountain, not far distant from Ballenäs. This hill is of some more recent formation. Many plants flourish in lime which would freeze in granite. On this Bride's Mountain dwelt, in the days of King Magnus, Wräl, last of the giants spoken of in history. He was larger than Goliath, and a scourge to the weak and helpless. When at length slain by a courageous knight, the people would bring him to the churchyard, they could not move his body from the spot though twenty horses were harnessed to the bier; so they laid him down flat on his back, and heaped a mound of earth above him, still known as Wräl's högen. Four large stones mark where the corpse is laid. A family of peasants, lofty in stature, stronger than common people, boast their descent from the last of the giants.

* No salmon dwell in lakes; all the species found are "trutta." The perch-pike (Lucioperca sandra), a fish whose stupidity has become a proverb, "Dumm som en Gos," only frequents the Wenern: indeed, naturalists declare it to be no distinct species—a bar sinister. It is, however, found in the lakes of Holstein.

length. Folks hope to see it some day connected with the Wenern; but at present money is wanted.

We are in Dalsland now—once the fighting ground of Danish and Swedish sovereigns; hence little cultivated. Two-thirds are water, the rest forest—villages few and far between: her riches the Jernbruks (ironworks).

We soon reach Billingfors, a settlement picturesquely situated on the lake side.

The iron here smelted is that of Persberg (yielding fifty per cent.)—an ore second only in quality to that of Dannemora: the entire produce of the works is shipped off to the house of Unwin, at Sheffield. A church, with cemetery, stands on a little island hard by; the clergyman is paid by the proprietor. Before the lodging-house, in which two airy rooms are allotted to each workman, stands the majstång—that never-failing accessory of Swedish rural life.

You call to mind the story of Wadstena—the mermaid and her strain—

"Duke Magnus, Duke Magnus, will you marry me?"

The duke got off with a ducking:—all men are not so fortunate. Here on a summer's eve the lady of the lake is oft seen floating on the deep blue waters, trying to decoy some youth into her embrace, who, should he yield—sinks beneath the wave and is seen no more. Still, should you chance to meet her, be not afraid—"a dog may look at a bishop"—gaze on and admire her beauteous form as she disports herself; list to her song till you feel yourself g-o-i-n-g, then cry out, "Show your tail, young woman;" and with a piercing shriek she will plunge beneath the water—for the lady of the lake

has a horse's tail, and is heartily ashamed of it. There is small variety in Dalsland lore. On Holy Thursday the witches are busy, as elsewhere, riding to Blåkulla. This is a great day amongst the servants and peasant-girls, who receive "Päsk-käringers," * answering to our English valentines—letters illustrated with a witch mounted on a broomstick,—at the bottom, verses complimentary or the contrary.† (See title-page.)

We drive through the forest to visit some limestone grottoes. Instead of quarrying away the mountain, the stone has been dug out, so as to form wide caves, supported by columns, now rich in pendent stalactites of ice. Sawmills are planted on the roaring trout-stream, here fished in October. The trout do not rise to the fly, but to salmon-spawn.‡

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* Easter witches.

† The old custom of "mysteries" on Julafton is not yet extinct in the farm-houses: the Adoration of the Magi and the Massacre of the Innocents are the favourite subjects. On that same eve five boys clad in white, with red bands round the waist, run about the country bearing huge yellow paper stars affixed to long poles. Two of them wear gilt crowns, from which rise two turrets; these are Balthasar and Gaspar; a third with blackened face represents Melchior. The fourth boy bears a six-pointed star—a sort of paper lantern fixed to the end of a long pole, which he whizzes round and round in the air: this is the Star King. The fifth, representing Judas, is dressed in a fur coat, with a three-cornered paper cap on his head. The boys, preceded by the Star King, enter the different houses singing their Christmas carols; the money is handed over to Judas, who places it in his purse.

‡ Perhaps a little advice to fishermen troubled by flies unsuited to foreign waters may be acceptable. "Do at Rome as the Romans do," said St. Ambrose to the pious Monica (St. Augustine's mother), when, in a quandary about some fast, or fish not eaten at Milan on a Friday, she came for advice,—adding, "and when at Milan as the Milanese do," which latter part somehow became forgotten. Probably at Milan men did nothing pleasant. First, never say "good luck" to anglers on starting, nor turn the prow of your boat towards the shore; for tackle,

No sawdust is here cast in the waters. It is consumed on the banks, where burns an everlasting fire, like that of the vestals.* This land of waters is charming; —such freedom; no boundaries, ring-fence, or neighbours. The farms are of small extent. The Ayrshire cow has been lately introduced by the agricultural commission of the län, who supply sires gratis. An English farmer would be horrified at the wanton consumption of cream throughout Sweden; the servants in the towns drink it in their coffee three times daily. After a two-days' rest I bid adieu to my kind hostess, quitting Ballenäs, the most beautiful property we have visited in Sweden.

Dec. 3rd.—The morning rose gloomy: at eight we are under weigh along the lake's banks, by Laxarby church—an awful place for ghosts. No skjüts will pass by night without taking the bridle off his horse's head, and putting the bit in his own mouth—then the spirits have no power over him. At the second station sledges reappear; the mountains in good snow trim; not one bird soars o'er the water; all is silent and still. Towards one o'clock we reach Svaneholm, the bruk of M. Ugglas, there stop to dine, and are received in his absence by the lady of the house, with that hospitality strangers always meet with in Sweden. It was mooted at Ballenäs, "You will dine at Svaneholm." I remonstrated, not knowing the family. "What does that

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pins found in a church, and made into hooks, are best. Should a woman stride across your rod, you'll kill no trout that day; and, lastly, take as a rule, that tackle stolen from a friend or neighbour is always far more fortunate than that bought with your own money. Such are the maxims of each Dalsland Izaak Walton.

* At Munkfors this article is turned to account, being used in the manufacture of an inferior steel—good for the China and India markets.

matter? It's the custom here in the north." Still, as I stood out manfully, a note was sent to announce my coming.—Swedish country-houses are well planned; and in the very humblest you find a suite of rooms opening one into the other. Our houses are built for what we call domestic life (a dull affair); those of the Swedes for social enjoyment. One custom—that of sitting of an evening with unlowered curtains or blinds—struck a chill of discomfort through my frame. "We have no robbers," they answered; "and as for folks looking in, there's nobody to do so."

WERMLAND.

We now reach Wermland—wildest of Sweden's provinces; haunt of the bear, wolf, and elk; a paradise of mines and iron-factories. This province, lying close upon Norway, remained uncultivated till Olof, son of some tumbledown king of Upsala, arrived with his men, and, finding the country well protected by lake and stream against invaders, cut down the trees and cleared the land; hence his name of Trätelja, the Tree-cutter. Olof was ever at loggerheads with the priests; for though he built temples to the gods, he laughed at them. As for sacrificing youths to Freya, he wouldn't hear of it—population was far too scarce in Wermland. Sad impiety! with such precedents, too—his forefathers having offered their court favourites as victims to appease the deities; so one day the priests told the people, "To secure a good harvest, you must burn Olof in his bed." They did so, setting fire to his palace on their way home—then gave his ashes a handsome funeral, raising a hög, which we passed by the

other day. From Olof the Tree-cutter descend half the royal houses of Europe.

From Wermland the Norway kings recruited for centuries that royal guard, so famed in history, clad in their uniform of birch-bark, from which they gained the name of Björkbenene, or birch-legs.*

Anscarius never crossed the Clara stream; the Wermlanders were handed over for their Christianities to Olaf the sainted, who, with his chaplain Thorger, propagated the faith by fire and sword.† Thorger got his skull cracked, near where Gilberga church now stands;—"the heathen," says the indignant chronicler, "slaying the man who showed them the way to Heaven."

From that time the history of Wermland is comprised in one awful word, the "DIGERDÖDEN."

Most people in their lifetime sneeze, and old-fashioned folks still exclaim, "God bless you!" In Italy, even in the theatres, men rise and wish you "Felicità." This custom dates from the early age we are speaking of. The first symptom of that great pest was a sneeze: then the pitying bystanders, with sorrowing glance, turned to the newly marked victim, and exclaimed, "May God

* The covering used by the "Bjorkbenene" was probably a sort of coarse matting made of the fibres of the bark, similar to that worn not a hundred years since by the prisoners in Russia.

† The Wermlanders were hard materials to work on. They replied to Olaf's first propositions—"Our fathers from the earliest times have lived in the heathen faith, in all welfare and prosperity. If we were to change, it might be for the worse, and expose us to bad treatment from the gods. Olaf cannot be blamed for his harshness, for his great uncle Hako the Good, educated in England by King Athelstan, bitterly repented on his death-bed of his mildness in not having forced Christianity on his subjects; and when asked by those around his dying couch if he would not be buried as a Christian in Angla-land, answered, "No; I have lived as a heathen, the burial of a heathen will be good enough for such as I."

be with you!" Fearful were the ravages of this dire plague in Wermland: well nigh every parish is mentioned as "ode" (waste).

In the last century a hunter in Elfdal forest shot a blackcock; the bird fell upon what seemed to be a large rock. On climbing up the sportsman discovered it to be a moss-covered building, over which the trees had fallen. He effected an entrance, and found it to be a church, the interior of which remained as the people had left it before the "great death."* This church, which was afterwards restored and used for divine service, was built of timber stocks, and octagonal in form.†

The days now close in fast; it was dark when we arrived at Stömne iron-works, the seat of Mr. Frixell. In two minutes a hearty "welkommen" sounded through the mist. The mother of my host, a venerable lady, could not do enough to fête me—pardoned my bad Swedish—told me how, last Saturday, two bears had come down from the mountains, performing a saraband before the window; then were off before the guns arrived. Next morning at eight was served up a genuine Swedish breakfast, consisting of everything mortal could imagine.

We sleighed for the first stage, passing by Glafva.

* Long before this plague occurred it was revealed to Holy Brita in a dream "that the judgments of the Lord would be poured out upon the country in consequence of the crimes of Magnus and bad Queen Blanka."

† Skaganäs, in West Götland, had also been a populous and well-cultivated place. Some centuries later a tribe of Finns settled there: whilst cutting down the wood they discovered a church among the large trees of the forest. This was the ancient church of Skaga, an old offerkyrka. It was demolished by order of the bishops, who disapproved of the offerings brought by the peasants to its altars.

On a round space planted with trees, towering above the river, a stone, with inscription, points out the site of the ancient heathen temple—one of those erected by the Tree-cutter.

Sledges now replaced by cars, on we drive, up and down—"ups" very long, and "downs" like montagnes Russes. The Elga Fjolen, under a dark-gray colouring, looked passing fair, her pine-hills in deepest woe, decked about in white—true Swedish mourning; behind, a second range, in suits of violet, enliven the landscape. Here and there the lake is frozen hard; in one place lies fixed a large ship taken unawares, and not likely to get off again. The lake is very beautiful, though not quite, as folks said, "Italiens himmel öfver Nordensberg." The stages seem wondrous long. So thought Charles XII. when travelling this way; but instead of swearing,* he sought solace in rhyme, and, after a two hours' journey, brought forth the following doggerel:—

"From Renks Ed strand
To Flogned sand
Is the longest mile in Werme-land."

Without any conceit, this translation quite equals the original.

Leaving the lake, we enter a forest† dazzling in green and white—cross a roaring river, its banks like fairy-land, the black rock powdered with snow, a fringe

* A great virtue on his part. Swearing has always been, and is now, a prevailing vice among the Swedes. In 1668, the clergy endeavouring to bring in a bill against Sabbath-breaking, the House of Burgesses moved an amendment to prevent the parsons from swearing, cursing, and con-damning people from the pulpit.

† Among the inhabitants of the Wermland forest is the Vipera prector of Linnæus—a rare diabolical coal-black-looking creature, of which native naturalists are vastly proud.

of icicles, fantastic and grotesque, on either side of the frothy brown stream;—then followed darkness, and later Arvika.

ARVIKA.

Dec. 5th.—At nine the day dawned—by courtesy, for no sun rose. Before starting there was time to stroll about Arvika—a place boasting a few streets of wooden houses, wisely placed at fire's-length from each other, now roofed in snow; an extortionate inn; and lastly, its situation—on the lake, with dark purplish-blue hills of various hue, each one peering above its neighbour. To the north lies Fryxdal—to me a land of promise, the fairest in Sweden, but scarcely worth visiting beneath the cold snow. From the Råmeberg some authors declare the sun can be seen at midnight in the height of summer, just for a moment—a fiction the natives have heard until they believe it. Elfdal, too, the wildest tract of Wermland, lies not far off—a very hotbed of superstition in the days of the Trolle processes—clinging to old customs forgotten elsewhere; its natives still retained in the last century, and some say even now, old papistic prayers, converted by long use into gibberish. In the following a Latin scholar may still detect some relics of that to the Virgin:—

"Arje Maje grase, Domer i dike, Buller i Amen. Maja i more, Meckel i brore, Messe ree, Bocker Bree. Guds ord, Amen."

Again, a grace said before meals, and we have done, though there are many such:—

"Matt i tirum, Gut i lirum, Silbonass, Sluk i tass, Bråtan grön, Rom te sjön, Satt Guds Angel las i bok, Kors i tanna, mobili poss."

Still, when reading this nonsense, let us look at home. Many remember, not twenty years since, in country parishes, the prayer commonly taught to the children was that of "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John," of which we have almost the parallel here in Wermland.

Wise was the answer given by Gustaf Wasa when, in 1539, the peasants begged him, at Upsala, to retain their Latin mass. "Know ye, my good men, that, think as you will, complain as much as you please, drive me if you will from all I possess in Sweden, wife and children (God knows they are dear to me)—yes, even from life itself; but as for the doctrine of God's holy and pure word, with the knowledge of God I have derived from it—from this never shall you separate me as long as my heart beats and the blood yet flows in my veins."

Little Arvika is mentioned in early history. We read in old Sagas how Gunnar in Arvika's grandson clad himself in red clothes, took boat, and was driven by a storm to an island called Klada, where a priest named Röd succoured him. The boy now retires from the scene, crammed within the image of Thor to play oracle. St. Olaf on a proselytising mission visited the island, entered Thor's temple, and went away again. The god looked disconsolate, and gave no answer to Röd. At last he replied, "Olaf is to be hated and feared when he arrives with armed people." Röd suggested Thor might shake his beard and raise a storm against the king. Thor blew with his lips, a tempest arose, and Olaf could not come. Twice he did this; but the third time it was of no avail. Olaf said, "God has guided me here, and

is more powerful than the enemy." Röd went to the temple. Thor was sad. He asked the cause: "Because Olaf is come, and we cannot resist him." King Olaf makes a speech about false gods, oracles, and the devil, and proposes a trial between the two faiths. Thor trembles, perspiration runs down his face; sadly he consents. A pile is raised and fired, on which Thor and the king wrestle, trying to cast each other into the flames. Olaf is victorious, Thor burnt to ashes, and, with him, the grandson of Gunnar in Arvika.

At ten the karras came—for sledging is at an end; though further to the north, the snow lies less than in Dalsland. The first stage was beautiful—up and down—a mixture of forest and rock in ice aspic, till we came to where Brunskog* church stands queenlike, backed by a sea of sombre pine fading to murky gray, till it mingles with the pale horizon.

Few animals—scarce a magpie is to be seen. Dalkulla pedlars pass by bending beneath their vast packs—peasants clad in sheepskins, bearing their wood on sledges. Indoors, when not chopping sausage-meat, carpentering seems the fashion—the men engaged in making corner-cupboards and spinning-wheels, ornamenting their work with dainty carvings.

Towards twelve o'clock a change came o'er the atmosphere: the sun awoke, but dared not quit his

* Folks tell a story of a lady in Brunskog, remarkable as similar to one in Grecian history:—"A rich lady dwelt at Tobyn, but was so uncharitable she denied a poor sister bread. One day, in crossing the Mangen lake, she lost a gold ring. Friends remarked, 'You are sure to find it;' but she in her pride answered, 'It is as impossible for that ring to be found as for me to become poor.' Both came to pass: a fish brought up the ring—her gård was burnt, her flocks and herds carried off by marauding bands. Other disasters followed; she ended by begging her bread and receiving aid from the sister she despised."

blankets of white mist, so lit up the waters of the Safvelen lake with a roseate hue, streaked where the ice was with white snow-flakes. This colouring, which no artist would dare to portray—for what would "old fogey" say, who sits painting nature in his studio?—pervaded the whole landscape.

CARLSTAD.

By nine o'clock we reach Carlstad—chief town of Wermland, the residence of a bishop and governor. Carlstad stands on Tingvalla ön, formed by the separation of the Clara Elf, which, suddenly dividing, encircles with its two arms the island—then discharges itself into the Wenern. It is a modern city, with church spacious and bare, high school, large market-place, and a pleasant walk by the west arm of the river, now the "quartier noble." Carlstad is said to be a social place in winter, and, as far as hospitality is concerned, my two days' stay sufficed to show that it was so. The Clara river was frozen hard, to the infinite disgust of the washerwomen, who, in round holes broken through the ice, continued to ply their task, beating the linen with extra force to keep themselves warm. In summer steamers run up this same river to a spot at one half-mile's distance from the Fryken lake. Why ain't that half-mile completed? Then from the lake, some sixty miles in length, runs straight to Sunne and Fryxdalen a splendid line of water-carriage.

In one corner of the market lay a heap of frozen monsters—disgusting objects, with full distended stomachs. It was the "lake" burbot, an excellent fish, coming into season towards Christmas time. From those nasty stomachs, now full of roe, capital caviar

is made. Beyond this, and bales of birch-bark, not to clothe "benene," but to place underneath tiles as protection against the melting snow, there was nothing new in Carlstad.

Dec. 8th.—The morning began with snow, followed up by heavy rain ending in slush. We drive along Wettern's strand, by Olme church, passing by the island where once stood the castle of Saxholm.

Two hundred years after the Digerdöden, Wermland fell to the duchy of Duke Charles, who, wise in his generation, called to mind the saying of his father, "Love and cultivate agriculture, mines, trade, books, and art, and your subjects will do so after you." Trade and agriculture were out of the question in this province; but the soil was rich in minerals, and Charles turned these natural products to account. Going without pomp, he dwelt among his bergsmen. As Gustaf Erikson is the hero of Dalarne—as Carl Gustaf reigns still in Öland hearts—so Charles IX. is to this day the monarch of the mineral country. Many of Charles's early edicts are dated from Saxholm Castle.*

On we went, leaving for summer travellers the old wooden fishing-house of Kummelön, where Charles often begged a bed: the room is preserved with most religious care. In some cottages the peasants still retain the helmets worn by their ancestors who served in the king's

* Wermland ladies were a bad set. We read how the châtelaine of Saxholm, taking advantage of her husband's absence at a long church service on Julotta, caused her horses to be shod backwards; then, locking the castle gate, set fire to it, with all her maids inside, and fled with her lover across the frozen lake. When the lord of the castle returned he found his dwelling reduced to ashes; and, like a fool, not suspecting the trick, mourned his lost wife, pined, and died soon afterwards.

guard. Along the Wenern banks are many herregårds —so many the bonde to account for their presence say that, "when the devil sowed the land with nobles, he cast a stone down on each site where he would raise a gård. Somehow or other, when on a long neck of land near Wenern, the cart upset, sending the stones flying in all directions, and there the devil left them."

By one o'clock we reach Christinehamm, a small town named after the proud Juttekone, with canal running Dutch fashion through the centre, and a fine brick church built by Brunius, with archlets gored in white, in the form of the Greek cross.

Charles XII. here passed the autumn months of the year 1718 with his sister Ulrika, Frederic, and the young Duke of Holstein his nephew: never was the king more happy, entering with zest into games like a boy, to the intense horror of the court ladies, who bore on their persons marks of his "heavy hand." As for the Princess Ulrika, her fair arms (the only good point about her) were bruised all colours of the rainbow.*

We make our way northward, through a forest-track, coasting by frozen lakes, one sheet of snow. Charles, on first visiting his new duchy, was so enchanted with this forest, he called it Carlsskoga, straightway inscribing his name on an oak-tree. That tree became historical. Beneath its branches the two dukes agreed to depose their brother Erik, and to reign conjointly.† In memory

* It was about this period Charles, meditating retirement from active life, ordered Tessin to refurnish and set in order the summer palaces in the neighbourhood of Stockholm.

† It marks the boundary between two estates, and is mentioned in an old lawsuit as "the tree under which two kings rested." It was about this time Duke Charles had a dream, foretelling coming events, which he related to his sister Fröken Elizabeth: "Methought I was in

of this meeting they caused a coin to be struck at Wadstena. Upon it were both their ciphers, with a crown above an oak-tree. The followers of the dukes henceforth bore an oak-leaf as a badge upon their helmets.

The snow again falls; all is frozen and silent until we reach the ferry. After a drive of fourteen miles we reach Bjärkeberg, where sledges await us. It is pitch-dark, but we are once more in a civilised country. As the horses trot on, with bells jingling, houses appear brightly illuminated; you fancy it some distant palace, but find it a bergsman's dwelling, cheering the snow-scene. Sleighs laden with iron pass by; at length we reach a long building with light shining through the roof, hear the noise of wild running water, and stop before a country mansion—Storfors.

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a field, and saw there three lions fighting. Two were young, the third was old; lo, and behold! the two young tore the old one to pieces."

CHAPTER LXVII.

Whitechapel needles — Superstitious charcoal-burners — Lady and the magpie — The lynx and her kittens — Baptism of a bell — Fabric of polished flint — Duke Charles's masur bowl — His death — Persberg mines — Dr. Clarke's pancake — The outlawed knight — A rat in duke's trunk hose — St. Lucia's day — Arrival at Stockholm.

STORFORS.

Monday, December 10th. — STILL at Storfors. Brüks-patron Geyerstamm * and his kind frue will not let me go, but will send me with his own horses to-morrow to Philipstad.

Storfors is one of the forges founded by Charles IX., worked in later days by De Geer. The iron bars † are borne on a tramway to a neighbouring lake, whence by alternate boat and rail they gain Christinehamm, and are shipped for England, where they reappear in the form of Whitechapel needles. The works are carried on by water power, which may here be had ad libitum. A nail manufactory was new to me. It is fun to watch the red-hot bars first hammered into shape, then passed on to the next workman, who, with one blow, produces a head, and down the nails tumble into the basket.

There is something grand in these Swedish works, with their appertaining forests. That of Storfors ex-

* An ennobled branch of the family of Geyer the historian.

† The ores of Persberg and Kroppe are used. Though the latter yields a higher percentage than that of Persberg, the iron is of inferior quality.

tends over 40,000 acres. Deprive Wermland of her timber-coal, there would be at once an end to her now dawning prosperity. The charcoal-burner is here kept in order by his hereditary superstition. All lands have not a Skogsfru to look after them. Not many years since no Wermlander would bathe in the lake without first sticking his knife into the bank to bind down the sprite, shouting—

"Neck, Neck, there's steel on the shore.
Thy father was an iron thief,
Thy mother she stole needles.
Away, away! off, quick, and fly,
As far as thou canst hear me cry."

Brukspatron rather scouts the idea, declaring education has done much to rout out such notions; but his youngest child, Master Sven, told me in confidence how a "Tomte gubbe" (Niss) dwelt by the mill-stream —other little boys, friends of his, had often seen him in his gray coat and red cap.*

In the village of Kroppe, by a small lake, Charles IX. had his rustic palace, from whence he superintended his silver-mine of Homkulla, which in 1622 became so full of water it has never been worked since. The iron was till his day carried to a forest-market at Brattfordshed, by the church of Nora, and bartered with the West Götlanders for butter and other products.†

* When a child is born, the Wermlanders place a book beneath its head, that it may learn to read quickly. They spread the father's clothes over a new-born girl, that she may love the male sex. When an infant cries, 'tis the fairies who are sucking its blood. A Wermland mother makes three dolls of rags, with heads of wax, hanging them in the doorway upside down, sets fire to them, and, as the wax falls on the threshold, she, at every drop, strikes with her hand, crying, 'Thus do I strike the elf who sucks the life-blood of my infant."

† The Lubeckers gave in exchange malt and measures of hops;

Colonies of Finns were introduced at this period. The population of the land must have been thin indeed for the peasants to have consented; for even in the present day they look on the Finn women as sorceresses.*

Not far from Carlstad still lives a lady of good birth, over whom many years since a Finn woman cast her spell. One day she begged some food of the lady, who refused: the old woman was importunate; till, losing patience, the lady cried, "Take that magpie hanging on the wall and eat it." The Finn woman answered, "I will, but never again shall you quit your abode unfollowed by a magpie." Next morning the lady left her

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and as beer was a favourite beverage, a ninth part of the metal found its way into the hands of the Hanseatic dealers. On this account Gustaf Wasa caused hop-gardens to be planted throughout the country, as preferable to the sweetgale still used in the northern provinces by the poorer people. In the old song Gustaf Wasa says—

"I have drunk the strong porsöl
Oft in wild Dalarne."

By an ancient Swedish law, confirmed by Christopher in 1440, no man was allowed to collect the bog-myrtle on another man's estate. The berries as well as the bitter leaves are put in the beer, and render it very intoxicating. Linnæus says, in his time people were giving it up, finding it affect the head more than hops.

Very unpleasant way of carrying on business was this bartering. The lady Anna Sture writes a letter full of grievances to her lord Hogenschild Bjelke in prison: "What is she to do? there is not a pinch of salt in the house; she has endeavoured to barter her cut timber with the merchants, but they are so over-reaching—give in and be cheated she never will." As her lord lost his head only a few days later, lady Anna was deprived of his counsel.

* The Finns have always possessed the faculty of charming away rats. When Admiral Prova entered Marstrand with his fleet the ships were so overrun as to render the poisoning of them dangerous. A Finn, having agreed to clear away the evil, sat down and commenced playing on his pipe. The rats followed him until he conducted them to the pump-room, and then caused them to tumble one after another headlong into the water.

house. Scarcely was the hall-door opened when down hopped a magpie, dancing before her, followed by a second, then a third; at last a whole flock. In vain she shook her shawl—flirted her parasol; they never quitted her: and so it went on day after day, year after year; never was she rid of those magpies, till, shattered in nerves, she kept her room. Still the birds pecked and tapped against the window. Seven years have now elapsed, and the lady still lies in her bed with closed shutters. Those who attend her approach with muffled feet. When perchance she speaks, 'tis but to ask, "Are the magpies still there?" And they must needs say Yes: for never is the door opened but they hop in, waiting her coming; and the bonde say that when that lady dies there's not a magpie in all Wermland * who'll be absent from her funeral.

Many trophies of the chase—bear-skins decking the sledges, elk-horns hung against the wall—show these wide forests are not tenantless. Elk-steaks are excellent food, but the animal is an ugly awkward creature, and harnessed to a sledge must be ungraceful as a dromedary. Still, in early ages, they were used. We read how Ulle, a rich bonde of Hollerud, survived the Digerdöden, and attained to great riches; his wife drove in a sledge drawn by an elk, nine miles Swedish, across the ice, carrying Barnsang-grötf to a sick neighbour in Solje. She drove so fast the elk fell down dead on its way home, by a lake still named Alg (Elk) sjön.

When at Carlstad I purchased for ten dollars the

* It is a Wermland proverb, "When cats wash and magpies chatter strangers may be expected." Then, says the book of housekeeping directions, "The pige should sweep out the guest-chamber."

† Lying-in porridge.

skin of a lynx, spotted like a leopard, and was surprised to find it of less account than that of a common fox. Thirteen of these beasts were killed one winter in the forest of Storfors; of late they have become rare. The lynx is a most destructive animal, an arrant poacher—feeding on deer, hare, and blackcock. When hard up he condescends to mutton; but gourmand on entering the fold kills every sheep therein—it may be a hundred—before he sucks their blood. The flesh of the lynx (I pulled a face when told so) is delicious, white and delicate like turkey. All who have tasted it agree; so one can't dispute the fact. Still lynx is a cat, producing her young like kittens, differing in colour and size. There are three varieties:—first, the Räflo, or fox-lynx, the smallest, of a soft, reddish-white fur; — the Kattlo, true panther-spotted;—lastly, the Varglo, or wolf-lynx, which grows to a large size, frequently measuring six feet from the snout to the tail. The claws of these beasts are awful; the peasants consider them, if hung round the neck, a sure specific against cramp.*

Wermland great folks in early times sound like the Surrey Zoo. We have Sheep, Swans, Crows, Bulls, Owls, Storks, Eagles, Burbots, Dragons, Flys, Rams; to say nothing of Hall, Sweepings, Wings, Pipes, Brains, and other very ugly monosyllables.

December 11*th.*—Much snow fell in the night; the sledges were round by eight; bidding adieu to our kind hosts, we started at a rapid pace towards Philipstad.

Wermland horses are of strong Norwegian race, and

* Duke Charles, in honour of his ducal forests, attended the coronation of his nephew Sigismund, attired in a mantle of purple velvet lined with lynx-skin, of the spotted panther variety.

larger than those found in the other provinces of Sweden. A great horse-fair takes place at Philipstad in September. The breed is likely to become bigger still, for, to my amazement, yesterday we met a Percheron stallion, led out to exercise, calling up ideas—dormant since many a day—of cotton night-caps, Cauchois, and the land of cider. The animal had been imported last year. Four yearlings of his progeny stood flattening their noses 'gainst the rails of a loose box in the stable. The road was all animation and bustle. Sledge after sledge glided by, some laden with charcoal, others with Persberg ore. The houses are lofty, well built, and full of windows; but the people have that draggled appearance so peculiar to provinces where costume is no more —where cotonnades and Orleans stuffs have replaced the durable homespun of their forefathers. The sledge rattles merrily with a whirring sound across the ice; from behind the powdered pines rises the dome of a church built in the bottom of a punch-bowl; next appears a colony of snow-crusted roofs. We whiz down a hill, and enter Philipstad.

PHILIPSTAD.

Philipstad boasts as godfather the young Carl Philip: Sweden's Marcellus—a party who, had he lived, would have pulled flies' wings off their bodies, and had orgies at Capri—just like the rest of them. Carl was Duke of Wermland—you recollect, we've seen him wrapped in his sable pelisse in the vaults of Strangnäs.

Duke Charles, on a visit to his favourite bergsmen, Niels and Bengt, at Wekhytte, told them how he wished to found a town at Wermlandsberg. By their advice he visited a peasant living near the lake, and

offered to purchase his land; but the man refused to part with it. Before retiring he observed to his guest, "I cannot lodge your Grace in the best chamber, for of a night we hear a sound of bells: there must be ghosts beneath the floor." Charles begged to occupy the room; and did so. Next morning he told his host, "The bells rang all night; this must be holy ground—a church should be built here." The peasant now accepted the offer. Charles caused Fernebo church to be moved and rebuilt on the site. One bell was lost crossing the ice by Kallhytte Isle; its sister has never forgotten its lost companion, and even now of a Sunday rings to the measure—

"My sister lies in Fernebō Sjön."

You don't comprehend this looking on bells as human beings—in matter-of-fact England we regard them but as metal cast for church or factory; we neither bless them nor our locomotives—hence the sad fate of heathen Big Ben, and the numerous accidents on our railways. In foreign parts archbishops don't disdain to baptize with holy water the first engine at the opening of a new line; and I've seen one just arrived from Manchester hiss, shriek, and squirt in a manner, at the first sprinkle, as did all true Protestant hearts good to hear; but which two hundred years since would have condemned it to the stake, and its maker also.

Some years ago, in fair France, I saw a new bell christened by a cardinal; a godmother was wanted —and where to get one, that was the difficulty. There were plenty of douairières, marquises and comtesses, most devout, but somehow each one excused herself —in plain English, did not care to put their hands

into their pockets; for to stand godmother to a bell is most expensive—it must be dressed, and that right handsomely. His Eminence then wisely sought out a Mde. la Générale Baronne — never mind who — a lady now—in early days a cook, but rich, devout, and generous—for the godmother. This lady, much flattered, accepted the compliment. And if you had seen the bell!—just like a human woman in her cage, cut at the waist in two, most roundabout, clothed in a satin petticoat, with dress and three flounces of Brussels point, a wide sash and bow dangling before. She was baptized Maria Eugénie, and much more besides. This lace became the perquisite of the priest.

No town was yet so protected by royal privilege as Philipstad. Before the present century only seventy families were allowed to dwell there, who furnished all Wermland with necessaries. The peasants for twelve miles round were forced to carry in provisions twice a week for the sustenance of the inhabitants. They do so still, though not by compulsion. On the road you meet neighbours side by side—one woman bearing six eggs in a basket, a second a few pounds of butter;—small produce, exciting the ire of political economists, who wish to establish a more general system of marketing; but the women are obstinate—time is not money to them—they won't be deprived of their weekly gossip on the square. What a dull life poor folks would lead if such men had their way!

This is a straggling, wandering town; in winter gayer than half you pass by, owing to the endless sledges laden with ore from Persberg. Her rulers look fat and comely in their fur pelisses, contentment beaming on their faces. That "iron's up" is evident. Some

years ago another fabric, more pleasing to the eye than "pigs," flourished at Långbans, twelve miles to the north of Philipstad,* for polishing silex, out of which vases and knife-handles were fabricated. There was a certain transparency not found in porphyry or marble; and when a vein of iron ran through the flint in silvery streaks, the effect was beautiful.

Many of the newly-built houses are composed of sender-tegel (slag); the cow-houses and bridges, shining in the sun, appear as of solid granite. In the furnace matters are so arranged, that, while the iron runs one way, the melted silex flows into large square moulds, a few pieces of rough stone being cast in to give it more substance. Hence you see no rubbish-heaps, as in South Wales.

A few hours in Philipstad will satisfy the most curious. Thanks to fire, all is new and fresh, save the old tumble-down inn. They gave us capital "svart suppe" for dinner. "And did you like it?" asked a Wermlander. "We love it in Sweden; but you English are so prejudiced; it is made of goose-blood (u—g—h!), with plums in it."

Wermlanders still treasure up stories of Duke Charles; scarce a cottage, says the historian, but has some tale to tell of his memory.†

* The manufactory succeeded; a depôt was established in London; the first consignment sold in no time—great was the joy of the company; but lo! before the second arrived, the custom-house had imposed a heavy duty, and all hope from England was at an end. The duty has been since removed, but the company no longer exists. A silver-mine has been lately discovered here, and worked successfully.

† One day the duke entered the house of Bergsman Peter Jonson, at Yngs Hyttan, where he met the maid bearing in her hand a "masur" (or pot formed of the root of the birch) full of beer. Charles took the jug and emptied it at one draught. The peasant caused this vessel to be richly mounted in silver-gilt, and preserved as an heirloom. It

When he died, none mourned him as did his faithful bergsmen. There had been no Blood-bath in Philipstad; he was their duke, who lived among his people: "And," said * an old woman, near a hundred and forty years of age, who well remembered the day, "when the news came, and the bells tolled daily, as they did for some months afterwards, all folks wept bitterly; 'for,' cried they, 'God has taken our duke, and good luck is gone for ever from Wermland.'"

TO NORA.

Horses ordered at seven arrived by half-past eight—forbud sent on last night. As the traineaux glide up the long hill, crowds of peasants—miners and their wives—wind in long procession through the thick snow, paying but little heed to theory and theorists. Very beautiful was the forest: the bending pines white and plumy—a waving sea of ostrich feathers, softer and purer far than those at St. James's on a drawing-room day—apt to be grubby. Birch varies the scene with its drooping marabouts; while narrow grasses form saules pleureurs so light and downy they would tone down the features of a gendarme into softness. Whilst lost in admiration, over we go into a snowheap; the driver gave too wide a berth to a coming sledge—destroying our equilibrium. We pick up the pieces, only again to

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went by the name of "store guttår." All great folks who came to Philipstad drank from it. Carl Philip, when young, had his milk out of it; and, in 1778, King Adolf Frederik—great honour!—emptied it at one swig. Then loyalty went down a peg, or kings no longer visited Wermland. M. Scheel (his titles are too overwhelming to give—the lord of the mineral district) told me he had caused strict search to be made, but the cup has disappeared.

* To Fernow, the author of Wermlands Beskrifning.

roll over: no blame to any one—all is white and smooth as a twelfthcake. At last red Moorish towers and queer machinery rise amidst white hillocks—a cascade twenty feet high glittering with pendent stalactites. These are the Persberg mines, so often mentioned—open yawning gulfs—continuous like a rabbit-warren—some great, some small, others exhausted, worked three centuries ago, before the use of gunpowder, when ore was roasted by wood fires until cracked by the heat, and the metal thus set free. Dr. Clarke tells the story of his descent—enough to satisfy the most adventurous—so, not wishing to become "pankaka," we only stop to gaze at the frozen lake, across which the ore travels, meeting a tramway to the high furnaces of Kroppa—then on by rail and lake, lake and rail, until it arrives at Wettern.

Tradition declares Persberg was discovered by a fugitive knight—a murderer and outlaw—who lay concealed on Riddar isle,* feeding himself on fish. Wandering through the forest, he lay down to sleep, and on awaking found his hair full of ore. By some means he forwarded a letter to King Magnus Smek, worded—

> "A knight lies hid on Ostersjön,
> He feeds without salt and bread;"

offering for a free pardon to make known his discovery. Sir Peter Holmfiske received the royal grace, and the iron-mines of Persberg were forthwith worked.

The great affairs of this wide mineral country—price of iron—pigs—bars—are settled at the great ball of Henriksmas, in Örebro. Thousands of skeppsbundet (20 times 20 pounds, Anglicè 400) are bought and sold in the dance; ladies doing their best to bring their

* Near Kroppa, on the Ostsjön.

husbands' pigs to a good market. Which be most dangerous to man's weakness, our English dinners or the Swedish ballroom, is a matter of—wine versus women.

Not far from Persberg dwelt the bergsman Mattes—at whose homestead Charles often begged a bed, tumbling in when least expected. One morn the hustru entered the chamber to fetch his clothes and boots. Suddenly she hears a noise—"A rat, as I'm a sinful woman, gnawing the duke's trunk hose;" seizing a stick, she approached on tiptoes and laid about vigorously till the noise ceased. Then placing her hand in the pocket, she drew forth the duke's watch, an article as yet unknown in Wermland. Charles on awaking laughed heartily, and loved to tell the story in after days.

At Grythyttehed we stop to dine at a pretty hotel near the lake, rich in old furniture: the food was served on china, with bright silver and damask linen.* Two hours we waited, still arrived at the last station before the loitering forbud. Postal arrangements in Wermland are far behind the rest of Sweden. "Our governor," say the natives, "is such a kind good man, we can't bear to torment him; nor does he love to fine the peasantry"—so matters don't improve. Horses after dark are soon found: on we sleigh, and by nine o'clock reach Nora.

NORA.

Dec. 13*th.*—Long before dawn of day a virgin, clothed in white, wearing round her brow a crown of tallow candles, brought coffee to my bedside, sing-

* It was in 1502 Erik XIV. first settled with the peasants about the establishment of the roadside inns, the prices to be paid by travellers, as well as the provisions the gästgifvares were obliged to furnish to all comers.

ing a carol, as is the custom on St. Lucia's day in Wermland and in Nerike—the two provinces where this early Christian saint's day is still observed as a high festival.* For days before each hustru is busy preparing sausages, ham, eggs, cakes, and what not? and when St. Lucia has served her morning beverage, the whole family descend to breakfast. The saintess sits at the festive board, queen of the morning—tallow dripping on her nose and hair; and if the meal lasts long her crown of candles has to be renewed. Then, breakfast over, all the world goes to bed again.†

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* When the northern year consisted of twelve months, each numbering thirty days—the six intervening 'twixt Christmas and New Year counting for nothing—St. Lucia, patroness of early breakfasts, brought the longest night. Though by New Style her day is upset, she is still in high repute.

In early times a Christian damsel, Lucia, each morn long before daylight bore food to the Christians hidden in caves near the Eternal City, for which crime she suffered martyrdom so horrible we won't allude to it. That most ill-omened of all sovereigns, Erik XIV., was born on St. Lucia's morn.

† The natives of these iron wilds are great festival-keepers—on name-days and birthdays they get up small masques, entering your rooms by daybreak, costumed, and making speeches. Christmas in the north provinces is a wonderful time for omens. Young girls have all manner of ways (some very vulgar—looking in the sweepings of the room—if she sees scissors she will marry the tailor) of ascertaining who and when they shall marry; they place under three separate pots a ring, a coin, and a piece of black ribbon—a sort of thimblerig. If the girl turns up the ring, she will be married; if the money, she'll get a rich husband; if the black ribbon, she'll die an old maid. In the midst of the feast one of the party retires and looks through the window; if he sees any of the party without their heads, they will die in the ensuing year.—Then, this point settled, come the gambols. During the three days before Christmas the sun stands still at a certain moment; then whatever action you are committing by thought, word, or deed, will prove unlucky. The Christmas cross is set up, formed of wood, chipped round, so as to appear like foliage. In some parts it is made in the centre of a wheel, like the roods in old parish churches, and set up over the house door. The last sheaf of rye, unthreshed

The railway left at 9, giving me time to stroll through Nora—admire its beauties and small lake. The sun rose lurid behind the hills, in evident mockery of poor St. Lucia and her tallow candles, calling forth fresh tints from the blue mountains and their powdering snows. But folks say the view is prettier still on arriving from Örebro, where from above you see the houses reflected in the clear sjön.

The bell sounds,—off we go in a first-class carriage well stuffed, not ungrateful, after roughing it amongst the mountains and snow—all of which sounds terrible—still never on that journey did I once feel chilly; no, not with twenty degrees of cold. To cut matters short, I'll tell you how to dress yourself on such occasions.

Take as a rule that whatever keeps you warm in

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from the harvest, is set on a pole for the birds, that they may feed. The Christmas cock of straw, fashioned like a doll, is placed upon the floor; a youth lies on his back, bends his legs over his head, trying to catch the figure between his feet; should his shoes come off and fall turned towards the doorway, a corpse will leave that house in the succeeding year.

By the "Gray-goose" law of Iceland, as well as old Norwegian law, a fine is imposed on the peasant who shall not have in his house a bushel of malt and several gallons of beer for the celebration of the Jul festival. Christmas ends on St. Knut's day, 13th January; hence the proverb of "Knut drives Christmas out." Early kings made their "boxes" on the 7th day after Christmas—the French Etrennes. Before the introduction of the Christian faith Jul was celebrated January 24th. The Lap king changed it to December 24th. Between that festival and New Year no master was allowed to flog his servants.

As though superstition was not rife enough, an almanac of "omens," agricultural and supernatural, in rhyme, termed the 'Bonde Practikan,' is published annually.—The peasants with anxiety watch the "blowing of the wind" for the twelve nights after Jul. Should it blow hard on Christmas night, "many sovereigns will die suddenly;" 4th night, there will be great want, so pray God; 5th night, men of science will die; 6th night, plenty of wine, corn, and oil; 8th, jaundice among the old and young; 11th, much cattle die—shoemakers get many hides; 12th, war in many lands—a most lugubrious catalogue.

England does the contrary in Sweden, simply because our ideas of warmth are connected with weight. The heavy top-coat freezes on the body, checking all circulation. Now, if you please, we'll dress ourselves in Swedish fashion. First comes an under-clothing of knitted wool, ribbed and elastic; then a suit of light homespun, loose about the figure; lambswool stockings, filling a fur bottine, with soft sole—over which draw long sealskin boots. Next don a 'coonskin cloak with plaid to keep the collar up, protecting that portion of the throat left uncovered by the lapels of your sealskin cap, under which tuck your beard—much as fat ladies stow away their double chins beneath their bonnet-strings,—or it will freeze: then jump into a sack of Iceland dogskin, sitting upon one flap, the other reaching up high in front, with a small muff formed to place your furred hands in.—Thus attired, you may defy Jack Frost himself.*

We now reach Örebro, find lake Mälar frozen hard, so take the northern bank, and in two days gain —Stockholm.

* In choosing furs avoid, as a rule, those of the seal and beaver: skins of amphibious creatures, although softer, retain less warmth than those of animals that dwell on dry land; even that of the bear, which takes the water, is less comfortable than that of the wolf. The Russian government, who know what's what, supply their military with fox-fur; there is nothing equal to that of a year-old cub, it is softer and warmer than sable.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

False notions of a Stockholm winter — Death of Queen Desideria — Her lying in state — The Day of Condolence — Finale of a court comedy — Breaking of the ice — First of May — Pack up — Nyköping castle — Wibyholm — Christina elopes from her governess — Fatal festivities — Visit to Eriksberg — Departure from Sweden.

WINTER IN STOCKHOLM.

Dec. 20th.—A WINTER in Stockholm—take a book and read how different it is from other places; see the 'Illustrated News' of last year, by "our own special artist," with the Nörrström frozen over—sledges and skaters disporting themselves beneath the palace windows;—then the 'Guide-book' description of Lake Mälar, with sledges whirring in all directions;—turn to a French novel, read of "parties de traineaux,"—"chasses aux loups,"—returns home by moonlight,—finishing the day with chaste salutations;—see a lithograph of "la belle Suédoise," furred to the very eyelids—was ever anything so national?

All which may be answered by the French term "blague!" or, if you like plain English better, "gammon!" The Nörrström never yet froze over in man's memory—sledging parties are now out of fashion—during the winter season all carriages run on sledge irons, which, with the whirligigs on the ice and Montagnes Russes, are the sole nationality. Furs you see more in London than in Stockholm; either people don't feel the cold, or wear them where they are not seen.—

Stockholm, barring the snow, in winter is just like other places. By half-past three candles were lighted; when morning began 'twas difficult to say—somewhere near lunch-time. The cold was intense, said the natives; we strangers did not feel it, the faïence stoves diffuse so general a heat in the houses, and out of doors there is no wind. Christmas was nigh at hand, the court in town, and new arrivals busy with visits—for there is much previous etiquette before a court presentation.*

* * * * * * * *

Dec. 23*rd.*—As a lady of honour sat by the palace-window, gazing at the bright shining stars, a sound of horses pawing the deep snow echoed through the court-yard. "Oh, 'tis Queen Desideria," says she, "starting for the theatre." Then turning she saw the aged queen descend—enter, oh, horror! a black hearse—drive off, and the funeral procession vanished.

Alarmed, she told her tale,† making all folks feel most uncomfortable.

Queen Desideria reached the opera-house; leaning on the arm of her chamberlain, slowly she mounted the staircase; on passing the tambour of the royal box a pane of glass, breaking suddenly, fell shivered to pieces. "J'ai froid," said the queen, shuddering, and entered the salle just as the curtain fell on the last scene of 'Life is but a Dream.' * * * *

* A stranger, previous to being presented at court, has, in company with the Minister, to call on all the Excellencies—Ministers of State, Foreign Ministers, Cordons Bleus, Dames à Tabouret, court functionaries, ladies in waiting—some eighty people, many of whom, on account of their advanced age, never appear in society.

All ladies are presented in black; at the court balls those who do not dance appear in that colour, while the younger portion wear white dresses; no colour is allowed, save in the coiffure.

† Fact.

Early next morn we heard how the old queen had passed away, and by midday all Stockholm was clad in deep mourning. Her end had been long expected. Sole remaining relic of the First Empire, she was one of those favoured children of fortune who, raised from a humble lot, never in days of prosperity forgot the past, nor showed herself arrogant under her new honours. Of her own century—"Bless you," she replied one day to an illustrious lady, speaking of her plans for education, "don't consult me; in my day no one dreamt of spending money on such matters, we only cared to keep our heads on our shoulders."

We saw Queen Desideria lie in state, her body exposed upon a "castrum doloris."* The vast hall was hung with black cloth powdered in gold crowns, and many thousand lights burning; around sat her ladies and others high in office, clad in deep mourning robes, with long black veils; then, after a fortnight's time, they buried her—not in great state, that her religion prevented†—but the old Riddarholm church was decorated in a moyen age fashion which might have served for Birger Jarl himself. Without, the band played a funeral march composed by her late grandson Prince Gustaf. They laid her in the vault beneath the chapel where stands the sarcophagus of her old King Bernadotte—where may she sleep gently till the end of all things!

This death put a stop to gaiety at Stockholm, for mourning in Sweden, not an affair of fancy, is deep and severe; ladies wear white tippets and aprons tied behind with long ends—like nuns, but not unbecoming.

* In Sweden the bodies are exposed at the lying in state, on the catafalque.

† Queen Desideria was a Roman Catholic.

After a fortnight for three successive days all the world went, in black woollen dresses and trains, wearing upon their heads a black crape point, such as you see in old pictures, with a pendent veil, in court parlance termed "Smäck och gravor," to offer condolence to the grande maîtresse. Next came the Klago-dag,* when the queen received first the Swedes, then the diplomatic body. Each country has its own custom; in England and elsewhere foreign ministers, their ladies, and legations have the "droit d'entrée"—here in Sweden they enjoy the "droit d'attendre" until the smallest native fröken has dropped her court curtsy.

So six weeks rolled on, and all the world, clad in black wool, was sorry, very sorry, for poor old Queen Desideria.

Towards February matters brightened up;—the ministry awoke: first, "Foreign Affairs" opened their charming salons; then, to the joy of young folk, a black ball was announced in "Norway"—neutral ground—not so ungay an affair as might be imagined.

About this time a rumour buzzed around that the duchess, whose "situation" had long since been announced, would shortly add a scion to the pépinière of budding royalty, and grande maîtresses, excellencies, all held prepared to honour the event.

"Justice" had announced tableaux and a comedy to be graced by the royal presences. The day arrived—tableaux were over, and the French piece in full play, when a servant, breathless, enters, bearing two letters, one to the king, a second to the first countess of the realm. The king opened the note—the great lady rose trembling in a flutter—and in one minute all was con-

* Day of condolence.

fusion. A second messenger arrives—there were excellencies screaming for carriages—dames à tabouret with not a fiacre to go in—cordons bleus without great-coats, all scrambling, pushing, hurrying, talking, imploring, crying, bundling into anything only to get away. When once embarked, the ladies (there was no time to go home) doffed their black gowns in the carriage—for on such occasions etiquette demands a white garb—rushed up the palace staircase—and, hastily seizing from the hands of the lady of honour, one a pink wreath, a second a blue shawl, a third a green bonnet, in their jupons entered just in time to greet—the new-born Duke of Westergötland.

Whiz went a sky-rocket—next bang, bang forty-eight guns, answered by twice forty-eight from two more distant batteries—then all men knew a "pojke"* was born to Sweden, and Stockholmites in the streets, under the influence of loyalty and punch, cried "Hurrah!"

And they were sincere,—not that people wanted a boy—a princess would have been more grateful: as somebody said next morning, "Now we've five dukes to pray for on Sunday, each by his long name;"—but all were glad to know the duchess in safety, and the very next day H. R. H.'s "kammarjunker" was appointed.

A capital is but a capital after all, and Stockholm betrays no originality. There is much hospitality—balls both at court and private—gay ones too; dancing in Sweden is a necessary exercise, for riding and walking both are impossible† with six or seven feet of snow

* Boy.

† Even the cattle are in the same predicament. No Swedish cow of condition would dream of coming to market save in her own open cart, well stuffed in with trusses of hay. On market-days you may meet dozens arriving in procession.

on ground; the want was visible upon young faces—guardsmen grew fat and the young ladies pasty—till this new birth set all the world a spinning.

And so time rolled on—as the season advanced, flocks of cranes making northwards soared over lake Mälar, blåsippas jewelled the ground, and by the end of March the woods were in full chirrup and fresh fish again appeared in the market.

One morn loud cracks of thunder announced the dissolving ice—snow, too, melted—bringing to view what we had hoped to feel no more—the bad Stockholm pavement. The sun rose uncommon early—routing folks from their beds—and the wind for the first time now blew piercing.

Then came the 1st of May. At Upsala the students in grand procession, each nation headed by its banner, mounted the castle hill, around which blazed the Wollmar fires, both far and near; and there sung their spring carol, commencing "Summer is come, and winter flown" —in mockery of which heavy snow fell next day.

At Stockholm Charles XV., attended by his duke brothers and their suite, cavalcaded in full uniform through the Deer Park, the queen and her ladies driving in state carriages. All Stockholm "rode out" that day, shivering in new bonnets; each balcony was crowded; and everybody supped with everybody.

No verdure appeared. A stray gooseberry-bush or so put forth its leaves, only to be snubbed by the night frost. Still, in the staring light—for spring days are here longer far than with us—dreams of North Sweden —"midsommars waka" in Dalarne, and other projects —rose to my mind; soon to be crushed,—for education is at an end, and womankind WILL go to England.

To hear was to obey.—Wishing myself an Indian,

with ring through my nose and mat round my waist—free from all conventionalities—the "fiat" went forth; boxes are packed and corded, when once more I bend my steps to Gripsholm. Could I leave Sweden without saying adieu to that dramatis personæ who have afforded me so great, and, I trust, my readers, some small, pleasure?—there passed a day among my old friends—chid fair Ebba Brahe for ever doubting the love of great Gustavus—with upraised finger and frowning "fie, fie," warned beauteous Aurora and the fair Cecilia, "Go mend your ways"—told the proud Juttekona, "Don't hold your head so high, for you've no longer a skull to bear the crown within your coffin"—old John Casimir how his stubbly white beard had all turned brown again—and little Princess Isabella that her red shoes were fresh as the first day she had worn them.

So dreamed away the day till twilight came on. Then hastily bidding cross, spiteful old Madame to be less scandalous in her letters (which caution applies to other ladies, where the cap fits)—bid a long and, I fear, a last adieu to Gripsholm.

We sailed for Nyköping, and while waiting there had time to visit that ruined castle of ill-omened fame—now but walls—'neath which the mad stream hurries as though fearing to soil itself in passing, and weird alders bend their half-rotting trunks—then with post-horses made across Sudermania, that tangled province of lake and islet—well may the Swedes say at the Creation, when water was divided from the earth, Sudermania was forgotten—and before long reach Wibyholm, seat of Count Trolle Bonde.

WIBYHOLM.

Wibyholm, an ancient castle of Charles IX., with walls of a thickness scarcely credible, stands on an

island. The house has been modernised since Dalberg's days—more the pity—but its situation is most exquisite. In the salon you seem as though on board ship. On both sides extends the blue lake, studded with small islands so numerous no one has yet counted them. From time to time a fresh one is tacked on by causeway, and laid out as plaisaunce. Many are covered with ätterhögs of various forms, bauta, and rune stones—old Scandinavian burial-places.

In Wibyholm Christina, when removed from her widowed mother's care, made her studies under Countess Oxenstierna, the ugliest woman man ever set eyes on. Her portrait hangs together with the whole race of Bonde and their alliances, many hundreds in number, here concentrated in one gallery.

Tradition tells how the young queen, disgusted at her governess's severity—following her mother's example—bolted, but was recaptured at some distance from the castle, found resting on a hög, still called the Queen's Hill.

The weather was far too cold for boating, so we drove about the country. Gardens and hothouses there are none, as at Säfstaholm, the family rarely visiting Wibyholm, save for one month in the year.

We stopped at the Lancasterian schools, one of the earliest founded in Sweden. Here a small monument tells the tale of a sad event which happened the day of their inauguration.

It was a grand festival in the late count's family—the 23rd anniversary of his own marriage, the name-day of his eldest son. Wibyholm was full of guests, and crowds of neighbours flocked to be present. Scarce was the ceremony at an end when a discharge of cannon

took place. Twenty-two shot were already fired,—at the twenty-third explosion the gun burst, and the youthful count fell dead at his mother's feet.

Two days soon rolled by. Bidding adieu to our hospitable friends, we leave Wibyholm, one of the many pleasant memories of kindness received in Sweden.

We are travelling anyhow,—so Count Bonde kindly lent us a carriage; and having stored away our luggage in peasants' carts, we, accompanied by his son Count Frederik, again set off. Far across the lake, on our way, rose a mansion once the possession of Count Tessin, from which he penned to "the Charmer" the 'Letters to a young Prince,' after his retirement from court. Sudermania is what the French term "bien habité," and contains more "majorats" and herregårds than any province of Sweden, save Skåne.

After twisting and twirling through a maze of fair water scenery we near a stately mansion—drive up a wide avenue of trees, and reach Eriksberg, where we are kindly received by Baron Charles Bonde and his countess, grande maîtresse to H. M. the Queen of Sweden.

Eriksberg is unique in this land of fine castles, a work of the first Tessin, much resembling Drottningholm, containing lofty rooms decorated with painted ceilings by Ehrenstrahl and Taraval. Like all Swedish houses, it is rich in works of art. In front of the house beyond the terrace extend stately gardens, flanked on either side by long lime avenues. The lime is not a native of Sweden; the young trees were imported two hundred years since from Holland, as the bills still preserved at Eriksberg attest. Horticulture in Sudermania is far in advance of the rest of Sweden; here and at

Säfstaholm are fine hothouses with epiphytes and rare exotics—forced roses, strawberries, and raspberries in abundance. The Swedes, like all Northmen, pay great attention to the forcing of early fruit and sweet-smelling flowers.

On the morrow we drive over the domain. The fields are in process of underdraining by pipes fabricated at a brickkiln on the property. In the forges was a nail-manufactory, and we saw various articles of household use and kitchen utensils cast from the molten ore. The iron comes from mines on the estate, bringing a high percentage—the adjoining forests furnish the necessary charcoal. With an inheritance like Eriksberg—boasting gardens, farms, mines, jernbruk, and forty-eight lakes to fish or drain at will and pleasure—no man can find time hang heavy.

The steamer was to leave Nörrköping next day. Charmed with our kind reception, we bid adieu—leaving Eriksberg towards dark. Then sailed next morning, touching each day at various places along the coast already visited—giving time to peep at old friends—and so break the tedium of a sea-journey.

In time we reached Skåne, and after running down to visit Count Stenbock at Thorsjö,—a residence rich in pictures and objects inherited from the Princess Sophia Albertina, — we once more gain Malmö, and bid adieu to the happiest land and the kindest people in Europe.

CONCLUSION.

"A very trifling foolish book—all about necks, hobgoblins, bad kings"—cries good Mrs. Squaretoes, wife

of the —— reviewer, who reads for her husband—"with not one word of politics, statistics, hospitals (foundling, no doubt). Then, too, the morals of the people—when we k-n-o-w how the men drink and the women—h-o-r-r-i-d!" To which the author answers, Very true; but who cares for northern politics?—ain't the Slesvig-Holstein question bore enough for united Scandinavia? Who talks of the Hats and Caps now? Sweden, in peace with all men, ruminates on her dawning prosperity.—For statistics, you can buy them for five shillings, published annually at Stockholm, and leave them as he did—half uncut;—and as for t'other thing—when London and Liverpool present clean bills of health, he promises, like poor Queen Caroline, to be "brim full of shock," write a third volume, and pitch into Sweden.

Till then, preferring "the silver lining" to this northern cloud—he's wandered much like a chiffonnier with hotte on back—cross paths but little trodden—picking up old legends—scraps of history—and now sends forth a sort of Jack-o'-lantern to attract great luminaries, trusting they may not get bogged—as he might have been had he gone deeper.—Books of travels are not literature, but "ephemerides"—things of the day to read and throw by; and he has no wish to grow dusty or musty on any man's shelves, but would rather prove useful to the last in the waste-paper line; and if in some future year, when walking down a bye-street, he comes on an old trunk lined with these volumes—long since replaced by a better work—he will rest—quite content with his—One Year in Sweden.

APPENDIX.

SCOTCH NOBLES.

COUNTS.

Douglas, Robert, Count of Skenninge	1654
Lichton, Robert, Count of Ullishavin	1687
Spens, Jacob, Count of Hoja	1712
Fersen, Reinhold, Count of Granhammar	1712
Hamilton, Gustaf, Count of Hageby	1751
Höpken, Anders, Count of Ulfåsa	1761
Sinclair, Frederick, Count of	1771
Lagerbjelke, Gustaf	1809

DOUGLAS (Baron, 1651; Count, 1654).—Fourth in descent from James, first Earl of Morton,* was William Baron of Wittingham, minister from King James I. to his brother-in-law Christian IV. of Denmark. His son Patrick attained the rank of Marquis. By his wife, Christina Leslie, Patrick had four sons, of whom William, Archibald, and Richard fell in various battles during the Thirty Years' War; Robert, the third son, born in Scotland 1611, entering the troop of the Marquis of Hamilton raised for the Swedish service in 1631, under the guidance of his maternal relative Alexander Leslie.† He became page to Gustavus, and rose to the rank of Field-marshal, Councillor of the Realm, Count of Skenninge, Baron of Skälby. He is termed by English authors Sir Robert Douglas of Whittinghame,‡ in the Swedish "parchment" Baron Wittingham,

* Who espoused Annabella Stuart, sister of James I. of Scotland.

† Sir Alexander Leslie, of Balgonie, field-marshal, governor of the cities of Westphalia, afterwards known as the Earl of Leven. At the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War he was appointed general of the army of the Covenanters.

‡ A portrait of Field-Marshal Douglas exists, painted by D. Beck, eng. Falk, 1651: a fine head, clad in armour, with scarf, skullcap on head, and long flowing hair; again, "as Field-Marshal in Courland," by Killian Meissens of Antwerp; a third by Peter de Jode.

for the naturalised Scotch, as already mentioned, were allowed by Gustavus to retain the title of baron when proved to have been borne by their ancestors. At Jankowitz he commanded the left wing of Torstenson's army, and by his celebrated "charge en muraille," the first ever executed, decided the fate of the day. Violent and overbearing, he is related, in a towering passion, to have boxed the ears of the Duke of Mecklenburg, who had dared to contradict him. On another occasion, 1642, when sent to negotiate with the Austrians—unable to come to terms—he cut down the colonel, and, instead of a treaty, a regular mêlée ensued. The name of Count Douglas appears among the first Knights of Queen Christina's Order of the Amaranth, together with Whitelocke, who frequently mentions the field-marshal, and presents him, on leaving Sweden, with an English horse. In 1647 Queen Christina gave Douglas, as a mark of esteem, her portrait enriched with diamonds. "This must be looked into," cried Charles XI.; the court jeweller's account for that year was overhauled, and, seventy years after the gift, the heirs of the deceased count were made to refund 99,366 rix of the present day, a fourth part of the value of the jewels, with interest and compound interest. This was probably a bit of spite on the part of the king. Count Douglas had opposed the reduction of the Kopparberg annuities, saying, "Our ancestors placed their funds in the mines, drawing great wealth therefrom. In time of need Gustaf Adolf took the mines into his own hands, giving us securities in return, which the Crown would now ignore, and make us lose all we possess." The field-marshal died in 1662, of a fit of apoplexy brought on by excitement of temper. He is described as unlettered, plain, and blunt, diminutive in stature, deformed in person, but active, skilful, and enterprising. The estates of Skenninge returned to the Crown at the Reduction.

This branch of the noble house of Douglas, in order to show the devotion they bore to the exiled house of Stuart, assumed a white rose, badge of the Royal party in Scotland, on which reposes the bleeding heart of Bruce. A traveller may observe it in the Grafchor of Wreta kloster. The Douglases intermarried with the Lejonhufvud, Oxenstjerna, Stenbock—all that was greatest in the land of their adoption.

Though naturalised Swedes, the erratic spirit of the Scotch still displayed itself in the descendants of the field-marshal. We find his two sons, Axel and Adolf, fighting in the service of the house of Orange; again serving in the "Royal Allemand" of France: no

matter—wherever a blow was to be struck in Europe, there was to be found a Douglas.

But wildest of all was one Gustaf Otto, born 1687, a lif-drabant under Charles XII. After wondrous adventures he was taken prisoner at Pultowa, but sooner than remain in idleness he entered the Russian service, where he reappears as Governor of Finland. Having in a passion murdered at table a Russian general of police, he was sent prisoner to St. Petersburg. Peter the Great, chancing to meet Douglas wheeling a barrow with other convicts, straightway pardoned and reinstated him in all his high offices. No sentiment of honour towards the country of his birth influenced his conduct. In 1719 he piloted the Russian fleet into Nörrköping, stole the bones of St. Henry (English) from the cathedral of Åbo, carrying them off to St. Petersburg. Hence the very name of Otto was held in horror among the Finns. The more wicked he became the more honours were lavished upon him, till, when on a commission in Livonia, he caused a noble of high rank to be whipped to death. This was more than even the Czar could stand. Count Otto was advised to retire to his vast estates, where he was still living in 1763, at that time seventy-six years of age. Of his Russian descendants, should any exist, we know nothing.

Charles, present Count Douglas, born 1824, is married to Countess Langenstein, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, by whom he has issue, and resides chiefly in Germany. The Douglas palace at Stockholm was destroyed some few years since.

LICHTON.*—Second on the list comes Robert Count Lichton, whose father, John Lighton, met his death in 1633 fighting with the Scotch troops before the walls of Witstock. Robert, born 1631, first engaging as a simple musketeer, soon distinguished himself as much by his bravery as by uncontrolled violence of passion. Early in life he was compelled to fly the country, having, in a fit of temper, slain a surgeon named Lorenz Gruk. Good soldiers were too valuable to be lost for such trifles. Gustavus pardoned the offender, on payment of 100 dollars fine, and 30 rix to be spent in good deeds among the poor of the parish. Robert advanced rapidly to the rank of major-general and governor of Esthonia.

When Charles XI. first proposed the drawing in of lands pur-

* A Shropshire family. In 1250 Edward Lichton married Elizabeth Devereux, daughter of Earl Ferrers. In 1511 the family were raised to the rank of Scotch Barons of Ullishaven by King James IV. of Scotland, which title Lichton retained in Sweden.

chased from the Crown, no member of the Riddarhus spoke out so boldly as Lichton, who maintained that "His majesty, in a case of sale, was as bound to keep to his word as any private man." The Riddarhus congratulated itself on possessing such a leader. "Lichton," said they, "has twenty-four farms of his own, and he'll not let them be taken without having a fight for it." But lo and behold! when, on January 24th following, the same proposition was brought forward, to the amazement and consternation of all present the Scotchman sat silent on his bench. The matter was soon explained; he had been released from all reduction, on the excuse that he had purchased his farms at too high a price; and seven weeks later he accepts a commission to collect the payment of those very lands whose unjust calling in he had himself so violently opposed. Lichton was little formed for diplomacy: falling into a dispute, he called the burgesses a pack of skinners and scrapers; nor could they be pacified till Charles XI. ordered all parties to hold their tongues and be quiet. When president of the Reduction commission at Åbo, he again got into hot water. Furious with the council, who disagreed with him, drawing his sword he flew at the alarmed board, pursuing them from the town-house down the street; then took ship that night for Sweden, vowing he would have nothing more to do with such a pack of blockheads. At the battle of the Sound, 1674, towards which victory he is said to have greatly contributed, Robert fell riddled with balls, four of which could never be extracted, and remained in his body till he died. He was created count and privy councillor in 1686.

This Scotchman was greatly esteemed by Charles XI., who writes in his Dagbok, with that thorough contempt for style for which the king was remarkable,—"13th January, 1690. His Majesty went out in a sledge upon the ice, with the runners on skates, beyond Carlberg. When I returned home again I went to see Count Lichton at Rörstrand." And when, two years afterwards, the hero was gathered, not to his fathers, but to the dust, a second entry appears:—"30th October. This day was the king's counsellor, Count Robert Lichton, buried in the Riddarholm church of Stockholm (a mistake—Kungsholm). I was at the burial."

The hufvudbaner of Count Lichton still hangs above a small gallery in the Kungsholm church. A stranger may recognise it easily by the leopards saltant, and wheatsheaves, painted on the shield. An epitaph, now washed over, once told the reader how "Jam puer et teneris miles formatus ab annis," &c. &c.; not alluding to his never-ending fights—sword in one hand, pistol in

the other—duels and rows of all kinds—he at last, "indomitus pugnis animum transcribit Olympo." Robert died childless, and with him ended the riotous house of Lichton. A fine portrait of Count Lichton hangs in the dormitorium of the cadets of Carlberg, once forming part of the rifled gallery of Leckö. The general is represented in buff jerkin and armour; a very striking face, worthy of the dauntless Scotchman.

COUNT SPENS.*—In the year 1610 arrived from Scotland one Jacob Spens, ambassador from King James I., charged to treat of the projected marriage between Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf and the Princess Elizabeth of England, though no mention of this treaty is to be found among the existing archives of Sweden. It has been elsewhere mentioned how ill Spens was handled by the Danes. His mission over, he took service under Gustaf Adolf, and again appears on the scene in 1612, as minister to the court of England, whence he returns bearing the Garter to the Swedish sovereign. In 1629 we find him, long since a Swedish baron, busily occupied in raising an united regiment of English and Scotch warriors for the service of his master, by whom he was much loved. Among the archives of the realm is preserved a number of letters from Spens, dating from 1613 to 1631, written during his embassy in London both to Axel Oxenstjerna and Gustaf Adolf. Jacob was a pleasant correspondent; by one of his letters he seems to have received a rap over his knuckles for his gossiping propensities. "He regrets his style does not meet with approval," but assures "that it shall not occur again. Your most observing friend and servant will endeavour," &c. The epistles, penned in an exquisitely neat and legible hand, are worded in fair plain Latin, touching agreeably on passing events: the marriages of Princess Elizabeth and the Count Palatine; the never-ending negociation for the Spanish espousals of Prince Charles—"the proposal for the hand of the second daughter of Gallia," he writes, "will put an end to all good feeling with the court of Spain;" at which Spens chuckles. On the feeling getting right again he feels it his bounden duty to take means of finding ——— [hiatus]; when, at the very moment he is concluding his letter, arrives Christian IV. of Denmark incognito in London, marching unexpectedly into the queen his sister's bed-room. "There's mischief a-brewing; we must have our eyes open," finishes Spens.

* Gustaf III., in his notes on the court nobles, says, Count Spens, of illustrious birth, descended from the English Spencers—quite a mistake on the part of H. M.

Endless are the letters of introduction to Scotch adventurers given by the minister, some of whom are highly respectable; others he begs may not be considered "as his particular friends." One Patrick Gordon, to whose "pedagogia" Count Gustaf Stenbock and his brother have already been committed, but whose task is now finished, has just come back from Poland, 1615, where wicked abominable people have been writing libels, not only against Queen Elizabeth (piæ memoriæ), but against the whole house of Stuart, our most illustrious king included. The King of Poland may say what he pleases; the libels were printed "cum privilegio regali," so he's answerable. His Majesty of Poland, greatly shocked, will do anything, but had not James better answer the libels in his own beautiful Latinity?

In 1623 there is a screw loose somewhere. Lord Robert Stuart of Middleton, son of the Earl of Orkney, once secretary to the Vice-Chancellor of Poland, the king's own kinsman, with Sir John Vizard, "a gilded knight," is appointed to command 8000 Scots raised for the service of the Polish king. Scots in Sweden, Scots in Poland,—where are they not? Spens don't like it all; he will try and get a peep at King James's letters, and does so, causing them to be cribbed from the envoy's "scruitio" (escritoire) whilst absent from home in audience with his Majesty, but implores Spens, in an agony of fear, "O Domine generose! in case Stuart should come to Sweden later, do pray have the copies removed from amongst my manuscripts and placed among those of the Dutch minister, so that, if he finds them, he may fancy you got them from Holland." Spens's eyes are everywhere. The brother of the Earl of Melrose has invented a sort of infernal machine, making twenty "deplosiones" (explosions) at a time, which will prove very serviceable against cavalry. The canny Scot will not disclose the secret to the king without the assurance of a proper recompense; but Spens is wide awake, and if possible—could "Dominus magnificus" oblige him with 4000 dollars?*

The correspondence with Gustavus Adolphus dates from 1614, commencing with instructions in a Latinity more worthy of a monk than a Protestant commander, that "Dominus Spens omnem

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*In the armoury of Sko kloster is preserved a sort of revolver, with 12 barrels, mounted on a carriage, bearing the date 162–. No history is attached to it, save that it would not explode, and was of foreign workmanship, giving reason to imagine it might be the identical model Spens had promised to prig from the Scotch lord.

lapidem moveat" against Rudbert Stuart and his accomplices in the service of the King of Poland, and withdraw the King of England from such unholy relations. When once these troops are raised, why, they may invade Sweden from any English port. "Does the king call that neutrality? it is downright hostility," fumes Gustavus. The envoy so far succeeds as to procure an assurance from the English Government that the newly raised troops are not to be turned against Elfsborg. Young Spens, busy raising soldiers for Sweden, hints money not to be forthcoming from Poland, which news is most comforting; and of the 9000 Scots raised for the King of Denmark in 1627, many, dazzled by the brilliance of "your Majesty's renown, prefer serving under your victorious banner, with all the chances of war, to good pay in Denmark."

What are the Poles going to do with their new-raised forces? Spens don't like it at all, but Thomas Rowe, secretary at Constantinople, vows the Sultan of Turkey has sworn to regain the Hungarian crown, which will cause a diversion to the Imperial forces. In 1629 a Scot named Mackay* wishes to enter the Swedish service: having for many years served the King of Denmark, and there learnt his craft, he naturally has a thorough knowledge of their forts, and may, "auxiliante numine divino" (Heaven helping), prove very useful in the Oresund. At length three regiments get under weigh, commanded by their colonel the Earl of Crawford.†

The poor envoy, finding great difficulty in procuring the payment of his salary during these troublous times, writes a piteous letter to his king, begging for a remittance to pay 300 rix he owes to the innkeeper at Westerås,—he can't get any further,—at the same time sending his son to the king's service; times are far too

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* Sir Donald Mackay, Lord Reay, died Governor of Bergen in 1649. All we know of him is a most hypocritical love-letter, date 1646, addressed to a rich young lady—as good as a sermon, full of Canaan, Galilee, his own virtues, and how happy the Swedish maiden would be if she took him.

† General George Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, was slain by a lieutenant of his own regiment, whom he had struck with a bâton. Though acquitted by a court-martial, "yet General Lesly, being then Governor of Stadon (Stetin), where the earl was buried, caused him (the lieutenant) to be immediately apprehended and shot at a post." Many of the family—Alexander Lord Spynie, Henry, John, and Ludovic (who, a Romanist, joined the Imperial forces)—fell during the war in Germany. No member became a naturalised Swede, though one-third at least of the Scotch settlers claimed cousin by mother's blood.

hard to keep him idle at home, he can't afford it. On the non-payment of the first and second bill of exchange from London, he draws on Gustaf himself for 15,000 dollars. In 1622, the French marriage being decided on, Villiers Duke of Buckingham sets out to bring the bride from Paris. Among the conditions ceded, as in the Spanish case, the princess is to be allowed a Roman Catholic bishop and twenty-six ecclesiastics for serving the royal chapel, who were all to live in the palace; "by which we may see," adds Spens, "how little real change of opinion has taken place in the opinion of the council." In 1627 matters grow mysterious; ciphers appear; perhaps it's as well they do, for expressions of "supina regis Angliæ negligentia—perfidia," &c., frequently turn up, and, as Spens says, "those wicked Dunkirk pirates intercept everything." The 13th September, 1631, a letter penned in Germany, of congratulation on some hard-bought victory, closes the long correspondence of the most observing servant to his much-loved master. On receiving the news of the tragedy of Lutzen, Spens fell down in a fit of apoplexy and expired. His son Jacob distinguished himself in the Russian war of Charles XII.'s reign, became lieutenant-general, and in the year 1712 was raised to the rank of a Swedish count—"Grefve til Hoja" he signed himself. The family at first preserved their old Scotch habits, intermarrying with the Ramsays and Drummonds, settlers like themselves in a foreign land. The Counts of Spens still flourish, a numerous family, in Sweden.

FERSEN.—Long before the birth of Christ, says the genealogy now lying before me, there lived in the duchy of Hesse a tribe of "gamla Catter," who, emigrating to Scotland, gave name to the county of Caithness. In 1160 one of the family, after making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, took orders, and became a pherson (old Gaelic for parson); his children, in consequence, bore the name of Macpherson. In 1304 some members of this ancient race are found in Pomerania, holding high office. The Swedish illustration of the Fersen house commences with the Thirty Years' War and the Danish invasion of the 17th century. Various members rose to high military rank, and are named as intrepid warriors; but the real interest of the family dates from the reign of Gustavus III. and his father, when we find in the Landmarshal Frederick Axel, whose portrait hangs in the Riddarhus, a most strenuous opponent to the royal authority. A more determined man than Count Fersen never existed. When imprisoned at seventy years of age by Gustavus III., together with other nobles, none of whom felt sure of their lives, he ordered his wife to receive company as usual, and

frequent all fêtes and public amusements; adding, "If I be condemned to death, neither you nor my children are to beg my grace." His daughter continued to perform her duties as lady of honour to the queen. Count Fersen was released two days previous to the holding of a chapter of the Seraphim. In he marched, and walked up, bowing to the king, as though nothing had happened. Even Gustaf was taken aback at his nonchalance,* and, in speaking of Count Fersen, is reported to have said, "He is the only subject that I can deign to measure myself against without injury to my royal dignity." Count Fersen died in 1794, the richest man in Sweden.†

Another advantage belonged to the Fersen race—that of hereditary beauty. Among the ladies of Louisa Ulrika's court three shone pre-eminent, whose fair features you will often see repeated by the painters of the day and in marble by Sergel. These three daughters of Count Carl Fersen—Ulrika Countess Höpken, Sophia Countess Lewenhaupt, and Christina Countess Löwenhjelm, all in their youth maids of honour to her Majesty—were termed the three Graces, and figured among the corps dramatique of Gustavus III. in his theatricals of Gripsholm. In the green-room of the castle hang small full-lengths of two of these beauties, one leg in air, pirouetting round, with lighted torches in their hands, together with other members of that young and joyous court. Sophia, their cousin, is not among the number, by far the most celebrated of the name, who "gave the basket" (Anglicè, refused to marry) to the king's youngest brother, Prince Frederik Adolf, of Östergötland. Of her more later.

You have all heard of the beau Fersen "Cocher de Varennes," son to the old landmarshal. At an early age he visited France, where, for his own fair person and his father's sake, he was well received. He commanded the "Royal Suédois," and enjoyed the favour of the Dauphine Marie Antoinette. When Gustaf came to Paris and found "le beau Fersen," as he was called, his own subject, "la fleur des pois," he did not approve, so carried off the favourite with him to Italy, considering Swedes of such quality were best placed about his own august person. At the commencement of the revolution Fersen was sent to Paris by the king to watch the course of events. The

* Count Hamilton describes him as a man framed to be the terror, not the support, of a court.

† Independent of the menacing portrait of Count Fersen as landmarshal which hangs in the Riddarhus, is a pastel by Lumley in the gallery of Gripsholm.

story of his devotion to that unhappy queen (which of itself proves his Scotch descent)—how he had made that lumbering, clumsy coach, causing suspicion by its peculiar form; how, disguised, he drove it himself, "le cocher de Varennes;" how the plan failed, and then the tragedy—are stories too well known to need repetition. After the death of Marie Antoinette, Fersen returned to Sweden in time to see the master he so well loved assassinated. But time brought consolation.

It was on June 20th, 1810, as Grand Marshal of the Realm, Count Fersen followed in state the bier of Crown Prince Carl August, of Augustenborg, to Riddarholms Kyrka in Stockholm. The elected heir of the Swedish throne had suddenly died of apoplexy at Ramlösa. A story, no one knows how, got circulated amongst the people that poison had been administered to him in a cup of tea by the Countess Piper at the request of her brother the grand marshal. As the funeral cortège entered the city gates, Fersen in his coach drove at the head of the procession. The gorgeous dress of the marshal seemed to mock the sorrow of the beholders; a murmur arose, and cries of "Murderer!" Soon stones were hurled at the carriage. On arriving at the corner of the Store Nygatan the vehicle was stopped. Fersen endeavoured to escape into a house, but was pursued by a ruffian band, who tore off his orders and his clothes, casting them down into the square below. Two magistrates, having rescued the wounded nobleman, persuaded the mob to allow them to conduct him to prison, promising the case should be investigated. Pale, bleeding, and almost naked, he was led forth and gained the steps of the Rådhus, when a second rush was made by the populace, who literally beat the count to death with their sticks and umbrellas, carrying off shreds of his clothes as relics.

Israel Hvass, a writer of the last century, says, "We Swedes are a strange race; no nation is so proud—there is something of the old viking blood still extant. If we cannot destroy others, we begin to destroy ourselves; and when the mischief is done, there are not roses in the land sufficient to cover the graves of our victims. Careless and easy, long oppressed before rising—when once excited we perform deeds noisy as thunder in the sky—then for a century snore so loud all Europe hears it."

The mutilated body was laid in the police-house, and later buried in the family mausoleum, near Sigtuna. Such was the end of the "beau Fersen," the petted, heroic "cocher de Varennes," gunstling of two sovereigns, like whom he came to a tragic fate. No fault has

been laid to his charge; he was endowed with all the advantages of birth, beauty, and education—maybe a little proud in manner towards his equals, but his inferiors, down to the lowest peasant, he treated with an affability which endeared him to all hearts. The truth of this murder, and by whom instigated, remains, and will remain, a mystery, until that day when all things are revealed. There can be no doubt it was a planned conspiracy in some high quarter, otherwise the soldiers stationed upon the Riddarhus square would not have remained inactive. Not one step was moved, nor one blow struck, to save the victim from popular fury. Officers as well as men calmly looked on, unaiding.

An aged man, still alive, in an account of this murder, which he witnessed as a boy, states, "Baron Djurklou with his Svea guards surrounding the statue of Gustavus Wasa might have prevented the deed, but did not stir. I saw the adjutant-general, Silfverstolpe, waving his hat from a window, as though to encourage the people. After it was over," he continues, "a ruffian offered me a piece of ribbon from the dress of the murdered man for the sum of sixteen skillings. A woman, as I passed by, holding a bloody lock of hair torn from the head of the count, shoved it under my nose, crying, "Does it not smell nice?" Charles XIII. was at his palace of Haga, and is generally supposed to have given orders to the commandant, in case of an attack on Count Fersen, not to interfere. The command of the king was too servilely obeyed.

Scarce had the count breathed his last when the multitude rushed to the Fersen palace, intending to massacre the Hofmästarinna of Queen Hedwig Elizabeth, Countess Piper (the fair Sophia Fersen), who, forewarned, had already escaped, disguised as a peasant-woman, in a boat to Waxholm.

Marie Antoinette presented to her favourite Swede a splendid service of Sèvres china, which, some years since, was sold for a song at Stockholm, by the family, ignorant of its immense value. Part of this heirloom was purchased by Baron Rothschild; the remainder is in the possession of his Excellency Count Christian Danneskiöld Samsö. The reason assigned for its dispersal was, that, used alone upon high family festivals, when joy and mirth should prevail, the conversation turned upon murder, revolution, and sad memories that the guests were only too glad to consign to oblivion.

The MacFersens are now "out;" one daughter of the house alone remains, the Countess Carl August Gyldenstolpe, who still bears on her seal the device of the Gamla Catter.*

* A cat.

HAMILTON: ennobled 1651.—Among the numerous Scotch families who have made their home in Sweden, none hold a higher place than the illustrious house of Hamilton: they are wide-spreading, have prospered in the land of adoption, are allied with all that is greatest, and still hold the highest offices of the realm.*

James, fourth Duke of Chatelhrault, was father to the Earl of Arran, whose marriage with Queen Elizabeth as well as with Mary Stuart was often mooted in the councils of either realm. The second son, John Marquis of Hamilton, well known in the annals of the war in Germany, lost his head during the supremacy of Cromwell. From a third son, Claudius Baron of Paisley, ancestor of Lord Abercorn, the Swedish branch derive their lineage. Ludvig, Hugo, and John, sons of Malcolm Archbishop of Cashel, entered the service of Gustavus as common soldiers in 1624, distinguished themselves, rose to honour, and, in consideration of their high descent, were allowed to assume the rank of baron, as borne by their grandfather in Scotland. From these brothers spring the distinct branches of the Counts Hamilton, the Barons of Deserf and Hageby. Hugo, returning to England, was raised to the Irish peerage (1660) by King Charles II. as Baron Lenally.

Maybe the pure Scotch blood had cooled down from mingling in the courts of France; at any rate the Hamiltons proved a race of settlers far less obstreperous than those already mentioned. Faithful to old hereditary customs, they still served in France; where in the eighteenth century Count Gustaf David appears in garrison at Strasburg. Though a young man, he was deeply religious, and held in horror the atheists of the day, and Voltaire more than anybody. One day the cynic trespassed on forbidden ground; Hamilton straightway caused him to be arrested and dragged to the guard-house in an uncourteous manner. "Que voulez-vous?" exclaimed Voltaire, shrugging his shoulders, on hearing by whose orders he was detained. "Ce n'est qu'un Ostrogothe." The young officer was of an absent nature: one evening, when playing at cards in the palace, he sat tipping his chair, and, overbalancing, fell backwards into the cabinet where Marshal Saxe was writing his despatches. By no means embarrassed, he excused himself: "Monseigneur, si c'était dans les canicules, vous me croiriez fou." "Jeune Comte Hamilton," replied the marshal, "quand la disposition y est, la saison ne fait rien." Whilst stationed on the Rhine, Count Gustaf tried to have

* Arms: three cinquefoils, oak-tree; like Sir E. Hamilton's of Trebisher, co. Brecon.

his sister appointed chanoinesse in some German chapter, but was refused, his mother not possessing the requisite number of quarterings. The blood of his ancient house fired at this insult; he would have liked, after the unruly custom of his ancestors, to have laid low in ashes the convent. To console his wounded pride, the German abbess wrote, "The King of France himself could not be received a sister! on account of his descent from a doctor's family —the Medici;" adding, how a Turkish emperor who turned Christian was refused admittance as canon in a (male, I suppose) chapter, because his mother, a Circassian slave, possessed no quarterings. After reasoning such as this who could remain dissatisfied? At sixty years of age we find our hero loaded with honours—field-marshal, and, better still, a steady friend to the oppressed peasant tribe in Skâne, doing much by his example to convince the nobles that poor people were human beings like themselves. The bonde by law was compelled to furnish horses for the post; often in harvest-time the higher classes would keep skjuts (postboys) waiting for hours, sometimes two days, thus ruining their harvest by the delay. Count Hamilton publicly rebuked the governor of the province on one occasion as a "Plagbonde" (peasant-plaguer).

When the gipsies first appeared in Skâne they quite overran the province. To the horror of the townsmen, Count Hamilton, wishing to reform these vagabonds, enrolled a company in his regiment stationed at Warberg; before ten days were over every house was robbed—such complaints of rifled hen-roosts, pilfered silver spoons, the colonel commanding was wellnigh distracted. The old Calvinist tendency came out strong in the field-marshal—not at all to the taste of that light-thinking century: independent of very long prayers, to which, both morn and evening, he compelled the attendance of young officers, he patronised sermons of most uncommon length, watching with eagle eyes those present. Observing a young lieutenant exchanging glances with a lady, when service was over he packed off the offender in a carriage, publicly saying, "If you are not worthy to attend the house of God you are not worthy to sit at my table." He did his best to put down drinking in the town pot-houses. Finding there existed a club of old men who after ten o'clock, regardless of regulations, continued their potations, he caused the whole society, in dressing-gown and slippers, to be dragged to the watchhouse, where they passed the night. Count Gustaf did much good in his day; only, like other reformers, he went about his work too hastily. His son Adolf Ludwig (ob. 1802) wrote the memoirs of his father, now in the possession of Count de la

Gardie. He tells how King Adolf Frederik, who was very stingy, presented the field-marshal with a snuff box of wood turned by his own royal hands.* Queen Louisa Ulrika, observing a smile play round the lips of the receiver, commenced talking of the great value attached to a work fashioned by royalty. "Certainly, madam; no doubt; and I feel duly grateful for the compliment; but had I chosen myself, I would have rather the king had been a goldsmith than a turner." Queen Louisa, hated Count Hamilton, and, wishing to humble him, remarked in his presence, "How unjust it is that the king's coachman, who holds in his hands the life of the sovereign, should be but a menial; surely he should bear the same rank as a general, or at the very least a colonel in the army. Am I not right?" asked she, turning to her attendants. "Perfectly, your Majesty," replied they; adding, in an under tone, "What judgment the queen has!" Hamilton, out of patience with this servility, spoke out boldly: "If your Majesty makes the king's coachman a colonel, surely the horses, for their tameness and docility, should be appointed lords in waiting."

HÖPKEN (English).—About the year 1631 the Germanised family of Hopkins first make their entry into Sweden, not, like the Scotch adventurers, by right of arms, but quiet respectable burgesses of Bremen, declaring themselves to be of an ancient English race, which had quitted their native land during the religious persecutions of Queen Mary, and been ennobled by the Emperor Maximilian II. in 1571. Unluckily, the parchments of the family were either lost, stolen, or strayed; but Hopkins being an aristocratic name, the claim of the house was accepted; in 1649 we find them duly enrolled as members of the Swedish nobility. Early in the succeeding century, 1720, Daniel Nicolas appears on the scene as baron and Minister of the Home Department. Tessin, in speaking of this statesman, writes, "C'était l'homme du monde qui s'énonçait le plus clairement lorsqu'il voulait se faire entendre; mais lorsqu'il ne le voulait pas, nul abîme n'approchait de son obscurité."

One day, on reading the copy of a reply to Mr. Finch, the English minister, King Frederik interrupted, exclaiming, "I don't comprehend one word you are saying."—"So much the better," replied Baron H.; "I have taken trouble enough in rendering it unintelligible." A good diplomatist, when in a fix he took refuge in sublime nonsense. The talent of the Höpken race displayed itself rather in

* The tools and turning-machine of his Majesty are preserved in a basket at the Klädskammer.

civil than in military service. Anders John, son to the above, attained the dignity of count in 1761.

SINCLAIR.—David and John, sprung from a younger branch of Lord Sinclair's family, connected with the Stuarts of Blantyre, Lord Lindsay of the Byres, and other houses of note, were among the most ardent supporters of King Charles I. in Scotland. During the reign of Cromwell, quitting their native land, they took service under Queen Christina. John died of his wounds before Thorn. When in 1655 the brothers were first ennobled, in the centre of St. Andrew's Cross, borne by their ancestors, they added, in memory of the lost royal cause, "a white rose." David fell killed by a shot under the walls of Warsaw before the eyes of Charles X., who much regretted his death.* It is said that the fathers of our two heroes fought under the banners of Gustavus.† Andrew, a third member of the same family, engaged as simple musketeer in Robert Stuart's regiment, 1614; when as a corporal before Thorn he eight times repulsed the enemy from the post committed to his charge, falling at the last onset riddled with balls, which remained unextracted till his dying day. This hero has already appeared upon the scene as the gallant defender of Marstrand.

In the year 1739 one Malcolm Sinclair was despatched by the Swedish government with orders to buy up the liabilities contracted by King Charles XII. during his imprisonment in Turkey. Matters were satisfactorily arranged, and Sinclair bent his way homewards in company with a French merchant. When at Moldau the hospodar showed him a letter stating that a price was set upon his head. In consequence of which, Malcolm, changing his route by way of Poland, passed into Silesia without hindrance; near Grünberg the carriage was stopped by a band of Russian officers, who, taking away his sword, declared they had orders to convey him back to Breslau. Having compelled the driver to turn and enter a wood adjoining the high road, they straightway despatched the Scotchman. "You have nothing to fear," said they to his companion; "he has only got what he deserved, for he was an enemy to the Grand Master of our Order,

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* 20th July, 1656. Queen Louisa Maria Gonzaga sat on the bridge over the Vistula, encouraging the Polish soldiers to fight for their faith and their country. "We will," replied they; "we only want good stakes to drive these poor Swedes out of the country." The battle raged fierce and bloody. Carl Gustaf and Sir David Sinclair were driven back with loss; and Sinclair, says the historian, was but one of the many heroes who fell on that day.

† According to the Scotch roll, already appear David and John Sinclair, as colonels of horse, fighting under the banner of Gustavus in 1632.

and as such a foe to God." The brigands, having rifled the body, carried off the despatch-bag. A packet of letters with broken seals, and Charles XII.'s notes of hand, sewn up in oilskin, were, two months afterwards, forwarded to the Swedish government through the Hamburg post. Though Catherine expressed her imperial displeasure at this murder, little credit was given to her assertions. All Sweden raged with anger and indignation; a popular ballad, still often met with among the country people, called 'Malcolm Sinclair's Lament,' added fuel to the flame, in which "every true Swede is called upon to avenge Malcolm Sinclair's blood." If not the cause, the murder of the Scotch envoy stirred up the storm which burst forth in the great Russian war of the eighteenth century.

A Kit-kat portrait of Malcolm Sinclair in uniform hangs in the gallery of Sko; two others, both painted by Scheffel, one in 1728, the other 1730, amongst the officers of the Svea life-guards, is in the collection of Gripsholm.

The Sinclairs were much about in the seventeenth century. Spens, in his letters of 1613, writes from London: "Lord Anders Sinclair was here as minister of the King of Denmark eight days before me, on his way to Spain."

LAGERBJELKE.—Early in the seventeenth century, when pedantry was rife, a Scotchman settling in the town of Göteborg was known by the classic name of Fistulator; and very much puzzled was I, on first seeing it, to make out the meaning, till it struck me that fistula in Latin means pipe, and that the assumed patronymic was nothing more than the Scotch name Piper, of whom there are three branches settled in Scandinavia: first, Count Piper, known to all admirers of Charles XII.; secondly, the family of Løvencrone, in Denmark; and lastly, the subject of this present notice.

The Lagerbjelke (ennobled 1698) first appear advancing money to the crown in 1712, during the captivity of Charles XII. at Bender, who writes a letter expressing his royal approbation, giving orders that the lender is to be repaid with interest.

Count Gustaf Lagerbjelke, a descendant, became First Secretary of State, and in 1801 led the negotiations with Denmark which prevented the threatened attack of the English upon the Swedish fleet at Carlscrona. He accompanied Gustaf IV. in 1804 on his unlucky foreign tour. When that sovereign determined on the destruction of the Royal Theatre, in which his father was murdered, no arguments proved of any avail until Count Lagerbjelke persuaded the king to stop the already commenced demolition of the building. When sent ambassador to Napoleon, but badly paid, he got into difficulties, was

arrested for debt, and remained an inmate of Saint Pélagie until released by the generosity of Bernadotte. Count L., who is described as one of the greatest statesmen and brightest ornaments of the court, died 1837.

BARONS.

Spens, Jacob	1622
Forbus, Arvid	1652
Fleetwood, George	1654
Hamilton of Deserf, Hugo and Ludwig	1654
Duwall, Jacob and Gustaf	1674
Clerck, Hans	1687
Hamilton of Hageby, Malcolm and Hugo	1689
Stuart, Carl Magnus	1703
Maclean, David	1708
Feiff, Casten	1715
Bennet, Wilhelm	1719
Höpken, Daniel	1719
Stremstedt	1719
Sinclair, Fred.	1766
Höpken, Carl	1771
Pfeiff, Peter	1772
Hermelin, Carl	1760
Klerker	1809
Haij, Erik	1815
Erskein, Alexander (never introduced)	1630

FORBUS.*—Early in the reign of Charles IX. Jacobus Forbesius, a Scotch Calvinist, arrived at Upsala for the express purpose of disputing with the Swedish Lutheran divines on the doctrine of transubstantiation. The learned Scot harangued a full assembly of preceptors and students. To the arguments set forth, in due course of time the Swedish clergy replied at full length—most likely Forbesius, alarmed at the long-winded prosiness of northern reason-

* According to the Swedish genealogy, an ancestor of the Forbes family, having slain a bear, received the name of "Forthe-beast"—"strong beast,"—and adopted the animal on his shield.

ing, took to his heels. One thing is certain, he never answered; and to this day there exists a copy of the Swedish treatise in the royal library of Stockholm, each paragraph concluding with the following words:—

"Ad hæc Forbesius nihil."*

This was a great triumph to the Lutherans: hence this line has passed into a proverb, amongst students who know their Latin, when a man would say, "He has not a leg to stand on."

From whom Jacobus derived his lineage, or even where he went to, we know not. About the same period one Ernald Forbes came to Sweden, whose eldest son Arvid, born 1598, entered the service of Gustavus, bringing from Scotland letters manual, signed by King Charles I., stating him to be of noble birth, from the old race of Thainston, Masters of Forbes. Arvid distinguished himself, rose to the rank of general of infantry and governor of Pomerania, was created "Baron til Kumo:" he died 1665, and lies buried beside his wife, Anna Boije, in a beautiful "kopparkistor," beneath the Forbus grafchor of the Riddarholm church. With Arvid the barony of Forbus became extinct. Jacob, his only son, died when a youth, killed by a fall from his horse. He left one daughter, Sophia, married to Count Axel de la Gardie, who, says the genealogy, gave a new pulpit to Fittja church, in Upland. From Matthew, second son of Ernald, descend the present ennobled family, termed Forbes of Lund.

FLEETWOOD (English).—William Fleetwood, county Lancaster, anno 1320, espoused Gwadis, daughter of Meredith Prince of Wales. Passing over three centuries, we find George, son of Sir Miles Fleetwood, born at Oldwinkle in 1603. The family were already connected with Sweden through the mother of Lady Fleetwood, daughter of Count Gyllenbroke. At six-and-twenty years of age George, having raised a squadron of horse, joined the Swedish army in Germany, and on his return to England received the honour of knighthood from King Charles I. as a reward for his gallantry, and four years later represented the Swedish king at the court of Whitehall. Again we find him in England, after a lapse of twenty years, minister extraordinary to his relation Cromwell from King Charles X. of Sweden. Sir George Fleetwood rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, Baron of Jälunda. Queen Christina, as well as her widowed mother, whose favourite maid of honour, Brita

* "To these arguments Forbes was silent."

Gyllenstierna, he espoused, granted him considerable possessions, all of which returned to the crown at the Reduction. He died in 1667, and lies buried in Nyköping church by the side of the lady Brita. Sir George is described in his funeral sermon as "a good manly upright gentleman;" lady Fleetwood as "a right fruitful spouse." Hence her numerous descendants to be found spread over the various provinces of Sweden. Gustaf, the eldest son, took service in Charles II.'s life-guards at the Restoration, but later returned to the country of his adoption.

Among the papers of Sir William Fleetwood, cupbearer to King James I. and King Charles I., a brother of Baron Fleetwood, was discovered a letter, dated 22nd November, 1632, giving an account of the battle of Lutzen. Like Alder Salvius, he mentions the conduct of Albert of Saxe Lauenberg, and the suspicion of "foul playe" which pervaded the army.

DUWALL.—Albert Macdougal, of Mackerston, born 1541, came to Sweden late in the sixteenth century, and died fourteen days before Easter, 100 years old, leaving nine sons, all of whom served in the army during the Thirty Years' War. In 1626 he was steward to Queen Christina the elder, at Örbyhus. His son Axel Duwall appears on the first list of the Riddarhus in 1626. His portrait hangs among the heroes of Carlberg, and again is found engraved by Akrell, as Governor of Kopparberg; also in the Riddarhus as landmarshal. From a second, Jacob, springs the extinct line of the Barons Duwall, of Leibus, in Silesia, to which honour Jacob, long imprisoned in Russia, was elevated (of all singular ideas) forty years after his death by King Gustavus. From Maurice, the third son, rose the likewise extinct ennobled branch of the Macdougal family.*

The children of the old man, says the historian, did not hide themselves in a corner. James Forbes and John Oxenstierna, on their return from Scotland, brought numerous letters from relatives proving their high descent. In 1658 Gustaf, grandson of the centenarian, proceeds as ambassador extraordinary to London, bearing the condolences of King Charles XI. on the death of Cromwell, furnished with orders to negotiate a loan of thirty frigates from the English government for service against the Danes. In case of refusal, he is to stop on his way homewards and assure the king of

* The Macdougals intermarried freely among the old Swedish blood—Svinhufvuds, Oxehufvuds, Skyttes, Flemings, and Yxhulls. Albert, founder of the Swedish line, was son of Patric and Margarita Nisbet, whose mother was Agneta Cranston.

Denmark "of the everlasting friendship and love borne towards him by his royal master." What became of the six extra brothers no one knows. In 1682 Albert, son of Maurice, in a fit of passion, murders a peasant, and, to his amazement, instead of paying a fine, is condemned to be decapitated. The good old times of great Gustavus are no more: peace and reduction under Charles XI. are the order of the day, and Albert lies headless in his coffin, beneath the noble grafchor of the Duwalls, in the parish church of Fundbo. Add to the above list Axel, one of Charles XII.'s great warriors, and Jacob his brother, who died at Bender in 1713, and we, according to old Swedish custom, break the armorial shield over the grave of the Duwalls.

CLERCK.—Two branches of the Clerck family rose to honour in Sweden during the seventeenth century: one descended, say the heralds, from the old Scotch Viscounts Forfar: a second from a goldsmith in Stockholm. Of the first mentioned, William, son of Andrew Clerck, of the county of Caithness, came to Sweden in 1607, as captain in the Scotch regiment: his three sons were raised to the Riddarhus. From Hans, the second son, sprang the celebrated admiral, who was raised to the rank of baron. At an early age he accompanied Abraham Brahe on his embassy to England, served under Van Tromp as well as against the Turks. His name is constantly mentioned in the history of the time—in the correspondence of Spens with Axel Oxenstierna and Gustavus Adolphus—selected by Charles XI. as one of the coffin-bearers of Queen Ulrika Eleanora. Again, another member appears fighting at Pultowa, distinguished among the "helte" of Charles XII. In 1748 the race went out in the person of General Baron Clerck, who lies buried in Häreda church, in Småland, where his "hufvud-banér" still hangs.

A fine portrait of Admiral Hans Clerck, once forming part of the rifled gallery of Leckö Slott, hangs in the dormitorium of the cadets at Carlberg. A second, by Ehrenstrahl, as landmarshal, numbered 169, will be found at Gripsholm. This picture has also been engraved "lightly" by Boye.

STUART.—John Stuart, of Ochiltree, accompanied Queen Mary to France and became colonel of a regiment. After the death of Francis II. he returned to Edinburgh. John, his son, coming to Sweden by way of Dantzic, was taken prisoner by the Danes and confined in Warberg castle, which, in 1565, was stormed by the Swedes, and unlucky Stuart carried off prisoner to Upsala. The

captive, being released through the intercession of the Scots in the service of Erik XIV., and supplied with money and arms, entered the Swedish service. At the death of Erik, Stuart, attaching himself to the fortune of Duke Charles, procured letters from the Grand Chancellor of Scotland, attesting his high birth on his mother's as well as by his father's side. On the 14th June James VI., only too charmed to display his Latinity, writes "e regiâ nostrâ Sancruciana" (Holyrood), a missive upon parchment, proclaiming the right of the adventurer to bear the three silver stars of the Earls of Arran upon his shield, "as our blood relation." Charles IX. granted him lands in Sudermania, sending him later to Scotland, where, at his own expense, he raised a regiment in 1604, and became its colonel. Stuart received large grants of land on condition of keeping "one stout well-armed man" for the service of the crown. He died 1618, and lies buried in Wadsto church. Anders, his son, page to Queen Christina the elder, was introduced to the Riddarhus together with his brother David. His name appears among those on duty at the funeral procession of Gustaf Adolf. At his death he bequeathed half his lands to Wadsto church, where his hufvudbanér and sixteen quarterings may still be seen. The Stuarts seem to have had queer ideas on the subject of matrimony. According to Scotch custom, Anders espoused a rich jeweller's widow long after the birth of a numerous family: Queen Christina gave her consent; but "the plebeian mother" entailed a lawsuit upon the offspring, whom the collateral branches declared incapable of inheriting. Another, John Adolf, is condemned by the senate to pay a large fine for marrying his niece. The Stuarts appear holding high offices, —ministers to Russia, John Casimir of Poland.

In 1668 Carl Magnus enters on board a vessel called 'The Little Sportsman;' but not finding the sea to his taste, proceeded to England, where he engaged in the musketeers of the king's guard. He studied fortification under Vauban, and, together with Dalberg and Wachtmeister, planned the defences of Carlscrona. On his return from serving against the Turks, Stuart was appointed tutor and gentleman to King Charles XII. In 1700 he conducted the landing of the Swedes in Zealand, arranging matters with the English admiral, who, persuaded by his arguments, agreed to much more than was at first intended. But this is an affair of history. General Stuart died full of honours 6th December, 1705, and with his son Charles the barony became extinct. A portrait of Carl Magnus Stuart, in flowing wig and armour, which hangs among the

heroes of Carlberg, has been engraved by Schenck. Around it runs the motto "Labore et industriâ."

In the first list of the Riddarhus, 1626, 18th January, appear, "Unge Anders Stuart, G. Anders Stuart, David Stuart." They all sign themselves M.P., which probably signifies "Magister Philosophiæ." Arms: a lion rampant or, a fess gules changing argent.

FEIF.—Alexander Feif, a merchant from Montrose, bearing on his shield a red lion holding a rose in its right paw, emigrated to Sweden in 1628. His grandson Peter, a grocer in Stockholm, married a daughter of the celebrated källarmastar Casten Hoff, from whom descend the three distinct families of Ehrensparre, Adlerstolpe, and Feif. The last-named branch appear as admirals, and officers high in naval rank. Casten, first Baron Feif, when apprenticed by his father to a hatter, indignantly bolted, and, entering the civil service, became an especial favourite of Charles XII., whose flight from Bender he planned, having procured him a passport under the name of Carl Frisk. He died 1724.

BENNET.—James, son of William Bennet, of Grubet, minister in King James's time (1600), flying from religious persecution in Edinburgh, entered the Swedish service in 1640, was ennobled 1675. He married Christina, daughter of Colonel Kininmond, a naturalised Scotchman, like himself.

William, first Baron Bennet, one of the bravest of Charles XII.'s warriors, fought at Pultowa, Helsingborg, and in all the battles against the Danes, winding up with the fatal siege of Frederikshald. At the death of his royal master Baron Bennet was chosen to convey the news to Queen Ulrika Eleanora. The letters and notes of this gallant officer have furnished Nordberg with many materials for his History of Charles XII. The sons of his eldest brother, Robert and Thomas, entered the navy of England, in which country their descendants, if they have left any, still remain. The arms of the Swedish branch, changed by the heralds, differ from those of their English relatives, while the motto of the first refugee, who fled his country for conscience sake, "Benedictus qui tollit crucem," recalls to mind the bygone days of chivalry.

PFEIFF.—David, son of the Bishop of Revel, and grandson of George Fife (called son of a Scotch viscount), who sought in Pomerania a refuge from the religious persecutions of the sixteenth century and became burgomaster of Golna, first entered the English

navy, served with Charles XII. at Bender, and was created a baron. Though his name frequently appears in the history of the times, his adventures are of no peculiar interest.

HERMELIN.—Scragge, a Scotchman, entered the service of Gustaf Wasa, and settled in Wermland. A descendant, Olof Scragge, son of the burgomaster in Philipstadt, when a student in Upsala, received the nickname of the "Ermine," from his sharpness. He became secretary to De la Gardie; was a distinguished linguist. In 1700 he accompanied the Swedish army to Livonia, was taken prisoner at Pultowa, where, on account of a pamphlet he had published against the Czar Peter, he encountered harsh treatment. He is supposed to have died in a Russian monastery at Astracan. When ennobled, he selected his old sobriquet of Hermelin. His son Charles was raised to the dignity of baron.

MACLEAN.—Forty-third in lineal descent from Inghis tuir le Amhir, younger son of an Irish king, came Gilleon, who lived a hundred years before Christ. From him in unbroken genealogy is traced John Maclean (son of the Laird of Dowat), who came to Sweden in 1639, and, settling in Göteborg, greatly aided in the building of that town. Having rendered some service to the house of Stuart, he was created an English baronet by King Charles II. in 1650, during his exile, and ennobled by Queen Christina under the name of Makcleer,* with a grant of arms differing from those borne by his ancestors, neither of which were used by his descendants. Allusion has already been made to the noble conduct of his grandson Roger, second Baron Maclean, who as a youth studied in England. In after life he became minister of state under Charles XIII.; and although historians pretend the arm of that monarch to have been paralysed by the frequent dubbing of knights, Roger Maclean never even received the Wasa order.

Reformers seldom meet with gratitude while living, and Maclean did not fare better than his neighbours. In 1811 a band of several hundred drunken Skåne peasants—the very men whose rights he was protecting—mobbed Svaneholm, and, threatening his life, demanded, with loud cries and menaces, that no division of his estate should take place. The baron, sitting calmly in his chair, replied, "Plunder my barns, do what you will, I shall stick to my duty." The insurgents carried off his servants by force to augment the band: among them was his old valet Jacob. Suddenly one of the

* Spens speaks of him as John Macleer.

party exclaimed, "But, if we carry the valet off, how will the baron ever dress for dinner?" The argument was undeniable, and Jacob forthwith released. Baron Maclean dying childless in 1816, the wapen of Gilleon and of the Irish king were broken by the heralds over the grave of the last of their descendants in Sweden. An engraved portrait of Roger Maclean, after Lundberg, is not prepossessing.

KLERKER.—Carl Klerck descended from Reinhold Klerck, who established himself as a merchant at Ystad in 1660; rose to the rank of general of infantry and baron; died in 1817, and lies buried in the Jacob Kyrka, Stockholm. The family still exists.

HAIJ.—Alexander Hay, of an ancient Scotch family, entered the Swedish service in 1600, married the rich widow of a Stockholm merchant, and rose to the rank of colonel. His son Henry, renowned for his knowledge of the science and practice of fortification, served with distinction at the siege of Copenhagen under Charles X. A grandson, Erik Henry, after engaging as a simple volunteer in a Swedish regiment, rose to the rank of major-general and baron.

STREMSTEDT.—John Thersleff came from Scotland early in 1600, and became Dean of Viborg. His grandson John in 1697 was raised to the rank of baron. Died 1719, governor of Åbolän.

ERSKEIN.—Alexander Erskein, of an illustrious Scotch race, related, says the original patent, to the Middletons, Lindsays, Gordons, and Grahams, was, for his services as commissariat to Gustavus Adolphus, raised to the rank of baron in 1652; "but," continues the parchment, "as he humbly exposed to us the reason why he declined the proffered honour, we agreed to excuse him; and, that his descendants might shine with greater splendour, we cut his shield into four parts," adding—(a very long history to it). In the Royal Library is an engraving, by Cornelius Galle junior, of a splendid portrait of Alexander Erskein, dressed in brocaded velvet, by Andrew von Halle, 1649. The Scotchman had risen to high honours, was numbered among the king's ministers a plenipotentiary for treating of universal peace. A motto surrounding the medallion declares, "Per decentia emolliuntur tandem aversa corda."

Again a second portrait of Baron Alexander Erskein, 1646, engraved by John Durr, clad in black velvet, with a complimentary Latin couplet about his Scotch descent and Swedish services.

UNTITLED NOBLES

(ARMIGERI).

ADELSKÖLD: en. 1773.—Anders, son of a Scotch gentleman arrested for high treason in the middle of the 16th century, escaped, at the age of 14, with his younger brother, to Sweden. The ship was stranded off Torekow, in Skåne, and the younger brother drowned. Anders, who was saved, and sheltered by a master-builder named Hans, discovered his parents to have been executed, their goods confiscated, and a price set on his own head. Concealing his true name, he followed the trade of his protector, whose daughter Oluve, in true Whittingtonian style, he married. A descendant of Anders appears, in the fourth generation, as Governor of Göteborg.

ADLERSTAM: en. 1767.—Valtin Lulle arrives in 1649, an imprisoned "pearl-sticker" (embroiderer), taken prisoner in Germany. His grandson Adrian rose high in the civil service.

ADLERSTOLPE: en. 1727; ext.—Donat Feif; see Barony.

ANCKARCREUTZ: en 1686; ext.—John Brand, officer in the English navy, entered the Swedish service in 1669. The name frequently occurs in the history of the day, but by no means remarkable.

ANCKARSPARRE: en. 1802; ext.—The family of Tingwall settled in the mining district of Wermland about 1600. Lawrence Tingwall, chaplain to the Lifeguards and court preacher to Queen Hedvig Eleanora and Bishop of Göteborg, was so great a favourite of Charles XII., the king is said to have shed tears at his death.

ANDERSON: en. 1668.—Alexander Anderson, having proved his good descent, was ennobled, and became colonel in the Swedish service. His mother was a Sinclair of Maurtell. The family tell well; are imprisoned in Siberia; fight bravely at Narva.

ARMLOD: en. 1649; ext.—John Pott, lieutenant-colonel in Hugo Hamilton's regiment, was a most distinguished officer. In a fight at Marienhusen, in Livonia, he received nine "huggs" on his head, three on his hand, and two on his right arm; was left for dead on the field of battle, got well again, and lost his arm in a skirmish. There are no more Potts in Sweden.

BARCLAIJ: en. 1648; ext.—William Barclay, son of the laird of Sigot, born 1603, engaged as volunteer in the Swedish service, and rose to the rank of major-general. His son John (by the widow of Colonel Kinninmond) became the first lawyer of the day.

BELFRAGE: en. 1666.—John Belfrage, son of the laird of Balram and Elizabeth Stuart, settled as a merchant in Wenesborg in 1624. A dispute arising concerning his right to hold an estate he had purchased, to prove his birth he procured from Scotland parchments attesting his sixteen quarterings, and, gaining his cause, in gratitude presented a new pulpit to Naglum church, where he lies buried between his two wives.

BETHUN: en. 1693; ext.—Hercules Bethun, of Balfour; motto, "Débonnaire;" from the county of Fife; secretary (?) to King Charles I.; entered the Swedish service after the fall of that monarch. He rose to the rank of major. Not an interesting family.

BOGG: en. 1652; ext.—James Bogg, lieutenant in Colonel Capel's regiment, came to Sweden furnished with so many proofs of his illustrious parentage he was created a nobleman instanter. Leaving no issue, the heralds broke the armorial shield over the grave of the Bogg.

BOIJ: en. 1676; ext.—Anders, son of Henry Boy, commander of a Scotch fortress, and Elizabeth Nisbet, coming to Sweden, became burgomaster of Stockholm in 1663. His son Antony was Bruks-patron in Nerike, and a favourite of Charles XI., who lodged at his house whenever he passed through the country.

BLIXENSTJERNA: en. 1693; ext.—Thomas Anderson, a Scotch merchant in Stockholm, died 1672. His son Thomas became Secretary of State to the Board of Trade.

BORDON: en. 1643; ext.—John Bordon, of Fodde1, rose to the rank of colonel in the Swedish service during the Thirty Years' War. In 1659 he received a grant of lands from Charles X. The hufvud-banérs of the family still hang in Höreda and Blädinge churches, in Småland, but the family went out in the second generation. One, William Bordon, rose to the rank of major-general.

BRUCE: en. 1668.—Robert and Andrew Bruce, a younger branch of Clackmannan, both rose to the rank of major and colonel in the Swedish service during the Thirty Years' War. Andrew left four-and-twenty children by a Swedish wife; Robert, three. From these two spring the naturalised Bruce and De Bruce families.

CANONHJELM: en. 1689; ext.—Walter Cahun came from Scotland

with the troop raised in John III.'s time, probably a son of the Cahun who betrayed Carl de Mornay. He is known to have been married and left children. Quitting the army, he established a copper-foundry at Falun. The founder of the Cahun family is said to have been a younger son of the Irish king Canock. Till raised to the Riddarhus in the person of Jacob Cahun, the family bore the appellation of Caun-Scotus.

CEDERSPARRE: en. 1716; ext.—Arvid Young, lieutenant in the Swedish navy, in 1659 set up a shop in Borås. His son Peter, distinguished among Charles XII.'s bravest warriors, rose to the rank of colonel: ob. 1757. He left fifteen children. At the death of his son Jacob (1797) the heralds broke the shield by mistake over his grave, extinguishing the family, of which some members were still living.

CHAPMAN: en. 1772.—Thomas Chapman, son of a Yorkshire farmer, came to Stralsund in 1715, and was appointed by Charles XII. to the command of a Swedish man-of-war. His son Frederick Henry, born 1731, a shipbuilder in Göteborg, rose to the highest honours; became port-admiral in Carlscrona, and greatly improved the naval architecture in Sweden. At his death a fine monument, with medallion in marble, was set up to his memory, at the expense of Gustaf IV., in the model-room at Carlscrona. A good portrait of Chapman, by Pesch, has been engraved by Martin.

CLETZER: en. 1672; ext.—Thomas Cletcher, an Englishman, became burgomaster in Hamburg and brukspatron in Nerike. He lent 40,000 silver dollars to the Swedish Crown during the Thirty Years' War. His son Henry, on producing the necessary papers, was ennobled.

CRAFOORD: en. 1668.—Alexander Crafoord, of Anachie, came to Sweden, in 1613, as captain of the "Upland Knaves," and lies buried in Sigtuna kloster. In 1618 Spens recommends his son Captain James to Axel Oxenstjerna as a particular friend. The letter was effective, for in 1626 Crafoord receives a grant of Eckno, in Westmanland. A third James shared the captivity of Charles XII., remaining prisoner for thirteen years at Bender. Another member of this family appears in Spens' letter as aiding to raise a regiment in 1627.

CUNINGHAME: en. 1747.—Thomas Cuninghame, of Creall, furnished with a pedigree from 1189 downwards, settled at Stockholm as grocer, and got drowned in 1697. His son Thomas, colonel of artillery, a most distinguished officer, founded the model-room at

Carlscrona and greatly improved the cannon-foundries of Sweden. Died 1759.

DARELLIEN: en. 1770; ext.—Andrew Darell, a physician of Stockholm, son of a naturalised Englishman.

DE BRUCE: en. 1752; ext.—Same as Bruce.

DOUGLEIS: en. 1669; ext.—John Dougleis, lieutenant-colonel in the Swedish service, came from Roe, in Scotland, 1605. The race went out in the person of his grandson Leonard George—the horses running away with his carriage in 1766 he was choked by swallowing his tobacco-pipe.

DROMUND: en. 1649; ext.—James Drummond, married to a daughter of Admiral Clerck, was lieutenant-colonel in the Swedish service, 1638. Spens, in a letter (1616) to Axel Oxenstjerna, mentions a Captain James Drummond, son of the laird of Middop, Councillor of Scotland, who had got in some scrape,—either committed homicide or been murdered himself (very illegible), and requires protection. His son again killed somebody in Hamburg, and the line went out. The portrait of David Drummond, born 1593, lieutenant-general and governor of Stettin, hangs among the companions of Herman Wrangel at Sko. Painted in 1623.

DUSE: en. 1576.—Peter d'Ewes (?) signed the contribution of the nobles in 1561. His son Bengt was ennobled by King John.

EDENBERG: en. 1654; ext.—Claus, son of Matthew Eden, a brewer, kept a wine-cellar, by permission of Queen Christina, at Upsala. He amassed great wealth, was a learned and liberal man, mounting, at his own cost, a company of horse in Charles X.'s reign.

EHRENSPARRE: en. 1719; ext.—See FEIF.

FEIF: en. 1707; ext.—See Barony. John, youngest son of Peter, was wounded at Pultowa, and carried prisoner to Tobolsk. Peter, second brother, a celebrated admiral, died 1736.

FINLAIJ: en. 1755; ext.—John Finlay, a Scotch banker in Dublin, was father of Robert, a merchant in Moscow, who came to Sweden, and afterwards betook himself to Bordeaux, where he became one of the richest men of his day. He divorced his wife, and died childless in 1785.

FLINTSTEN: en. 1695; ext.—Neils Flint, a Welshman, colonel in the Russian service, was grandfather to a second Neils, who

raised a company of 400 men against the Snapphanarna in Skåne, whom he routed thoroughly, taking many prisoners.

FORBES: en. 1638; ext.—Forbes of Lund, as well as two other lines.

FORATT: en. 1650.—Alexander Forth (?), captain in the Swedish service during the Thirty Years' War.

FRANKELIN: en. 1625; ext.—Rowland Frankelin, an Englishman, married a Polish Princess Patavin. His son Henry, after travelling all over Europe, came to Sweden, and, on account of his talent for foreign languages, was appointed chamberlain to Charles IX. He married the celebrated Constantia, natural daughter of Erik XIV. and Agda Pehrsdotter, who, in her youth, was confided by her father to the care of Fröken Cecilia.

FRASER: en. 1663.—Thomas Fraser, a youth of noble birth, accompanied Count Spens on his embassy to Sweden, as page, and became ensign in his regiment. His son Andrew distinguished himself at the siege of Riga, and in 1658 died of wounds received at Cabron Battery, in a sortie against the Polacks.

GAHN of COLQUHOUN; en. 1809; ext.—See CANONHJELM. Carl, first of this branch, rose to high honours, general of brigade. In his youth he entered the French service, and served against England.

GAIRDNER: en. 1650; ext.—Robert Gairdner, of Lyes, lieutenant-colonel in the Swedish service. He married and had children, but of their fate nothing is known.

GLADSTEN: en. 1647; ext.—From Thomas Gladstone, of Dumfries, Governor of Craig in Scotland in 1500, descended Herbert, who came to Sweden, and, in 1647, became colonel. By an Irish wife he left three daughters, who remained in their mother's country. Colonel Gladstone married secondly Christina, daughter of Colonel Andrew Stuart. His son espoused Brita Natt och Dag, maid of honour to the Queen of Sweden. Adam, last of the line, taken prisoner, 1729, at Pultowa, was carried to Siberia, where he died. Three daughters are known to have been born there.

GYLDENBOIJ: en. 1688; ext.—See BOIJ. Erik served in the English and Dutch navy; rose to the rank of captain in the Swedish service.

GYLLENSCHRUF: en. 1717; ext.—James Screw, a Scotchman, rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. His descendant Nils

became ennobled for naval services, under the ridiculous name of Goldenscrew.

GYLLENSKEPP: en. 1676.—John Thomson, commander of Örebrö Slott, married a sister of the Clercks. His son William, after serving in the English navy, rose to the rank of captain in the Swedish service, and commanded Charles XI.'s yacht. Dying in 1689, he was buried, at the king's cost, with great state, the expenses of his funeral amounting to 3000 silver dollars. His hufvud-banér still hangs in the Admiralty church of Carlscrona.

HACKERSKÖLD: en. 1686; ext.—Thomas Hacker, an Englishman, born 1615, appears as "after-dinner" preacher in Göteborg. His son Thomas, superintendent of Aker's foundry and all the powder-mills of Sweden, was ennobled under the above-mentioned title.

HOGG: en. 1689; ext.—A family of no interest, in the civil service.

IRVING: en. 1647; ext.—George Irving, laird of Tulloch, came from Scotland to Sweden in Charles IX.'s reign, and in 1680 appears as Vice-Governor of Calmar Slott. He is said to have married a Baroness Meldrum (very obscure account). His son Alexander, after rising to high military honours, married Agnete Patkull, maid of honour to Queen Christina the elder. He dwelt, and died in 1659, at his seat, Irvingsholm, in Nerike.

JENNINGS: en. 1742.—Francis Jennings, of a Somersetshire family, which, in Queen Elizabeth's time, settled at Kilbarron, county of Donegal, established himself as a merchant in Stockholm. He erected the lands of Skånellaholm into a fideicommis for his descendants, who still possess them.

JORDAN: en. 1680; ext.—Edward Jordan, in 1623, was presented with a grant of lands in Ingermanland, by Gustaf Adolf, free from all tax, for military service. Having quarrelled with his colonel, Count Wasaborg, he left the army. He married the daughter of a German prince. His son, Edward Bernard, was ennobled as Von Jordan.

KING: of Bannock, en. 1672; ext.—David King married Maria, daughter of Adam Senescalli, Carthusian prior of Perth, and natural son to James V. of Scotland, by whom he had two sons, David and John. In a letter dated 28th May, 1649, sealed with a pretty signet bearing the royal arms and cipher, written from the Hague, Charles II. particularly recommends to the queen's notice David de

King, Baron of Eythen, a faithful servant of his father. David, on rising to the rank of lieutenant-general in the Swedish service, summoned his brother John to Sweden, intending to make his nephews his heirs, but forgot it. They lived in great want. John left two sons—James, page to Charles Gustaf, who was ennobled with his brother, and died 1676, at the taking of Christianstad from the Danes. Henry, a lif-drabant, became bedridden, and in 1684 received from Charles XI. 400 rix in charity. The portrait of one Jacob King, Lord Eythen, born 1590, died in Stockholm, 1652, hangs among the Scotch companions of Herman Wrangel in Sko kloster (painted 1623).

KINNEMOND: en. 1650; ext.—Patrick, son of William Kinnemond, of that ilk in Fife, living in 1600, entered the Swedish service in 1624, rose to the rank of colonel, was killed at the taking of Prin, and ennobled after his death, together with his brother Thomas, constructor and commander of the celebrated Kinnemond battery. Colonel Thomas lost an arm at Leipsig, and died 1658. His only son Patrick fell, childless, at the siege of Stettin. Four colonels of the Kinnemonds served together in Sweden, all distinguished men in their day; their names constantly occurring in the correspondence of Spens with Gustaf Adolf, as well as in Charles XI.'s Dagbok. The family is now "out," both in Sweden and Scotland.

KINNINMUNDT: en. 1680; ext.—John Kinninmundt settled as a merchant in Stockholm in 1629. His son Robert became tutor to young Count Frederik Stenbock, and was later appointed hofjunker to Bengt Oxenstjerna on his embassy to Vienna.

KLERCKER: en. 1788.—General of artillery, highly esteemed in his profession.

LAGERBJELKE: en. 1698.—See Count.

LAURIN: en. 1678; ext.—The first of this family, a steward over Stegeborg Slott in Charles IX.'s time, bore for his arms a laurel-tree on a field gules. His son Lawrence wrote a chronicle in verse of the Swedish kings, from Magog downwards, very much admired, though not valuable in an historic point of view!

LAUW: en. 1680; ext.—Francis Law, a distinguished naval officer, was ennobled for services after a gallant action against the Danes in Calmar Sound, in memory of which a ship in flames was added to his arms.

LEIJEL: en. 1717; ext.—Jacob Leyell, of Aberbrock, came with

his two brothers to Sweden in 1638; became merchants and brukspatrons at Elfkarleby. In 1655, previous to purchasing an estate, he procured documents from Scotland proving his gentle birth. He married Margaret Eden, and died 1678. Henry, grandson of the youngest brother, disposed of his possessions in Sweden, having inherited from his maternal uncles, two East India Directors, and died at Bourne, in Cambridgeshire, leaving one daughter, married to John West, fourth Earl of Delawarr.

LEIJONANCKER: en. 1666.—Daniel Young, grandson of an English vice-admiral of Scotch lineage, who lost at the Reduction certain lands granted to him in Westmanland. He was a great cloth and stuff manufacturer in Charles Gustaf's time, became Councillor of the Board of Trade, and, dying in 1688, left a moderate family of thirty-two children. His son John Adolf was slain at Pultowa. Gustaf Frederik, a most distinguished officer, became vice-admiral.

LAGERGREN: en. 1647.—John Laurin, or Laren, son of a priest, a Scotchman by birth, was colonel in the Swedish service.

LAGERSTRÖM: en. 1691; ext.—Magnus Laurin, of the same family, secretary to the Reduction Committee, was ennobled in 1691. His son Magnus, who died in 1795, was one of the most learned men of his day.

LAGERBORG: en. 1719.—A junior branch of the Scragge. Olof distinguished himself at Clissau, Helsingborg, and elsewhere.

LENCK: en. 1649; ext.—James Lenck, born 1578, fell in battle, colonel of East Götland cavalry, in 1641. He married Constantia Franklin. One of his grandsons was prisoner at Tobolsk for many years after Pultowa.

LINDSFELT: en. 1717.—John Hylton, of Berwick, accompanied his aunt, Helen Lindley, wife of Colonel Muschamps (?), to Sweden, in 1632. Samuel, not of a military turn of mind, became merchant at Norrköping. The portrait of Colonel Muschamps, born 1580, hangs with the comrades of Herman Wrangel in the gallery of Sko.

LIWESTEN: en. 1668; ext.—George Livingstone, of Krycksridy, in Scotland, of good lineage, came to Sweden, and died 1666, captain of a Småland regiment.

MACKENZIE of MACLEOD: en. 1756; ext.—George Mackenzie, Earl of Cromartie, Viscount Tarbet, Baron Mackenzie, and Lord Macleod, in the peerage of Scotland, as an adherent to the Pretender, was in 1746 condemned to lose his head; his title and lands confis-

cated; but, according to his son's account, was still living in concealment in 1764. John (naturalised) Mackenzie of Macleod, colonel of a regiment in Prince Charles Edward's army, was born in 1726; after the battle of Culloden he fled from Scotland, and came to Sweden in 1749, was appointed captain in Duke Frederik Adolf's regiment, and rose to the rank of colonel. When King George III. restored him to the colonelcy of an English regiment he retired from Sweden with the rank of major-general, and died, 1789, in India, unmarried.

MANNERSTAM: en. 1805; ext.—Third in descent from John Wislow, who, coming to Sweden from Scotland, set up a store at Uddevalla, appears John, ennobled Mannerstam, Vice-Governor of Christianstad, later Governor and Lagman of Calmar; ob. 1832.

MAULE: en. 1782.—James Maule, of Glittne, county Kincardine, was captain in the Swedish East India service, 1731. Arms: eight escalops, counterchanged.

MAULL: en. 1716; ext.—Said to be a branch of the Panmure family. James, son of a councillor of Kongelf, in the end of the 17th century.

MEL: en. 1664; ext.—Robert Maule, of Craigie, married Catherine Spens, and emigrated in troublous times to Dieppe, where, in 1633, James Maile is found burgher and shopkeeper. John Mel, their son, rose to the rank of quartermaster-general in the Swedish service, and commander of Carlsberg fortress, which he rebuilt. No one knows what became of his wife and children. The genealogy of this branch of the Maules is complete, though without dates, for several generations previous to the first-mentioned member of the family.

MONTGOMERY: en. 1736.—Robert Montgomery, born 1647, joining the revolution in 1707, lost all he possessed. By his wife, Maria Clerck, he had twenty-one children, of whom John was sent over, in 1720, to his relation, Robert Campbell, brukspatron, whose daughter Anna he married. Many portraits of the Montgomerys and Campbells of Stonefield may be seen at Segersjö, the fideicommiss in Nerike. A grandson of the above is known by the name of Montgomerij Celerhjelm. A second branch of this family derive their descent from Major-General James Montgomery, great-grandson of Gabriel Count Montgomery, who slew Henry II. of France in the tournament. Jamescommanded a regiment in Pomerania, 1653. The French branch were not naturalised in Sweden until 1774.

MURRAY: en. 1810.—John Murray, born 1665, father of Andrew, who was made a doctor at the coronation of King Adolf Frederik. His son Gustaf, court preacher to Duke Charles of Sudermania, knight of all possible orders and Bishop of Westerås, wrote a catechism for German children in Stockholm, said to be an improvement on that of Luther. This branch of the Murray family emigrated to Prussia during the time of Cromwell, and from thence found their way to Sweden. The arms borne by the Swedish line are three 5-pointed stars argent, on a field azure. The portrait of Murray, which hangs in the Consistorium of Upsala, in costume as Bishop, Knight of the Wasa, has been engraved.

MYHR: en. 1680; ext.—James Muir, of ancient Scotch lineage, came to Sweden in John III.'s reign. His son Thorsten received a grant of Wännäs, in Åbolän, from Charles IX., as a reward for military service. His son John fell dead before Greifenstein Slott, in 1640; he "was a valiant man, and much regretted." The family is supposed to be extinct, as no member has taken his place at the Riksdag since 1734.

NETHERWOOD: en. 1649.—William Netherwood, a ship's captain, on coming to Sweden became hofjunker to Carl Gyllenhjelm; married Catherine Lilliesparre.

NISBETH: en. 1664.—William Nisbet, of Rochill, who, in 1596, was colonel of an Upland regiment, lies buried in gamla Upsala church, where his wapen are "uppsatt."

OGILVIE: en. 1642; ext.—Patrick, son of the laird of Balgay, born 1606, was lieutenant-colonel of "Fotfolk." He is mentioned in the letters of Spens to Gustaf Adolf. The Swedes about this period seem to have grown suspicious concerning the high descent of the Scotch adventurers. Independent of a certificate, signed by Leslie and Hamilton, Ogilvie was compelled to procure his genealogy on parchment, with the arms of his ancestors and his own portrait at the bottom of the tree, before being received a member of the Riddarhus. George Ogilvie, one of Charles XII.'s heroes, died prisoner in Russia, 1719.

ORCHARTON: en. 1664.—John Orcharton, major of foot, proved by letter from Charles II. his ancient descent and right to sixteen quarterings, both on his father's and mother's side. Died colonel 1679; married Elizabeth Robertson, of the naturalised family.

PFEIFF. (See FEIFF.)

PHILP: en. 1638.—William Philip, styled son of the laird of

Fingask and Largo, coming to Sweden from Scotland in 1624, in 1636 produced an autograph letter from King Charles I. proving his good lineage. Died lieutenant-colonel; married a daughter of Andrew Wood, of Largo.

QVANTEN: arms, an armed knight with a lance; family dating from John III.'s time.

PISTOLKORS: en. 1645.—George Scott, born 15—, came to Sweden in 1600. In 1630 Gustaf Adolf granted him lands in Finland. He served for forty-four years in the Polish war and against the Russians; was badly wounded, as his brevet states, "bearing on his brow marks that he had neither fled nor avoided the enemy."

PRIMROSE: en. 1650.—John Primrose, or Prime-roos, a merchant of Stockholm, having proved his descent, on being ennobled was allowed to retain the name and arms of his family.

RAMSAY: en. 1634.—John Ramsay, having first served in France on coming to Sweden in 1577, obtained his "proofs" from Bishop David of Brechin in 1623. His three sons were educated at Oxford, and fell during the Thirty Years' War—Alexander at Nordlingen, Andrew unknown, John at Leipsig. The mother of Ramsay was Janet Lindsay, of Edzel. Arms similar to those of Sir John Ramsay of Bamff. The portrait of Ramsay Jacob, 1636, General-Major, Eques. aureus, represents a fine-looking old gentleman in armour, with the Latin motto alluding to that borne by his house:—

"Continuo orando feliciter omnia adsunt:
Adde laborando, memorabile nomen habebis."

A second branch of the same family appear in Sweden in 1614. John Ramsay, page to James VI. in 1600, having discovered a conspiracy against the king's life, was created Viscount Haddington, later Earl of Holdernesse, with a grant of arms—a drawn sword, a heart at the point, and the motto, "Hæc dextra vindex principis et patriæ." In letters dated 1614 Spens especially recommends a young Jacob Ramsay, brother to Viscount Haddington, not only to Axel Oxenstjerna, but to Gustaf Adolf himself, for some honourable employment. In 1627 Ramsay, "my son-in-law," raises a regiment. The family retain their ancient motto of "Ora et labora."

ROBERTSON: en. 1635; ext.—James, son of Patrick Robertson, of Strowane in Perth, and Elizabeth his wife, coming to Sweden in 1615, was appointed court-physician to Gustaf Adolf. Dr. Robertson is frequently mentioned in the correspondence of Spens (1627), also in the memoirs of the times: he is called "Jacobus Robertus."

In 1630 he procured credentials of his birth, in a letter signed by Charles I., and was ennobled. In 1645 he became court-physician to Queen Christina, but died the following year; after which, the less said of the Robertsons of Strowane the better, for his only son Adolf, having first joined Messenius in his conspiracy, "stuck his wife in bed after childbirth" when in the town of Dorpt, where he was imprisoned under sentence of death when the city surrendered to the Russians. Adolf escaped, but to die a more fearful death, literally rotting on a dunghill, over which the heralds broke the wapen of the last ill-fated scion of the laird of Strowane.

ROBSALM: en. 1818.—James Robson, bearing a "turnip" on his shield, fled from Scotland in the troubles of Mary Stuart's reign, and, by his knowledge of mining, amassed a large property in Sweden. The name gradually became corrupted to Robsalm.

ROBSON: en. 1819.—Arrived in Sweden at the same period, bearing a "turnip enriched with leaves; an anchor for his crest." Like his countrymen, taking to mining, he rented a jernbruk at Malingsbo. His portrait hangs in the Consistory at Upsala. To distinguish himself, he assumed on his introduction the name of Af Robson.

RÖNNÖW: en. 1761; ext.—The story of Casten Rönnöw has already been told. See vol. i. p. 83.

ROSENTWIST: en. 1695.—John Twist, or Twiss, came from England; was Councillor at Lubec. He settled in Helsingborg, and was introduced as "Rosentwist til Hanaskog," the name of his estate in Skåne.

ROOK: en. 1776.—The first of the Rookes came to Sweden with General Leslie's troop in Gustaf Adolf's time. He was ennobled by Francis I., Emperor of Germany, in 1773, and later in Sweden.

ROSENSCHMIT: 1640; ext.—Peter Smith, born 15—, came from Scotland early in the seventeenth century; became captain; was much recommended by Peter Brahe; died Vice-Governor of Åbo in Finland. Ennobled as "The rosy Smith."

SCOTT: en. 1650; ext.—James Scott, Colonel of the Norland regiment, was slain in 1634. His son James, hofjunker to Charles Gustaf, died in 1641 colonel of a cavalry regiment, no one knows either when or where. His sisters married Leslie and Kinnimond.

SINCLAIR: ext.—Several branches of this family, all of the same origin, have been ennobled.

Arms similar to those of Sir J. Sinclair, of Dunheath.

SETON: en. 1785.—The representative of the Swedish branch of Seton, laird of Preston, at present resides in England. George Seton, merchant in Stockholm, having no issue, adopted as his heir in 1807 one Robert Dundas, who inherited his lands of Akersberg in Skåne. Shortly after Charles XII.'s death Seton arrived in Sweden, where he amassed great wealth, lending large sums of money to Gustaf III., who, unable to pay the debt in cash, made over the royal domain of Ekolsund to the lender. The old merchant, in his snuff-brown dress, is described, like some character in an old comedy, a mixture of pinching economy and princely generosity. At his death, when ninety years old, he adopted his nephew, who, in turn, adopted a relation, the above-mentioned Dundas. This latter left two sons, the eldest of whom—Alexander—at the age of eighteen, fell in love with his step-mother, in consequence of which his father had him shut up in a lunatic asylum in England. The keeper of the madhouse dying, Alexander was released by his successor, but, on arriving in Sweden, was again imprisoned in the house of a priest. It was not till the age of sixty-two he regained his liberty. The old man was dead, so he brought an action against his brother for the recovery of his property, but, crossing the Mälar in an open boat, was drowned.

The name of Seton has been known in Sweden since the early part of the seventeenth century, from the oft-told anecdote so much to the credit of the great Gustavus. The king, who was hot and violent, provoked with Colonel Seton for some military affair, publicly boxed his ears. Seton, indignant at the insult, feeling he could have no redress, at once sent in his resignation, which was accepted by the king. Gustaf, on retiring to his tent, and thinking coolly over what had occurred, greatly regretted his violence. He sent for the colonel, but it was too late. Seton had already started. The king, taking horse, pursued the traveller till he overtook him beyond the frontiers of Denmark. "Colonel Seton," said he, "we are now on neutral ground; I am here no longer a king, but a gentleman who is willing to offer the satisfaction due to a brave officer whom he has insulted. I am very sorry for it. Here are two pistols and two swords. I greatly respect you; revenge yourself if you can." Seton, much affected at the king's generosity, fell at his feet; the two embraced, and, returning home to Stockholm together, excited the wonder of all gossips as they rode through the streets.

SILFVERSTOLPE: 1751.—Andrew Mascall fled, for religion's sake, to Sweden in the sixteenth century. His son Brynolf, becoming priest of Hesselskog, the family assumed the name Hesselgren (branch).

SJÖLOW: en. 1660; ext.—One Owen Cox, who already had given his "mandoms prof" in the English navy, became vice-admiral in Sweden during Carl Gustaf's time (1659). He greatly distinguished himself off Ebeltöfte in Jutland by capturing five Danish and one Dutch men-of-war, which latter he burnt. For this action he was ennobled in 1660, receiving as grant of arms a burning ship, three bursting bombs, and a marlingspike, with the sonorous appellation of "Sea-Lion." Charles attended the funeral of the deceased admiral in great state.

SKRAGGENSKJÖLD.—A king of Scotland, flying from his enemies, came, like Robinson Crusoe, to an "obebodd Ö" (desert island), where he found nothing but wild goats. The king, being very hungry, offered a reward (payable on his return) to the attendant who should first catch, then kill, and cook him one of these animals. An active Highlander caught a he-goat by the horns, and the king, in part payment, straightway dubbed him "Skragge," old Gaelic for "he-goat," the name to be borne by him and his descendants ever after. On arriving in Scotland once again, he granted his faithful follower the lands called Skragge, corrupted into Craigie. A member of this family, bearing a goat on his shield, first coming to Norway, found a home in Wermland in Gustaf Wasa's time. I doubt if in the United Kingdom there be a Craigie who knows the story of his first origin.

STJERNBLAD: 1698.—"Fistulator."

SPALDENCREUTZ: 1678; ext.—John, son of George Spalding and Helena Ogilvie, of the Lancashire family, married Joanna Kinnaird, and in 1667 appears as president of something in Göteborg. The Spaldings have been ennobled in Sweden under the separate denominations of Adlersparre, Hjelmberg (adopted), and Spalding.

STJEMCREUTZ: 1648.—See TEIT, or TAIT.

STEWARDT: 1634; ext.—Simon Styfvort, as he is called in old papers, came to Sweden as captain of a ship in 1616. Having distinguished himself in a "sea-drubbing," he was ennobled, on which occasion Charles I. wrote a letter, dated "Halyruid" House

27th September, 1633, declaring him to be his own kinsman, six in descent from John Stewart, Lord of Darnley and Renfrew. Simon married Anna Svinhufvud, and died admiral, "shot in the throat," 1646.

TRESSENBURG. — Andrew Currij, born 15—, entered first the Polish service, came to Sweden, and was slain at the siege of Copenhagen, 1659.

TEIT: 1652; ext.—In 1249 one Teet or Tate, from Perno in Scotland, coming to Sweden, aided Birger Jarl, and his brother Bishop Charles of Linköping, who got knocked on the head in the christianizing (Church-militant-wise) of Tavast and Nyland. On the junction of these provinces to the Swedish crown, Tate became "a mighty man," and built a church in Finland, which he called after his father's place in Scotland—Perno. He bore on his shield a red St. Andrew's cross, on a silver field—one-third of the shield above the cross was red—on which were three silver stars: on his helm a hart's head, with a star betwixt the horns. His father's name was John; his son was called "Hakan i Teatum." The family appear to have sunk to the rank of farmers. The next mention we have is in 1567, of Jacob Tait, jailer to Duke John during his imprisonment in Gripsholm, afterwards private secretary to Erik XIV. He petitions the king, Charles IX., complaining of his distress, declaring himself innocent of any share in the cruelties of Göran Pehrson, and particularly mentioning his grandmother to have been a Bjelke. The family made their proofs in 1632 and 1650, when a Berggraf in Falun was introduced to the Riddarhus.

THARMOTH: 1697; ext.—James Tharmoth, born 15—, came early to Sweden. His son James appears as officer in Carl Gustaf's "Lif Drabants."

THOMSON: en. 1642; ext.—Thomas, son of William Thomson and Anne Stuart, colonel in the Swedish army 1629, was taken prisoner by the Imperialists, but released on the payment of fifteen thousand crowns, which sum was later repaid him in lands of equal value by the king. He married Catherine Murray. William bore as crest "the armed hand" of the Wenlock family.

UDNIE: en. 1647; ext.—Peter Udnie, from Aucterwellan, co. Aberdeen, one of the numerous lords of "Tatilk," who nearly drove me demented till an idea flitted across my brain of "that ilke,"

came to Sweden in 1634, with nothing but his motto, "All my hope is in God." Having first made his proofs, he engaged as corporal in the "Noble Standard Corps," beyond which we know little about him.

URQVARD: en. 1648; ext.—John of Cromartie, Craigstown, and Meldrum, lieutenant-colonel in the "Lif Drabants," commanded the dyke of the Kinnimond battery, after which he married the colonel's daughter Isabella. Urquhart is styled by his Scotch comrades "a vauliant souldier, expert commander, and learned scholar."

WALKER: en. 1720; ext.—David Walker, a merchant of Gefle in John III.'s time, was ancestor of Elias, employed by Charles XI.

WRIGHT: 1772.—Came from Scotland during the troubles of Cromwell's rule, and settled at Narva in 1650.

WAIRDLAW: 1680; ext.—George of Pitreavie, lord of "Tatilk," born 1600, was appointed by Gustaf Adolf in 1628 keeper of the Imperial prisoners. He became lieutenant-colonel of the Life Guards; married Anne Forbus, from Aberdeen.

WILLEMSENS: 1680; ext.—Magnus Gabriel, colonel in Nils Gyllenstjerna's regiment, procured his proofs from Scotland, 1680.

WUDD: 1649; ext.—Richard Wood, born 15—, was councillor at Thorshalla early in the 17th century. His son, Paul, properly accredited, entered the "Noble Standard Corps," and was later appointed royal equerry.

LIST OF ENGLISH AND SCOTCH NOBLES NOT "INTRODUCED," *i.e.* NEVER TOOK THEIR SEATS, IN THE RIDDARHUS.

Adam.		Man.	
Campbell, Colin	1731*	Moneypenny.	
Campbell, Hugh	1736*	Morgan	1720
Crook.		Norman.	
Coote.†		Nairne.	
Cutler.		Peper.	
Donoway.		Porteus.	
Duffus.		Ram.	
Duncan.		Richards.	
Downe.		Reed.	
Erskein	1652	Reading.	
Gordon.		Stuart.¶	
Guthrie.		Sharp.	
Gray, Andrew.‡		Seton.	
Golding.		Shute.	
Hamilton, Malcolm§ ..	1664	Sadler, Philip	1640
Hare.		Salmon	1745
Kinnaird.		Smith	1574
Karr.		Traill.	
Johnston.		Winne.	
Law.		Wildman.	
Leslie.‖		Wilson.	
Lewis.		Young	1776
Lamb.			

* Foreign traders in the Swedish East India Company.

† Spens recommends to Gustaf Adolf one Matthew, son of John Coote, a merchant, about 1615. Matthew dies three years later, and such a troublesome woman as his widow proved was unheard of in the annals of the Mendicity Society. Do what they will, there was no satisfying her. Every letter is filled with her grievances.

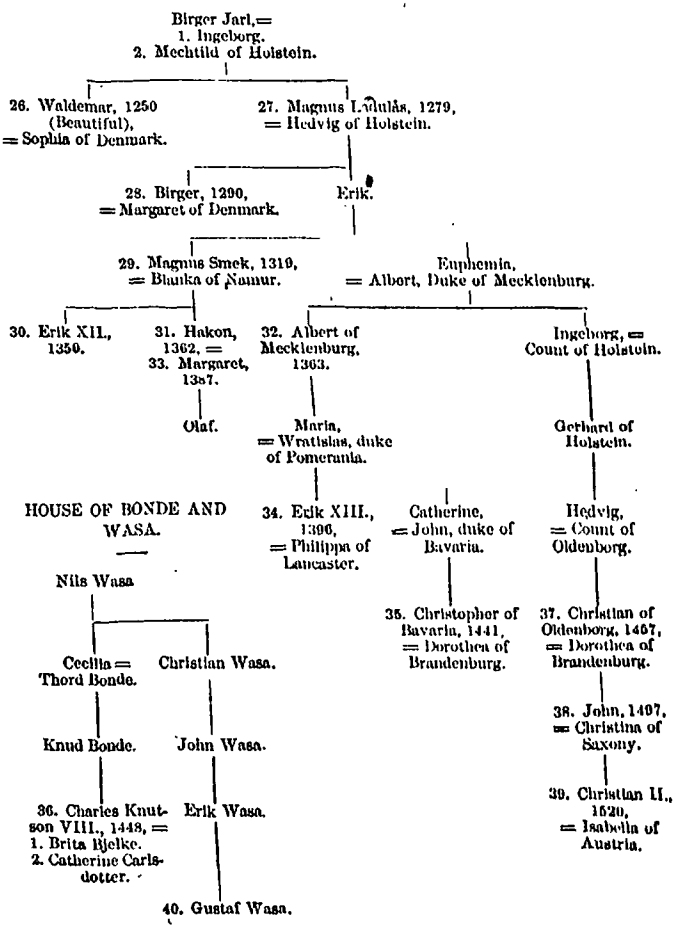
‡ Is mentioned by Spens in his letters to Gustaf as raising twenty-five thousand soldiers for the war in Bohemia, 1618.

§ Killed at the siege of Copenhagen. Ennobled after death.

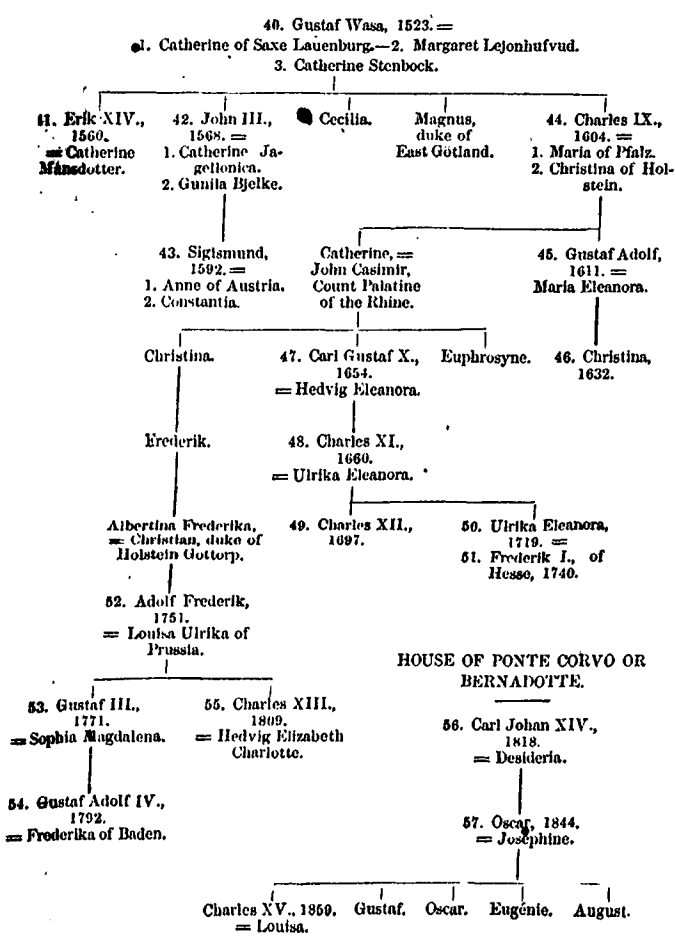
‖ Among the correspondence of the parliament to the Swedish government in 1647 is a very vulgarly written letter in English, looking like a bill, signed by Grey of Wark, Robert Barclay, Lauderdale, and others, recommending Generals David and Ludovic Leslie something about pay due to troops. After a year or so, parliament improves, writing in Latin, but a terrible falling-off from the neat phraseology and pretty diction of Charles I.'s letters, sealed with a small signet ring. Again, on April 25, 1650, Charles II. writes to recommend David Leslie to Queen Christina.

¶ There is a great confusion about the Stuart families. In 1624 Spens writes recommending, at the especial desire of the Duke of Lenox, Alexander Stuart, "who once served your Majesty's father, of pious memory, and had refused to take arms against the king in Poland."

KINGS OF SWEDEN FROM BIRGER JARL.


Birger Jarl,=
1. Ingeborg.
2. Mechtild of Holstein.
26. Waldemar, 1250 (Beautiful), = Sophia of Denmark.
27. Magnus Ladulås, 1279, = Hedvig of Holstein.
28. Birger, 1290, = Margaret of Denmark.
Erik.
29. Magnus Smek, 1319, = Blanka of Namur.
Euphemia, = Albert, Duke of Mecklenburg.
30. Erik XII., 1350.
31. Hakon, 1362, = 33. Margaret, 1387.
32. Albert of Mecklenburg, 1363.
Ingeborg, = Count of Holstein.
Olaf.
Maria, = Wratislas, duke of Pomerania.
Gerhard of Holstein.
HOUSE OF BONDE AND WASA.
34. Erik XIII., 1396, = Philippa of Lancaster.
Catherine, = John, duke of Bavaria.
Hedvig, = Count of Oldenborg.
Nils Wasa
35. Christopher of Bavaria, 1441, = Dorothea of Brandenburg.
37. Christian of Oldenborg, 1457, = Dorothea of Brandenburg.
Cecilia = Thord Bonde.
Christian Wasa.
38. John, 1497, = Christina of Saxony.
Knud Bonde.
John Wasa.
39. Christian II., 1520, = Isabella of Austria.
36. Charles Knutson VIII., 1448, = 1. Brita Bjelke. 2. Catherine Carlsdotter.
Erik Wasa.
40. Gustaf Wasa.

KINGS OF SWEDEN FROM GUSTAF WASA.


40. Gustaf Wasa, 1523. =
1. Catherine of Saxe Lauenburg.—2. Margaret Lejonhufvud.
3. Catherine Stenbock.
41. Erik XIV., 1560. = Catherine Månedotter.
42. John III., 1568. = 1. Catherine Jagellonica. 2. Gunila Bjelke.
Cecilia.
Magnus, duke of East Götland.
44. Charles IX., 1604. = 1. Maria of Pfalz. 2. Christina of Holstein.
43. Sigismund, 1592. = 1. Anne of Austria. 2. Constantia.
Catherine, = John Casimir, Count Palatine of the Rhine.
45. Gustaf Adolf, 1611. = Maria Eleanora.
Christina.
47. Carl Gustaf X., 1654. = Hedvig Eleanora.
Euphrosyne.
46. Christina, 1632.
Frederik.
48. Charles XI., 1660. = Ulrika Eleanora.
Albertina Frederika, = Christian, duke of Holstein Gottorp.
49. Charles XII., 1697.
50. Ulrika Eleanora, 1719. = 51. Frederik I., of Hesse, 1740.
52. Adolf Frederik, 1751. = Louisa Ulrika of Prussia.
53. Gustaf III., 1771. = Sophia Magdalena.
55. Charles XIII., 1809. = Hedvig Elizabeth Charlotte.
54. Gustaf Adolf IV., 1792. = Frederika of Baden.
HOUSE OF PONTE CORVO OR BERNADOTTE.
56. Carl Johan XIV., 1818. = Desideria.
57. Oscar, 1844. = Josephine.
Charles XV., 1859. = Louisa.
Gustaf.
Oscar.
Eugénie.
August.

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